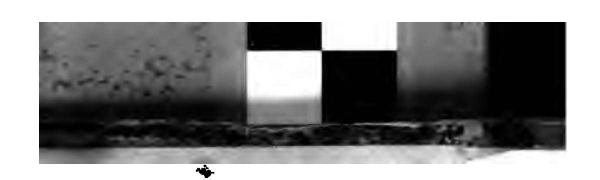
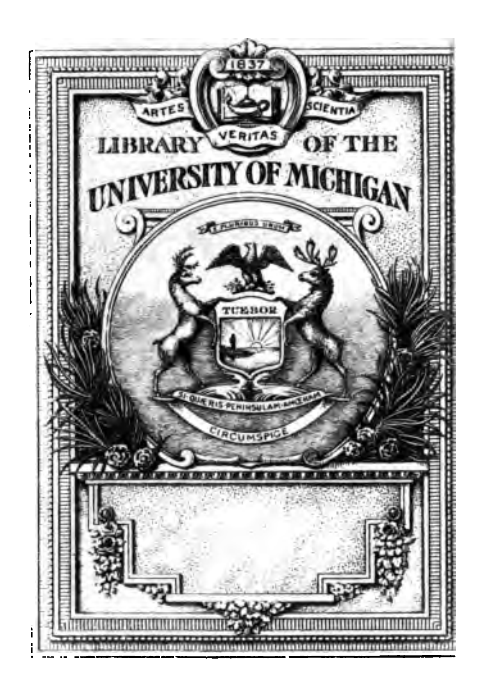
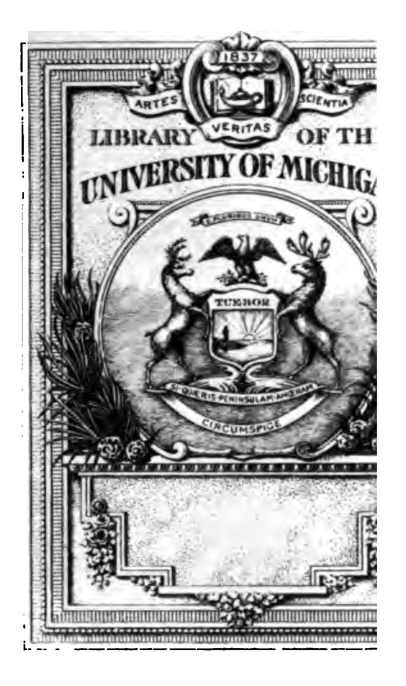


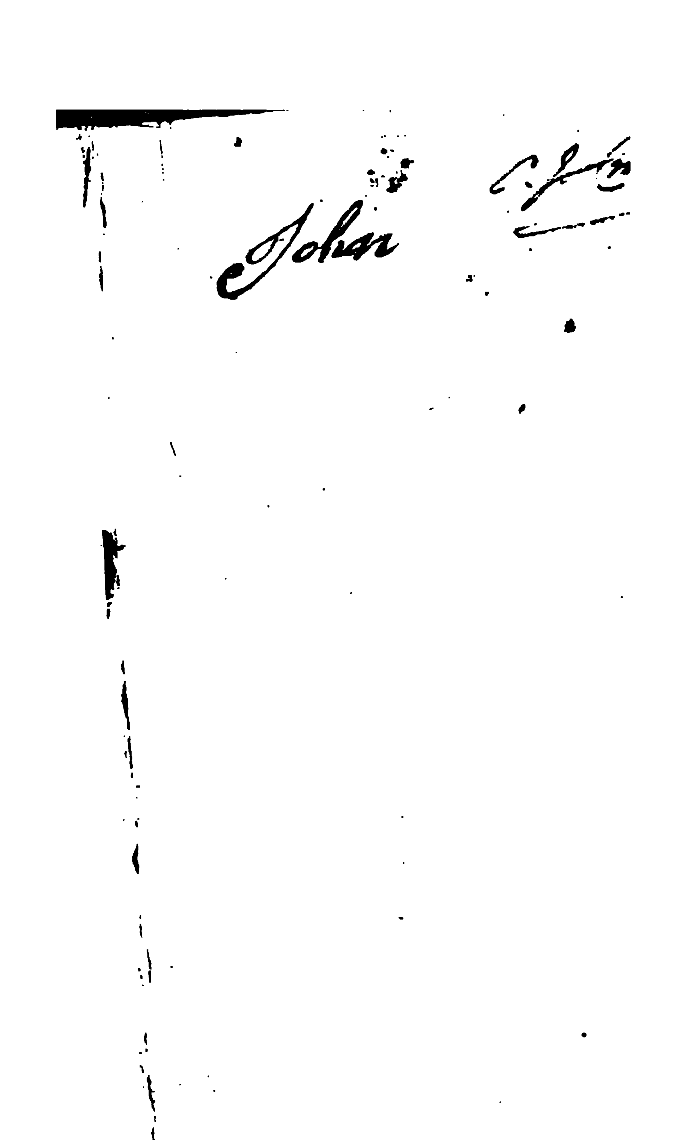



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John

THE

VISIONS

OF

DOM FRANCISCO

DE

QUEVEDO

VILLEGAS,

Knight of the Order of St. JAMES.

Made English

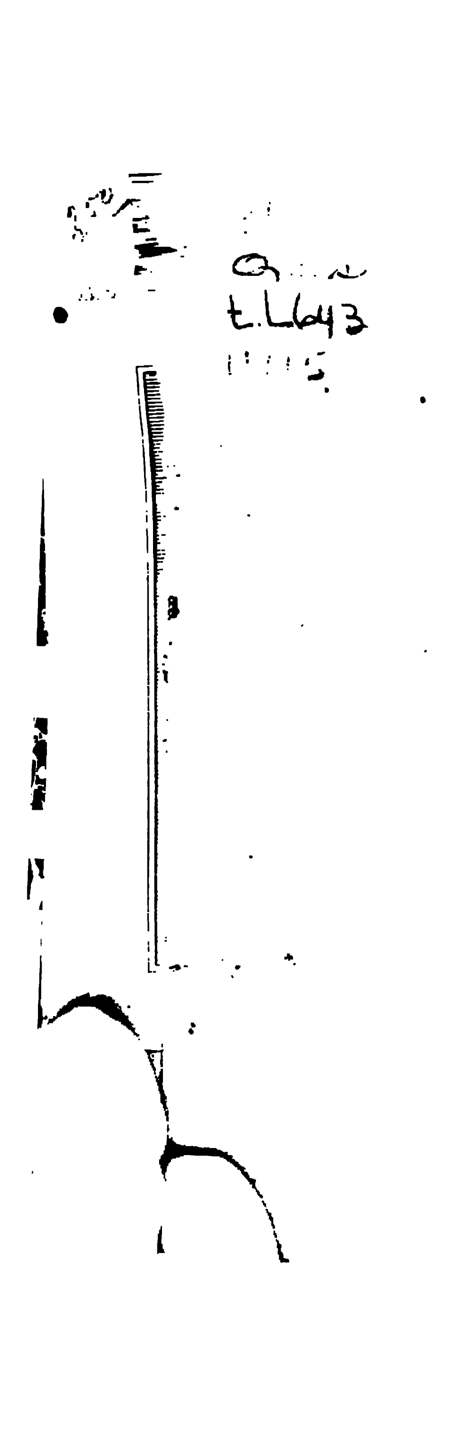
BY

Sir *ROGER L'ESTRANGE*, Kt.

The Eleventh Edition, Corrected.

LONDON,

Printed by *W. B.* for RICHARD SARE near *Gray's-Inn-Gate* in *Holbourn*, 1715.



TO THE

READERS,

Gentle *and* Simple.



THIS Preface *is meerly for* Fashion-sake, *to* fill *a* space, *and* please *the* Stationer; *who says,* 'tis neither *usual* nor *handsome,* to leap immediately from the *Title-Page* to the *Matter. So that in short, a* Preface *ye have, together with the* Reason *of it, both under One: but as to the* Ordinary Mode *and* Pretence *of* Prefaces, *the* Translator *desires to be Excus'd: For he makes a* Conscience *of a* Lye, *and it were a damn'd one, to tell ye, that he has publisht This either to* Gratify *the Importunity of* Friends, *or to* Oblige *the* Publick; *or for any other Reason of a hundred, that are commonly given in excuse of Scribling. Not but that he loves his* Friends *as well as any Man, and has taken their Opinion along with him. Nor, but that he loves the* Publick *too, (as many a Man does a Coy Mistress that has made his Heart ake.) But to pass from what had no* effect *upon him in this* Publication, *to that which* over-rul'd *him in it.* It was pure *Spite. For he has had hard* Measure among the

Physicians, *the* Lawyers, *the* Women, *&* *and* Dom Francisco de Quevedo, *in* English, Revenges *him upon all his* Enemies: *For it is a* Satyr, *that taxes* Corruption of Manners, *in* all sorts *and* degrees *of People* *out reflecting upon* particular States or Persons. *It is full of* Sharpness *and* Morality; *and has found so good Entertainment in the World, that it wanted only* English *of being baptiz'd into all* Christian Languages.



THE FIRST VISION, OF THE ALGOUAZIL (or CATCHPOLE) POSSEST.



GOING t'other Day to hear Maſs at a Convent in this Town, the Door it ſeems was ſhut, and a World of People preſſing and begging to get in. Upon Enquiry *What the Matter was*; they told me of a *Demoniac* to be *exorciſed*; (or *diſpoſſeſt*) which made me put in for one, to ſee the Ceremony, though to little Purpoſe; for when I had half ſmothered my ſelf in the Throng, I was e'en glad to get out again, and bethink my ſelf of my Lodging. Upon my way homeward, at the Streets-end, it was my fortune to meet a familiar Friend of mine of the ſame Convent, who told me as before. Taking notice of my Curioſity, he bad me follow him; which I did, 'till with his *Paſſe-par-tout*, he brought me through a little back-door into the Church, and ſo into the Veſtry: Where we ſaw a wretched kind of a dog-look'd Fellow, with a Tippet about his Neck, as ill-ordered as you'd wiſh; his Cloaths all in tatters, his Hands bound behind him, roaring and tearing after a moſt hideous manner. Bleſs me, quoth I, (croſſing my ſelf) what have we here? This (ſays the good Father who was to do the Feat) is a Man that's poſſeſt with an *Evil Spirit*. *That's a damn'd Lye*, (with reſpect of the Company, cryed the Devil that tormented him) for this is not a *Man* poſſeſt with a *Devil*, but a *Devil* poſſeſt with a *Man*; and therefore you ſhould do well to have a care what you ſay; for it is moſt evident, both by the Queſtion and Anſwer, that you are but a Company of Sots You muſt underſtand, that we Devils, never enter *into the Body of a Catchpole*, but by force, and in ſpight o' *our Hearts*; and therefore to ſpeak properly, you are *ſay, this is a Devil catchpol'd*, and not a Catchpole bedev

And, to give you your Due, *you* Men can deal better with *us Devils*, than with the *Catchpoles*; for *We flye from the Cross*; whereas *They make use of it*, for a Cloak for their Villany.

But though we *differ* thus in our *Humours*, we hold a very fair *Correspondence* in our *Offices*; If *we* draw Men into *Judgment* and *Condemnation*, so do the *Catchpoles*; *we* pray for an increase of *Wickedness* in the World, so do *they*; nay and more zealously than *we*; for they make a *Livelihood* of it, and we do it only for *Company*. And in this, the *Catchpoles* are worse than the *Devils*; they prey upon their own Kind, and worry one another. For *our* parts, we are *Angels* still, though *black ones*, and were turn'd into *Devils* only for aspiring into an equality with our Maker: Whereas *the very Corruption of Mankind is the Generation of a Catchpole*. So that, my good Father, your labour is but lost in plying this Wretch with *Reliques*; for you may as soon redeem a Soul from Hell, as a Prey out of his Clutches. In fine, your *Algouazils* (or *Catchpoles*) and your *Devils* are both of an Order, only your *Catchpole-Devils* wear *Shoes and Stockings*, and we go *barefoot*, after the Fashion of this reverend Father; and (to deal plainly) have a very hard time on't.

I was not a little surpriz'd to find the *Devil* so great a Sophister; but all this notwithstanding, the Holy Man went on with his *Exorcism*, and to stop the Spirit's Mouth, washt his Face with a little *Holy-Water*; which made the *Demoniac ten times madder* than before, and set him a yelping so horridly, that it deafned the Company, and made the very Ground under us to tremble. And now, says he, you may, perchance, imagine this Extravagance to be the Effect of your *Holy-Water*; but let me tell you, that meer *Water* it self would have done the same Thing; for your *Catchpole* hates nothing in this World like *Water*; [especially that of a *Gray's-Inn Pump.*] But to conclude, They are so reprobated a sort of *Christians*, that they have quitted even the very Name of *Misins*, (by which they were formerly known) for that of *Algouazils*; the latter being of *Pagan extraction*, and more suitable to their Manners.

Come, come, says the Father, there is no Ear, nor Credit to be given to this Villain; set but his Tongue at Liberty, and you shall have him fall foul upon the Government, and the Ministers of Justice, for keeping the World in Order and suppressing Wickedness, because it spoils his Market. No more chopping of Logick, good Mr. *Conjurer*, says the *Devil*; for there's more in't than you are aware of; but if you'll do a poor Devil a good Office, give me my Dispatch out of this accursed Algouazil; for I am a *Devil*, you must know, of Reputation and Quality, and

and ſhall never be able to endure the Gibes and Affronts will be put upon me at my return to Hell, for having kept this Raſcal company. All in good time, ſaid the *Father*, thou ſhalt have thy Diſcharge; that is to ſay, in pity to this miſerable Creature, and not for thy own Sake. But tell me now, what makes thee torment him thus? Nothing in the World, quoth the *Devil*, but a Conteſt betwixt him and me, which was the *greater Devil* of the *Two*.

The Conjurer did not at all reliſh theſe wild and malicious Replies; but to me the Dialogue was extreme pleaſant, eſpecially being by this time a little familiariz'd with the *Devil*. Upon which Confidence, my *good Father*, ſaid I, here are none but Friends; and I may ſpeak to you as my *Confeſſor*, and the Confident of all the ſecrets of my Soul; I have a great mind with your leave, to ask the *Devil* a few Queſtions; and who knows but a Man may be the better for his Anſwers, though perchance contrary to his Intention? keep him only in the Interim from tormenting this poor Creature. The *Conjurer* granted my requeſt, and the *Spirit* went on with his Babble. Well, ſays he ſmiling, the *Devil* ſhall never want a Friend at Court, ſo long as there's a *Poet* within the Walls. And indeed the Poets do us many a good turn, both by Pimping and otherwiſe; but if *you*, ſaid he, ſhould not be kind to us (looking upon me) you'll be thought very ungrateful, conſidering the Honour of your Entertainment now in Hell. I ask'd him then, what ſtore of Poets they had? Whole Swarms, ſays the *Devil*; ſo many, that we have been forc'd to make more room for them; Nor is there any thing in Nature ſo pleaſant as a Poet in the firſt Year of his *probation*; he comes ye laden forſooth, with Letters of Recommendation to our Superiours, and enquires very gravely for *Charon*, *Cerberus*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Eacus*, *Minos*.

Well, ſaid I, but what's their Puniſhment? (for I began now to make the *Poets* Caſe my own.) Their Puniſhments, quoth the *Devil*, are many, and ſuited to the Trade they drive. Some are condemn'd to hear other Men's Works: (and this is the Plague of the *Fidlers* too.) We have others that are in for a Thouſand Years, and yet ſtill poring upon ſome old Stanza's they have made of Jealouſie. Some again are beating their Foreheads with the Palms of their Hands, and even boring their very Noſes with *hot Irons*, in rage that they cannot come to *a Reſolution*, whether they ſhall ſay Face or Viſage; whether they ſhall ſay *Jayl* or *Gaol*; whether Cony or Cunny, because it comes from *Cuniculus*, a *Rabbet*. Others are bi

their Nails to the quick, and at their Wits end for a Rhime to *Chimney*, and dozing up and down in a brown study, till they drop into some Hole at last, and give us trouble enough to get them out again. But they that suffer the most, and fare the worst, are your *Comick Poets*, for Whoring so many Queens and Princesses upon the Stage, and coupling Ladies of Honour with Lacquies, and Noblemen with common Strumpets, in the winding up of their Plays; and for giving the Bastonado to *Alexander* and *Julius Cæsar* in their Interludes and Farces. Now be it known unto you, that we do not lodge these with other *Poets*, but with *Petty-Foggers* and *Atturneys*, as common Dealers in the Mystery of Shifting, Shuffling, Forging, and Cheating. And now for the Discipline of Hell, you are to understand we have incomparable *Harbingers* and *Quarter-Masters*; insomuch that let them come in whole *Caravans*, as it happen'd t'other day, every Man is in hi Quarter before you can say *what's this!*

There came to us several Tradesmen; the first of th a Poor Rogue that made Profession of *drawing the Bow*; and him we were about to put among the *Ar* but one of the Company moved and carried it, tha he was so good at Draughts, he might be sent *Clerks* and *Scriveners*; a sort of People that will fit y *Draughts* good and bad, of all sorts and sizes, an purposes. Another called himself a *Cutter*: We as whether in *Wood or Stone?* Neither, said he, but and *Stuff*, (*Anglice* a *Taylor*;) and him we turn'd those that were in for Detraction and Calumny cutting large Thongs out of other Men's Leath was a *blind Fellow* would fain have been amon but (for likeliness sake) we quartered him *Lovers*. After him came a *Sexton*, or (as hi self) a *Burier of the Dead*; and then a *Cook* th led in Conscience for putting off *Cats* for were dispatch'd away to the *Pastry-Men*. half a dozen *Crack brain'd Fools* we dispos *Astrologers* and *Alchymists*. In the Numb notorious *Murtherer*, and him we pack'd tlemen of the Faculty, the *Physicians chants* we kennel'd with *Judas*, for m *Corrupt Ministers* and *Magistrates*, with t Hand. The *Embroylers of Affairs*, a take up with the *Vintners*; and the Upon the whole matter, the Polity where every Man has his Place acc

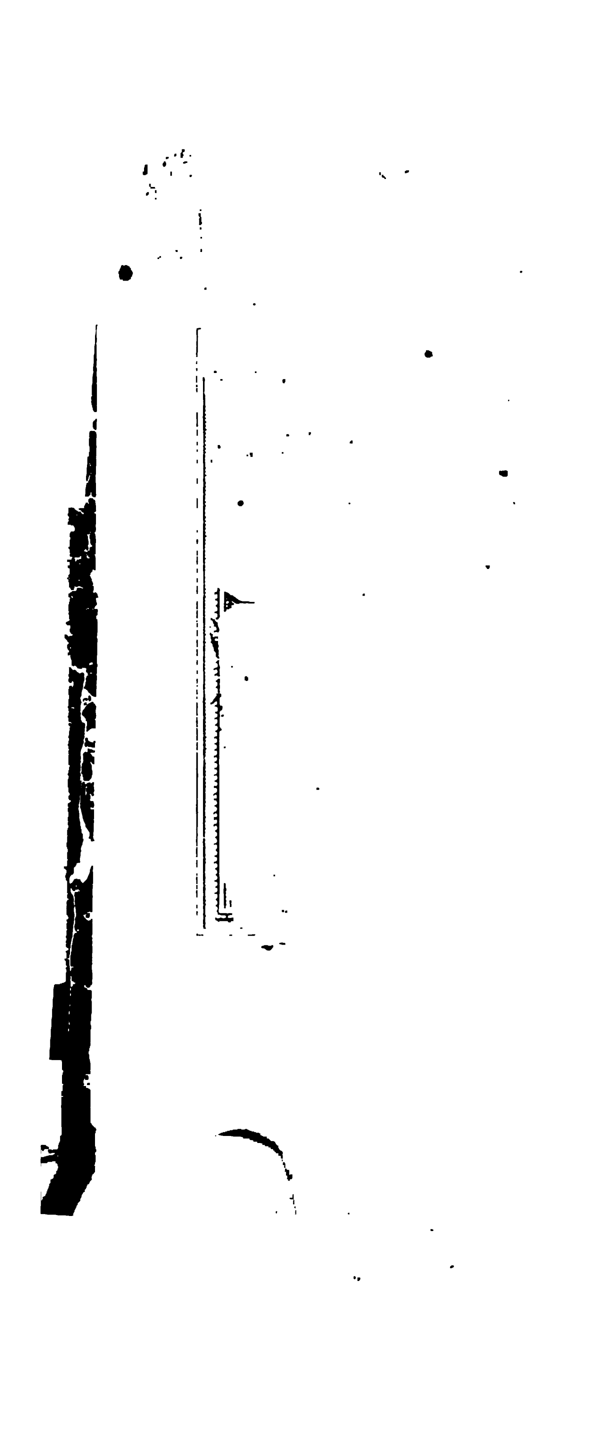
As I remember (said I) you *concerning Lovers*. Pray tell m

in your Dominions? I ask, becauſe I am my ſelf a little ſubject to the Itch of *Love*, as well as *Poetry*. *Love* (ſays the Devil) is like a great ſpot of Oil, that diffuſes itſelf every-where, and conſequently Hell cannot but be ſufficiently ſtockt with that ſort of Vermin. But let me tell you now, we have ſeveral ſorts of *Lovers*; ſome doat upon *Themſelves*; others upon their *Pelf*: theſe upon their own *Diſcourſes*; thoſe upon their own *Actions*; and once in an Age perchance, comes a Fellow that doats upon his own *Wife*; but this is very rare, for the Jades commonly bring their Husbands to repentance, and then the Devil may throw his Cap at them. But above all, for ſport (if there can be any in Hell) commend me to thoſe *Gawdy Monſieurs*, who by the variety of Colours and Ribbands they wear, (*Favours*, as they call them) one would ſwear, were only dreſs'd up for a *Sample*, or kind of *Inventory* of all the *Gewgaws* that are to be had for Love or Money at the *Mercers*. Others you ſhall have ſo overcharged with *Perruque*, that you'll hardly know the Head of a *Cavalier*, from the ordinary *Block* of a *Tire-Woman*: And ſome again you'd take for *Carriers*, by their Pacquets and Bundles of *Love-Letters*; which being made combuſtible by the Fire and Flame they treat of, we are ſo thrifty, as to employ upon the ſindging of their own Tails, for the ſaving of better Fuel. But Oh! the pleaſant poſtures of the Maiden-Lover, when he is upon the Practice of the *Gentle Leap*, and embracing the Air for his Miſtreſs! Others we have that are condemn'd for *Feeling*, and yet never come to the *Touch*: Theſe paſs for a kind of *Buffoon-Pretenders*; ever upon the *Vigil*, but never arrive at the *Feſtival*. Some again have loſt themſelves with *Judas* for a *Kiſs*.

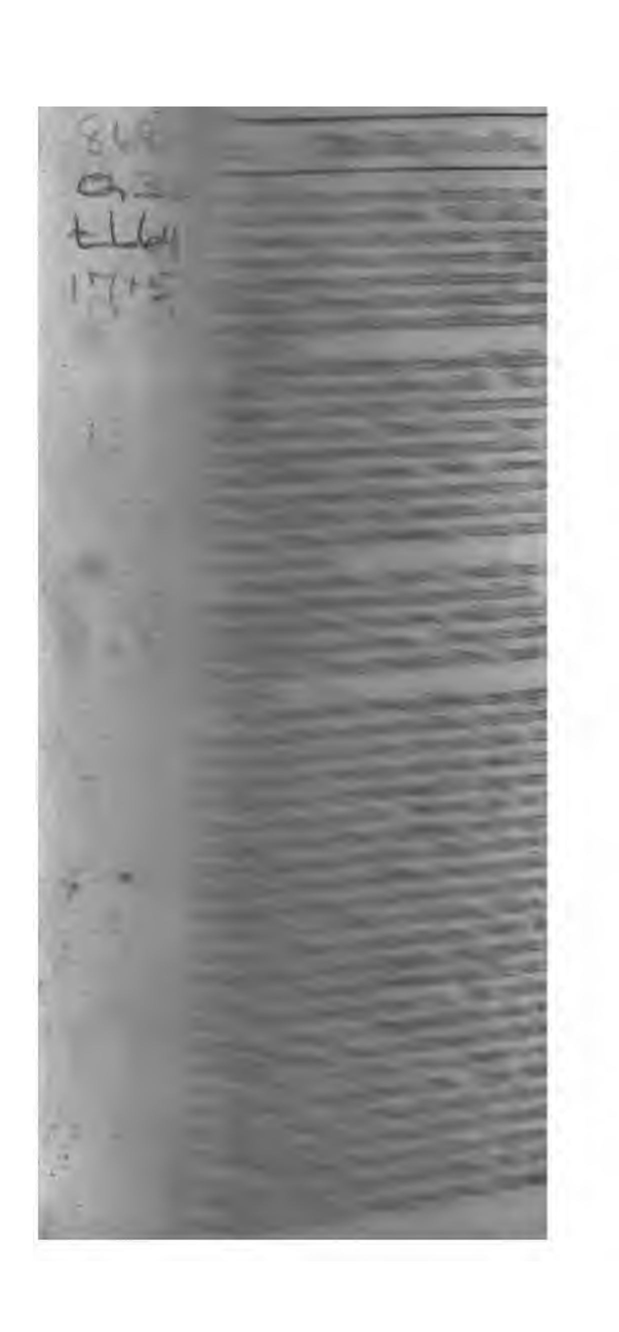
One Story lower is the abode of *Contented Cuckolds*; a naſty Poiſonous place, and ſtrew'd all over with the Horns of Rams and Bulls, &c. Now theſe are ſo well read in Woman, and know their Deſtiny ſo well before-hand, that they never ſo much as trouble their Heads for the matter. Ye come next to the *Admirers* of *Old Women*; and theſe are Wretches of ſo depraved an Appetite, that if they were not kept tyed up, and in Chains, they'd Horſe the very *Devils themſelves*, and put *Barabbas* to his Trumps to defend his Buttocks: For the Truth is, whatever *you* may think of a Devil, he paſſes with *them* for a very *Adonis* or *Narciſſus*.

So much for your Curioſity, a word now for your Inſtruction. If you would make an Intereſt in Hell, you muſt give over that Roguiſh way ye have got of abuſing the *Devils* in your Shews, Pictures and Emblems: C

A 5



happening a flight fcuffle, betwixt a couple of conceited Coxcombs, which fhould go foremoft: I turn'd to fee the matter, and caft my Eye upon a certain *Tax-gatherer*, that had undone a Friend of mine; and in fome fort to revenge my-felf of this *Afs* in a *Lion's Skin*, I ask'd the *Devil*, whether they had not of that fort of Blood-Suckers among the reft, in their Dominions? (an informing, projecting Generation of Men, and the very Bane of a Kingdom.) You know little (fays he) if you do not know thefe Vermin to be the right Heirs of Perdition, and that they claim Hell for their Inheritance: And yet we are now e'en upon the point of difcarding them; for they are fo pragmatical, and ungrateful, there's no enduring of them. They are at this prefent in Confultation about an *Impoft* upon the *High-way* to *Hell*; and indeed Payments run fo high already, and are fo likely to increafe too, that 'tis much fear'd in the end, we fhall quite lofe our Trading and Commerce. But if ever they come to put this in Execution, we fhall be fo bold, as to treat them next bout, to the Tune of *Fortune my Foe*, &c. and make them cool their Heels on the wrong fide of the Door, which will be worfe than *Hell* to them; for it leaves them no retreat, being expel'd *Paradife* and *Purgatory* already. This Race of Vipers, faid I, will never be quiet, till they Tax the way to Heaven it felf. Oh, quoth the *Devil*, that had been done long fince, if they had found the Play worth the Candles; but they have had a Factor abroad now thefe half-fcore years, that's glad to wipe his Nofe on his Sleeve ftill, for want of a Handkercher. But thefe new Impofitions, upon what, I pray ye, do they intend to levy them? For that (quoth the *Devil*) there's a Gentleman of the Trade at your Elbow, can tell you all; pointing to my old Friend the Publican. This drew the Eyes of the whole company upon him, and put him fo damn'dly out of Countenance, that he pluckt down his Hat over his Face, clapt his Tail between his Legs, and went his way; with which we were all of us well enough pleas'd, and then the *Devil*, went on. Well (faid the *Devil*, and laugh'd) my Voucher is departed, ye fee; but I think I can fay as much to this point as himfelf. The Impofitions now to be fet on foot, are upon *Bare-neck'd Ladies*, *Patches*, *Mole-skins*, *Spanifh Paper*, and all the *Mundus Muliebris* more than what is neceffary and decent; upon your *Tour à la mode*, and *Spring-Garden Coaches*; excefs in *Apparel*, *Collations*, *Rich Furniture*, your *Cheating* and *Blafphemy*, *Gaming Ordinaries*, and in general, upon whatfoever ferves to advance our Empire; fo that without a Friend at Court or fome good Magiftrate to help us out at a dead L



Fire in Hell as a *Taylor*; and for slight of Hand, puts down all the Jilts, Cheats, Picklocks and Trepanners in the World: To say the Truth, *Avarice* is grown to that height, that Men employ all the faculties of Soul and Body to *Rob*, and *Deceive*. The Leacher, does not he steal away the Honour of his Mistress? (though with her Consent) the *Atturney* pick your Pockets, and shew you a Law for't? The *Comedian* gets your Money and your time, with reciting other Men's Labours; the *Lover* cozens you with his Eyes; the *Eloquent* with his Tongue; the *Valiant* with his Arm; the *Musician* with his Voice and Fingers; the *Astrologer* with his Calculations; the *Apothecary* with Sickness and Health; the *Surgeon* with Blood; and the *Physician* with Death it self. And in some sort or other, they are all Cheats; but the *Catchpole* (in the name of *Justice*) abuses you with *his whole Man*; He watches you with his *Eyes*; *follows* you with his *Feet*; *seizes* with his *Hands*; *accuses* with his *Tongue*: and in fine, put it in your *Litany*, From *Catchpoles*, as well as *Devils*, *Libera nos*, *Domine*.

But how comes it (said I) that you have not coupled the *Women* with the *Thieves?* for they are both of a Trade. Not a Word of *Women* as ye love me, (quoth the Devil) for we are so tired out with their Importunities, so deafen'd with the Eternal Clack of their Tongues, that we start at the very thought of them. And to say the Truth, *Hell* were no ill *Winter-Quarter*, if it were not so overstock'd with that sort of Cattel. Since the Death of the Witch of *Endor*, it has been all their Business to improve themselves in Subtilty and Malice, and to set us together by the Ears among our selves. Nay some of them are confident enough to tell us to our Teeth, that when we have done our worst, they'll give us a *Rowland* for our *Oliver*. Only this comfort we have, that they are a cheaper Plague to *Us*, than they are to *You*; for we have no *Exchanges*, *Hide-Parks*, or *Spring-Gardens* in our Territories.

You are well stored then with *Women*, I see, but of which have you most? (said I) *Handsom*, or *Ill-favoured?* Oh, of the *Ill-favoured*, six for one (quoth the Devil;) For your *Beauties* can never want *Gallants* to lay their Appetites; and many of them, when they come at last to have their Bellies full, e'en give over the sport, Repent and 'scape. Whereas no body will touch the *Ill-favoured* without a pair of Tongs; and for want of Water to quench their Fire, they come to us such *Skeletons*, that they are enough to affright the Devil himself. For they are most commonly old, and accompany their last Groans with a Curse upon the younger that are to survive them. I carried away one t'other day of Threescore and T

that I took just in the nick, as she was upon a certain Exercise to remove obstructions: And when I came to land her; Alas for thee poor Woman! What a terrible fit had she got of the *Tooth-Ach!* When upon search, the Devil a Tooth had she left in her Head, only she belied her Chops, to save her Credit.

You have exceedingly satisfied me, (said I) in all your Answers: But pray'e once again, what store of *Beggars* have ye in Hell? *Poor People*, I mean: *Poor* (quoth the Devil,) who are they? Those (said I) that have no Possessions in the World: How can that be, (quoth he) that those should be damn'd, that have nothing in the World, when Men are only damn'd for cleaving to't? And briefly, I find none of their Names in our Books, which is no wonder: for he that has nothing to trust to, shall be left by the Devil himself in time of need. To deal plainly with you, where have you greater Devils, than your Flatterers, false Friends, lewd Company, envious Persons? than a Son, a Brother, or a Relation that lies in wait for your Life, to get your Fortune; that mourns over you in your Sickness, and wishes you already at the Devil? Now the *Poor* have none of this; they are neither flatter'd nor envy'd, nor befriended, nor accompanied: There's no gaping for their Possessions; and in short, they are a sort of People that live well, and die better; and there are some of them that would not exchange their Rags for Royalty it self: They are at Liberty to go and come at pleasure, be it War or Peace; free from Cares, Taxes, and publick Duties. They fear no Judgments or Executions, but live as inviolable, as if their Persons were Sacred. Moreover they take no thought for to morrow, but setting a just value on their hours, they are good Husbands of the present; considering that what is past is as good as *Dead*, and what's to come, *Uncertain*. But they say, *When the Devil Preaches, the World is near an End.*

The Divine Hand is in this (said the Holy Man th performed the *Exorcism*) Thou art the Father of Lye and yet deliver'st Truths, able to mollify and convert Heart of Stone. But do not you mistake your self (quot the Devil) to suppose that your Conversion is my bus ness; for I speak these Truths to aggravate your Guil and that you may not plead Ignorance another day, wh you shall be called to answer for your Transgressio 'Tis true, most of you shed Tears at parting, but 'tis Apprehension of Death, and no true Repentance for y Sins, that works upon you: For ye are all a pack of *H crites:* Or if at any time you entertain those Refl *your trouble is,* That your Body will not hold ou

then forsooth you pretend to pick a quarrel with the *Sin* it self. Thou art an *Impostor* (said the Religious) for there are many Righteous Souls, that draw their Sorrow from another Fountain. But I perceive you have a mind to amuse us, and make us lose time, and perchance your own hour is not yet come to quit the Body of this miserable Creature; however, I conjure thee in the name of the most High, to leave tormenting him, and to hold thy peace. The Devil obey'd; and the good Father applying himself to us, My Masters (says he) though I am absolutely of opinion, that it is the *Devil* that has talkt to us all this while through the Organ of this unhappy Wretch; yet he that well weighs what has been said, may doubtless reap some benefit by the Discourse. Wherefore without considering whence it came; Remember, that *Saul* (although a wicked Prince) Prophesied; and that Honey has been drawn out of the Mouth of a Lyon. Withdraw then, and I shall make it my Prayer (as 'tis my Hope) that this sad and prodigious Spectacle may lead you to a true sight of your Errors, and in the end, to amendment of Life.

The end of the First Vision.

THE

SECOND VISION,

OF

DEATH and her EMPIRE.



MEAN Souls do naturally breed sad Thoughts, and in Solitude, they gather together in Troops to assault the Unfortunate; which is the Tryal (according to my observation) wherein the Coward does most betray himself; and yet cannot I for my Life, when I am alone, avoid those Accidents and Surprizes in my self, which I condemn in others. I have sometime, upon reading th[e] Grave and Severe *Lucretius*, been seiz'd with a stran[ge] da[...]

damp; whether from the ſtriking of his Coun
my Paſſions, or ſome Tacite Reflection of Shame
ſelf, I know not. However, to render this Cor
my Weakneſs the more excuſable, I'll begin my
with ſomewhat out of that Elegant and Excell

" *Put the caſe* (ſays he) *that a Voice from Heaven ſ*
" *to any of us after this manner; What do'ſt thou ail,*
" Man, *or to what purpoſe is it to ſpend thy Life in Grea*
" *plaints, under the Apprehenſion of* Death? *Where*
" *Tears and Pleaſures? Are they not vaniſh'd and loſt in*
" *Time, as if thou hadſt put Water into a Sieve? Bet*
" *then of a Retreat, and leave the* World *with the ſame*
" *Satisfaction, as thou wouldſt do a plentiful* Table,
" Company *upon a full Stomach. Poor Fool that*
" *Thus to macerate and torment thy ſelf, when thou ma*
" *Heart at eaſe, and poſſeſs thy Soul with Repoſe and C*

This paſſage brought into my mind the wo
Chap. 14. and I was carried on from one Meditati
ther, till at length, I fell faſt aſleep over my Bo
I aſcribed rather to a favourable Providence, t
natural Diſpoſition. So ſoon as my Soul felt
liberty, ſhe gave me the entertainment of this
Comedy, my Fancy ſupplying both the Stag
Company.

In the firſt Scene enter'd a Troop of *Phyſi*
their Mules, with deep Foot-cloths; marching
good Order, ſometime faſt, ſometime ſlow
the truth, moſt commonly in a huddle. The
wrinkled and wither'd about the Eyes; I ſu
caſting ſo many ſour looks upon the Piſs-Pots
ſtools of their Patients; bearded like Goats;
Faces ſo over-grown with Hair, that their Fin
hardly find the way to their Mouths: In the
they held the Reins, and their Gloves roul'd u
and in the Right a Staff *à la mode*, which they
ther for Countenance than Correction? (for t
ſtood no other Menage than the Heel) and all a
and Body went too, like a Baker upon his Pan
vers of them I obſerved, had huge Gold Rings
Fingers, and ſet with Stones of ſo large a ſize
could hardly feel a Patient's Pulſe, without m
of his Monument. There were more than a
of them, and a world of puny Practicers at t
that came out *Graduates*, by converſing rathe
Mules than the *Doctors?* Well! ſaid I to my ſe
goes no more than this to the making *a Phyſic*
marvel we pay ſo dear for their Experience.

After theſe, follow'd a long Train of *Mounteb*

caries, laden with *Pestles* and *Mortars*, *Suppositories*, *Spatulas*, *Glister-Pipes*, and *Syringes*, ready charg'd, and as mortal as Gun-shot, and several *Titled Boxes*, with *Remedies without*, and *Poysons within*. Ye may observe, That when a Patient comes to die, *the Apothecary's Mortar Rings the Passing-Bell*, as the Priest's *Requiem* finishes the business. An *Apothecary's Shop* is (in effect) no other than the *Physician's Armory*, that supplies him with Weapons; and (to say the truth,) the *Instruments* of the *Apothecary* and the *Soldier*, are much of a Quality? What are their *Boxes* but *Petards*? Their *Syringes*, *Pistols*; and their *Pills*, but *Bullets*? And after all, considering their Purgative Medicines, we may properly enough call their *Shops Purgatory*; and why not their *Persons Hell*? Their *Patients* the Damn'd? And their *Masters* the *Devils*? These *Apothecaries* were in *Jacquets*, wrought all over with *Rs*, struck through like wounded Hearts, and in the form of the first Character of their *Prescriptions*; which (as they tell us) signifies *Recipe* (*Take Thou*,) but we find it to stand for *Recipio* (*I Take*.) Next to this Figure they write, *Ana*, *Ana*, which is as much as as to say, *An Ass*, *An Ass*; and after this march the *Ounces* and the *Scruples*; an incomparable Cordial to a dying Man; the former to dispatch the *Body*, and the latter, to put the *Soul* into the High-way to the *Devil*. To hear them call over all their *Simples*, would make you swear, they were raising so many *Devils*. There's your *Opopanax*, *Buphtalmus*, *Astaphylinos*, *Alectorolophos*, *Ophioscorodon*, *Anemosphorus*, &c.

And by all this formidable Bombast, is meant nothing in the World but a few paltry Roots, as Carrots, Turneps, Skirrits, Radish, and the like. But they have the old Proverb at their Finger's end; *He that knows thee will never buy thee*: And therefore every thing must be made a Mystery, to hold their Patients in ignorance, and keep up the Price of the Market. And were not the very names of their Medicines sufficient to fright away any Distemper, 'tis to be fear'd the Remedy would prove worse than the Disease. Can any pain in nature, think ye, have the confidence to look the Physician in the Face, that comes arm'd with a Drug made of *Man's Grease*? Though disguis'd under the name of *Mummy*, to take off the Horror and Disgust of it: Or to stay for a dressing with Dr. *Whachum's Plaister*, that shall fetch up a Man's Leg to the size of a Mill-post? When I saw these People herded with the *Physicians*, methought the old sluttish Proverb that says, *There is a great distance between the Pulse and the Arse*, was much to blame for making such a difference in their Dignities for I find none at all; but the *Physician* skips in a trice fro the *Pulse* to the *Stool* and *Urinal*, according to the Doctr

of *Galen*, who ſends all his Diſciples to thoſe unſavoury Oracles: From whoſe hands, the Devil himſelf, if he were Sick, would not receive ſo much as a Gliſter. Oh! theſe curſed and lawleſs Arbitrators and Diſpoſers of our Lives! That without either Conſcience or Religion, divide our Souls and Bodies, by their damn'd Poyſonous *Potions*, *Scarifications*, *Incisions*, *Exceſſive Bleedings*, &c. which are but the ſeveral ways of executing their Tyranny and Injuſtice upon us.

In the tail of theſe, came the *Surgeons*, laden with *Pincers*, *Crane bills*, *Catheters*, *Deſquamatories*, *Dilaters*, *Sciſſers*, *Saws*; and with them ſo horrid an Outcry of *Cut*, *Tear*, *Open*, *Saw*, *Flay*, *Burn*, that my Bones were ready to creep one into another, for fear of an Operation.

The next that came in, I ſhould have taken by their *Mein*, for *Devils* diſguis'd, if I had not ſpyed their Chains of Rotten Teeth, which put me in ſome hope they might be *Tooth-Drawers*, and ſo they prov'd; which is yet one of the lewdeſt Trades in the World; for they are good for nothing but to depopulate our Mouths, and make us old before our time. Let a Man but yawn, and ye ſhall have one of theſe Rogues examining his *Grinders*, and there's not a ſound Tooth in your Head, but he had rather ſee't at his Girdle, than in the place of it's Nativity: Nay, rather than fail, he'll pick a quarrel with your *Gums*. But that which puts me out of all Patience, is to ſee theſe Scoundrels ask twice as much for drawing an *Old Tooth*, as would have bought me a *New One*.

Certainly (ſaid I to my ſelf) we are now paſt the worſt, unleſs the Devil himſelf come next: And in that inſtant, I heard the Bruſhing of *Guitars*, and the Ratling of *Citterns*, Raking over certain *Paſſacailles* and *Sarabands*. Theſe are a Kennel of *Barbers*, thought I, or I'll be hang'd; and any Man that had ever ſeen a Barber's Shop, might have told you as much without a Conjurer, both by the Muſick, and by the very Inſtruments, which are as proper a part of a *Barber's Furniture*, as his *Comb-caſes*, and *Waſhballs*. It was to me a pleaſant Entertainment, to ſee them lathering of *Aſſe's Heads*, of all ſorts and ſizes, and their Cuſtomers all the while winking and ſputtering over their Baſons.

Preſently after theſe, appear'd a Conſort of *loud* and *tedious Talkers*, that Tir'd and Deafn'd the Company with their *ſhrill* and *reſtleſs Gaggle*: But as one told me, theſe were of ſeveral ſorts. Some they call'd *Swimmers* from the motion of their Arms in all their Diſcourſes, which was juſt as if they had been *Padling*. Others they call'd *Apes*, (and we *Mimicks*) theſe were perpetually making of *Mopps*, and

Mowes, and a thouſand Antick Ridiculous Geſtures, in deriſion and imitation of Others. In the Third place, were *Make-bates*, and *Sowers of Diſſention*, and theſe were ſtill Rolling their Eyes (like a *Bartlemy Puppet*, without ſo much as moving the Head) and Leering over their Shoulders, to ſurprize People at unawares in their Familiarities, and Privacies, and gather matter for *Calumny* and *Detraction*. The *Lyars* follow'd next; and theſe ſeem'd to be a jolly contented ſort of People, well fed, and well cloathed; and having nothing elſe to truſt to, methought it was a ſtrange Trade to live upon. I need not tell you, that they are never without a full Audience, ſince *all Fools and Impertinents are of their Congregations*.

After theſe, came a Company of *Medlers*; a Pragmatical Inſolent Generation of Men, that will have an Oar in every Boat, and are indeed the Bane of honeſt Converſation, and the Troublers of all Companies and Affairs; The moſt Proſtitute of all Flatterers; and only devoted to their own Profit. I thought this had been the laſt Scene, becauſe no more came upon the Stage for a good while; and indeed I wonder'd that they came ſo late themſelves, but one of the *Bablers* told me (un-ask'd) that this kind of Serpent carrying his Venom in his Tail, it ſeem'd reaſonable, that being the moſt Poyſonous of the whole Gang, they ſhould bring up the Rear.

I began then to take into thought what might be the meaning of this *Oglio* of People of ſeveral Conditions and Humours met together; but I was quickly diverted from that Conſideration, by the Apparition of a Creature which look't as if 'twere of the Feminine Gender. It was a Perſon, of a thin and ſlender *make*, laden with *Crowns, Garlands, Scepters, Scythes, Sheep-hooks; Pattins, Hob-nail'd-Shoes, Tiaras, Straw-Hats, Miters, Monmouth-Caps, Embroideries, Skins, Silk, Wool, Gold, Lead, Diamonds, Shells, Pearl*, and *Pebles*: She was dreſs'd up in all the Colours of the Rainbow; ſhe had one Eye ſhut, the other open; Young on the one ſide, and Old o'the other. I thought at firſt, ſhe had been a great way off, when indeed ſhe was very near me; and when I took her to be at my Chamber-Door, ſhe was at my Bed's-head. How to unriddle this Myſtery I knew not; nor was it poſſible for me to make out the meaning of an Equipage ſo Extravagant, and ſo Fantaſtically put to together. It gave me no affright however, but on the contrary I could not forbear laughing; for it came juſt then into my mind, that I had formerly ſeen in *Italy* a *Farce*, where the *Mimick*, pretending to come from the other World, was juſt thus Accoutred, and neve was any thing more Nonſenſically pleaſant. I held

long as I could, and at laſt, I ask'd what ſhe was? She anſwer'd me, I am *Death. Death!* (the very word brought my Heart into my Mouth;) and I beſeech you, Madam, quoth I, (with great Humility and Reſpect) whither is your Honour a going? No farther (ſaid ſhe) for now I have found you, I am at my Journey's end. Alas, Alas! and muſt I die then, (ſaid I.) No, no, (quoth *Death*) but I'll take thee Quick along with me: For ſince ſo many of the *Dead* have been to viſit the *Living*, it is but equal for once, that one of the *Living* ſhould Return a Viſit to the *Dead*. Get up then, and come along, and never hang an Arſe for the matter: For what you will not do willingly, you ſhall do in ſpite of your Teeth. This put me in a cold Fit; but without more delay, up I ſtarted, and deſired leave only to put on my Breeches. No, no, (ſaid ſhe) no matter for Cloaths, no body wears them upon this Road; wherefore come away, naked as you are, and you'll travel the better. So up I got, without a word more, and follow'd her, in ſuch a Terror, and Amazement, that I was but in an ill Condition to take a ſtrict Account of my Paſſage; yet I remember, that upon the way, I told her, Madam, under Correction, you are no more like the *Deaths* that I have ſeen, than *an Apple's like an Oyſter:* Our *Death* is Pictur'd with a *Scythe* in her Hand, and a *Carcaſs* of Bones, as clean, as if the Crows had pick'd it. Yes, yes, (ſaid ſhe) turning ſhort upon me, I know that very well; but in the mean time your Deſigners, and Painters, are but a company of Buzzards. The *Bones* you talk of, are the dead, or otherwiſe *the miſerable Remainders of the Living*; but let me tell you, that you your ſelves are your own *Death*, and that which you call *Death, is but the Period of your Life, as the firſt moment of your Birth, is the beginning of your Death:* And effectually, ye *Die Living*, and your *Bones* are no more than what *Death* has left, and committed to the Grave. If this were rightly underſtood, every Man would find a *Memento Mori*, or a *Death's-Head* in his own Looking-glaſs, and conſider every Houſe with a Family in't, but as a Sepulchre fill'd with dead Bodies; a Truth which you little dream of, though within your daily View and Experience. Can you imagine a *Death* elſewhere, and not in your ſelves? Believ't y'are in a ſhameful Miſtake, for you your ſelves are *Skeletons* before ye are aware.

But, Madam, under favour, what may all theſe People be that keep your Ladyſhip Company? And ſince you are *Death* (as you ſay,) how comes it, that the *Bablers*, and *Make-bates*, are nearer your Perſon, and more in your good Graces, than the *Phyſicians?* Why (ſays ſhe) [illegible]

are more People *Talk'd* to Death, and dispatch'd by *Bablers*, than by all the pestilential Diseases in the World. And then your *Make-bates*, and *Medlers*, kill more than your *Physicians*, though (to give the Gentlemen of the Faculty their due) they labour Night and Day for the Enlargement of our Empire: For you must understand, that though *Distemper'd Humours* make a Man *Sick*, 'tis the *Physician kills* him; and he looks to be well paid for't too; (and 'tis fit that every Man should live by his Trade:) So that when a Man is ask'd, what such or such a one dy'd of, he is not presently to make Answer, that he dy'd of a *Fever*, *Plurisy*, the *Plague*, *Purples*, or the like; but that He *dyed of the Doctor*. In one Point, however, I must needs acquit the *Physician*; ye know that the stile of *Right Honourable*, and *Right Worshipful*, which was heretofore appropriated only to Persons of Eminent Degree and Quality, is now in our Days used by all sorts of little People; nay, the very *Bare-foot Fryars*, that live under Vows of *Humility* and *Mortification*, are stung with this Itch of *Title* and *Vain-glory*. And your ordinary *Trades-men*, as *Vintners*, *Taylors*, *Masons*, and the like, must be all drest up forsooth in the *Right Worship-ful*; whereas your *Physician* does not so much Court *Honour* of *Appellation*, (though if it should Rain Dignities, he might be perswaded happily to venture the wetting) but sits down contented with the *Honour* of disposing of your *Lives* and *Moneys*, without troubling himself about any other sort of Reputation.

The Entertainment of these Lectures, and Discourses, made the way seem short and pleasant, and we were just now entring into a Place, betwixt Light and Dark; and of horror enough, if *Death* and I had not by this time been very well acquainted. Upon one side of the Passage, I saw *three moving Figures*, *Arm'd*, and of *Human shape*: and so alike, that I could not say which was which. Just opposite, on the other side, a Hideous *Monster*, and these *Three* to *One*, and *One* to *Three*, in a Fierce, and Obstinate *Combat*. Here *Death* made a stop, and faceing about, ask'd me, if I knew these People. Alas! No, (quoth I) Heaven be prais'd, I do not, and I shall put it in my Litany, that I never may. Now to see thy Ignorance, cry'd *Death*; These are thy old Acquaintance, and thou hast hardly kept any other Company, since thou wert born. *Those Three*, are, the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*; the Capital Enemies of thy Soul: And they are so like one another, as well in Quality, as Appearance, that effectually, who-ever has One, has All. The Proud and Ambitious Man thinks he has got the *World*, but it proves the Devil. The *Leacher*, and the *Epicure*, perswade themselves, that they h

have gotten the *Flesh*, and that's the *Devil* too; and in fine, thus it fares with all other kinds of Extravagants. But what's he here, said I, that appears in so many several shapes, and fights against the other Three? That (quoth *Death*) is the *Devil* of *Money*, who maintains, that *He* himself *Alone*, is equivalent to them *Three*, and that wherever *He* comes, there's no need of *Them*. Against the *World* He argues from their own Confession, and Experience: For it passes for an Oracle, that *there's no World but Money; he that's out of Money, is out of the World. Take away a Man's Money, and take away his Life. Money answers all things.* Against the *Second* Enemy, he pleads that *Money* is the *Flesh* too; witness the *Girls* and the *Ganimedes* it procures, and maintains. And against the *Third*, He urges, that there's nothing to be done without this *Devil* of *Money*. *Love does much, but Money does all: And Money will make the Pot boyl, though the Devil Piss in the Fire.* So that for ought I see (quoth I) *the Devil of Money has the better end of the Staff.*

After this, advancing a little farther, I saw on one Hand *Judgment*, and *Hell* on the other (for so *Death* called them.) Upon the sight of *Hell*, making a stop, to take a stricter Survey of it; *Death* ask'd me what it was I look'd at? I told her, it was *Hell*; and I was the more intent upon it, because I thought I had seen it somewhere else before. She question'd me, where? I told her, that I had seen it in the *Corruption* and *Avarice* of *Wicked Magistrates*; in the *Pride* and *Haughtiness* of *Grandees*; in the *Appetites* of the *Voluptuous*; in the *Lewd Designs* of *Ruine* and *Revenge*; in the *Souls* of *Oppressors*; and in the *Vanity* of divers *Princes*. But he that would see it whole, and entire, in one Subject, must go to the *Hypocrite*, who *is a kind of a Religious Broker, and puts out at Five and Forty* per cent. *the very Sacraments, and Ten Commandments.*

I am very glad too (said I) that I have seen *Judgment* as I find it here, in it's Purity; for that which we call *Judgment* in the World, is a meer Mockery: If it were like this, Men would live otherwise than they do. To conclude; If it be expected that *our Judges* should govern Themselves and Us by *this Judgment*, the World's in an ill Case, for there's but little of it there. And to deal plainly, as matters are, I have no great Maw to go home again; for 'tis better being with the *Dead*, where there's *Justice*, than with the *Living*, where there's *none*.

Our next step was into a fair and spacious *Plain*, encompass'd with a huge Wall, where he that's once in, must never look to come out again. Stop here (quoth *Death*) for we are now come to my *Judgment-Seat*, and here it is that I give *Audience*. The *Walls* were hung with *Sighs* and Groans,

Groans, *Ill-News*, *Fears*, *Doubts* and *Surprizes*. *Tears* did not there avail, either the *Lover* or the *Beggar*; but *Grief* and *Care* were without both *Measure* and *Comfort*; and serv'd as *Vermine*, to gnaw the Hearts of *Emperors* and *Princes*, feeding upon the Insolent and Ambitious, as their proper Nourishment. I saw *Envy* there drest up in a *Widow's Vail*, and the very Picture of the *Governante* of one of your Noblemen's Houses. She kept a continual *Fast* as to the *Shambles*, *Preying* only upon *her self*, and could not but be a very *slender Gentlewoman*, upon so *spare* a *Diet*. Nothing came amiss to her *Teeth*, (*Good* or *Bad*) which made the whole Set of them *Yellow* and *Rotten*; and the Reason was, that though she *bit*, and set her *mark* upon the *Good*, and the *Sound*, she could never *swallow* it. Under her, sate *Discord*; the Legitimate Issue of her own Bowels. She had formerly convers'd much with *Married People*; but finding no need of her there, away she went to *Colleges* and *Corporations*, where it seems they had more already than they knew what to do withal: And then she betook her self to *Courts* and *Palaces*, and officiated there, as the *Devils Lieutenant*. Next to *Her*, was *Ingratitude*, and she out of a certain *Paste* made up of *Pride* and *Malice*, was moulding of *New Devils*. I was extream glad of this Discovery, being of Opinion, till now, that the *Ungrateful* had been the *Devils themselves*, because I read, that the *Angels* that *fell*, were made *Devils* for their *Ingratitude*. To be short, the whole Place Eccho'd with *Rage* and *Curses*. *What a Devil have we here to do?* (said I) *does it Rain Curses in this Countrey?* With that, a *Death* at my Elbow ask'd me, what a Devil could I expect else, in a place where there were so many *Match-makers*, *Atturneys* and *Common-Barretters*, who are a Pack of the most Accursed Wretches in Nature? Is there any thing more common in the World, than the Exclamations of *Husbands* and *Wives?* Oh! That *damn'd Devil* of a *Pander*: *A heavy Curse upon that Bitch of a Bawd that ever brought us together. The Pillory and Ten thousand Gibbets to boot, take that Pick-Pocket Atturney, that advised me to this Law-suit, he's ruin'd me for ever.* But pray'e (said I) what do all these *Match-makers* and *Atturneys* here together? Do they come for *Audience?* *Death* was here a little quick upon me, and called me Fool for so impertinent a Question. If there were no *Match-makers* (said she) we should not have the Tenth Part of these *Skeletons* and *Desperado's*. *Am not I here, the fifth Husband of a Woman yet living in the World, that hopes to send twice as many more after me, and drink Maudlin at the Fifteenth's Funeral?* You say well, (said I) as to the business of *Match-makers*; but why so many *Petty Foggers*, I pray'e? Nay then I perceive (quoth *Death*) now you have a mind to seize me; for th

rase

rascally sort of Caterpillars have been my undoing. Had not a Man better die by the *Common-Hangman*, than by the Hand of an *Attorney*, to be killed by *Falsities*, *Quirks*, *Cavils*, *Delays*, *Exceptions*, *Cheats*, *Circumventions?* Yes, yes, and it must not be deny'd, that these *Makers of Matches*, and *Splitters of Causes*, are *the principal Support of this Imperial Throne.*

At these words I rais'd my Eyes, and saw *Death* seated in her Chair of State, with abundance of little *Deaths* crowding about her; as the *Death* of *Love*, of *Cold*, *Hunger*, *Fear*, and *Laughter*; all, with their several Ensigns and Devices. The *Death* of *Love*, I perceived, had very *little Brain*, and to keep her self in Countenance, she kept company with *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*; *Hero* and *Leander*, and some *Amadis's* and *Palmerins d'Oliva*; all Embalm'd, steep'd in good Vinegar, and well dry'd. I saw a great many other sorts of Lovers too, that were brought, in all Appearance, to their last Agonies; but by the singular Miracle of self-Interest recover'd to the Tune of

Will, if looking Well won't move her,
Looking Ill prevail?

The *Death* of *Cold*, was attended by a many *Prelates*, *Bishops*, *Abbots*, and other *Ecclesiasticks*; who had neither Wives, nor Children, nor indeed any body else that cared for them, farther than for their Fortunes. These, when they come to a Fit of *Sickness*, are *Pillag'd*, even to their *Sheets* and *Bedding*, before ye can say a *Pater-Noster*. Nay, many times they are *stript*, e'er they are *laid*, and destroy'd for want of Cloaths to keep them warm.

The *Death* of *Hunger* was encompassed with a Multitude of *Avaritious Misers*, that were *Cording* up of *Trunks*; *Bolting of Doors* and *Windows*; *Locking* up of *Cellars* and *Garrets*; and *Nailing* down of *Trap-Doors*; *Burying* of Pots of *Money*, and starting at every Breath of Wind they heard. Their *Eyes* were ready to drop out of their Heads for want of *Sleep*, their *Mouths* and *Bellies* complaining of their *Hands*; and their *Souls* turn'd into *Gold* and *Silver*; (the Idols they ador'd.)

The *Death* of *Fear* had the most *Magnificent Train* and *Attendance* of all the rest, being accompanied with a great number of *Usurpers* and *Tyrants*, who commonly do Justice upon Themselves, for the Injuries they have done to Others: Their own Consciences doing the Office of Tormentors, and Avenging their publick Crimes by their private Sufferings, for they live in a perpetual Anguish of Thought, with Fears and Jealousies.

The *Death* of *Laughter* was the last of all, and surrounded with a Throng of People, *hasty to Believe*, and *slow to Repent*,

pent; *Living* without *fear* of *Justice*, and *Dying* without *hope* of *Mercy*. These are they that pay all their Debts and Duties with a Jest. Bid any of them *give every Man his due, and return what he has either Borrow'd, or wrongfully taken*, his Answer is, *You'd make a Man die with Laughing*. Tell him, *my Friend, you are now in Tears, your Dancing Days are done, and your Body is worn out; what should such a* Scare-Crow *as you are, do with a Bedfellow? Give over your Bawdy Haunts for shame, and don't make a Glory of a Sin, when you are past the Pleasure of it, and your self upon all Accompts contemptible into the Bargain. This Fellow* (says he) *would make a Man break his Heart with Laughing*. Come, come, say your Prayers, and bethink your self of Eternity, you have one Foot in the Grave already, and 'tis high time to fit your self for the other World. *Thou wilt absolutely kill me with Laughing*. I tell thee, *I'm as sound as a Roach, and I do not remember that ever I was better in my Life*. Others there are, that, let a Man advise them upon their *Death-Beds*, and even at the last Gasp, to *send for a Divine*, or to *make some handsome Settlement of their Estates*. Alas, alas! they'll cry; *I have been as bad as this many a time before*, and (with *Falstaffe's* Hostess) *I hope in the Lord there's no need to think of him yet*. These Men are lost for ever, before they can be brought to understand their danger. This Vision wrought strangely upon me, and gave me all the Pains and Marks imaginable of a true Repentance. Well, (said I) since so it is, that Man has but *one Life* allotted him, and *so many Deaths*; but *one way into the* World, and so many *Millions out* of it, I will certainly at my Return, make it more my Care than it has been to Live with a good Conscience, that I may die with Comfort.

The last Words were scarce out of my Mouth, when the *Cryer* of the Court with a loud Voice, called out, *The Dead, The Dead*; *Appear the Dead*. And so immediately, I saw the *Earth* begin to *Move*, and gently opening it self, to make way, first for *Heads* and *Arms*, and then by Degrees for the *whole Bodies* of *Men* and *Women* that came out, half muffled in their Night-Caps, and ranged themselves in excellent Order, and with a profound silence. Now (says *Death*) let every one speak in his Turn; and in the instant, up comes one of the *Dead* to my very Beard, with so much Fury and Menace in his Face and Action, that I would have given him half the Teeth in my Head for a Composition. *These Devils of the World* (quoth he) *what would they be at? My Masters, cannot a Poor Wretch be quiet in his Grave for ye? But ye must be casting your Scorns upon him, and charging him with things that upon my Soul*, he's as innocent of, as *the Child that's Unborn*. What hurt has he done any of you (ye Scoundrels you,) *to be thus abused?* And I beseech you, Sir [illegible]

ſaid I, (under your favourable Correction) who may you be? For I confeſs I have not the Honour either to know or to underſtand ye. *I am* (quoth he) *the Unfortunate* Tony, *that has been in his Grave now this many a fair Year, and yet your Wiſe Worſhips forſooth, have not Wit enough to make your Selves and your Company merry, but* Tony *muſt ſtill be one half of your Entertainment and Diſcourſe. When any Man plays the* Fool *or the* Extravagant, *preſently he's a* Tony. *Who drew this or that ridiculous Piece?* Tony. *Such or ſuch a one was never well Taught:* No, he had a *Tony* to his Maſter. But let me tell ye, he that ſhall call your Wiſdoms to ſhrift, and take a ſtrict Accompt of your Words and Actions, will upon the Upſhot find you all a Company of *Tonys:* And in effect, the *Greater Impertinents.* As for inſtance, *Did I ever make ridiculous Wills* (as you do) *to oblige others to Pray for a Man in his Grave, that never Pray'd for Himſelf in his Life? Did I ever Rebel againſt my Superiours? Or, was I ever ſo errant a Coxcomb, as by colouring my Cheeks and Hair, to imagine that I could reform Nature, and make my ſelf young again? Can ye ſay, that I ever put an Oath to a Lye; or broke a ſolemn Promiſe, as you do every Day that goes over your Heads? Did I ever enſlave my ſelf to Money? Or, on the other ſide make Ducks and Drakes with it? And ſquander it away in Gaming, Revelling, and Whoring? Did my Wife ever wear the Breeches? Or, did I ever marry at all to be reveng'd of a falſe Miſtreſs? Was I ever ſo very a Fool as to believe any Man would be True to me, who had Betray'd his Friend? Or, to venture all my Hopes upon the Wheel of Fortune? Did I ever envy the felicity of a Court-Life, that ſells and ſpends all for a Glance: What pleaſure did I ever take in the lewd Diſcourſes of* Hereticks *and* Libertines? *Or did I ever Liſt my ſelf in the Party, to get the name of a* Gifted Brother? *Who ever ſaw me inſolent to my Inferiors, or baſely ſervile to my Betters? Did I ever go to a Conjurer, or to your Dealers in Nativities and Horoſcopes upon any occaſion of Loſs or Death? Now if you your ſelves be guilty of all theſe Fopperies, and I innocent, I beſeech ye where's the* Tony? So that you ſee *Tony* is not the *Tony* you take him for. But (to Crown his other Vertues) he is alſo endued with ſo large a ſtock of Patience, that whoever needed it, had it for the asking; unleſs it were ſuch as came to borrow Money; or in Caſes of Women that claim'd Marriage of him; or *Laquais* that would be making ſport with his Bauble; and to theſe, He was as reſolute as *John Florio.*

While we were upon this Diſcourſe, another of the Dead came marching up to me, with a Spaniſh Pace and Gravity; and giving me a touch o' the Elbow; *Look in my Face* (quoth he with a ſtern Countenance) *and know, Sir, that you are not now to have to do with a Tony.* I beſeech your Lordſhip (ſaid I, ſaving your Reverence) let me know

your Honour, that I may pay my Respects accordingly; for I must confess, I thought all People here had been, *Hail Fellow well met.* I am call'd (quoth he) by Mortals, *Queen Dick*; and whether you know me or not, I'm sure you think and talk of me often enough; and if the Devil did not possess ye, you would let the Dead alone, and content your selves to prosecute one another. Ye can't see a High-crown'd Hat, a Threadbare Cloak, a Basket Hilt Sword, or a Dudgeon Dagger; nay, not so much as a reverend Matron, well stricken in years, but presently ye cry, this or that's of the Mode or Date of *Queen Dick*. If ye were not every Mother's Child of ye stark mad, ye would confess that *Queen Dick's* were Golden Days to those ye have had since, and 'tis an easy matter to prove what I say. Will ye see a Mother now teaching her Daughter a Lesson of good Government? *Child*, (says she) *you know that Modesty is the great Ornament of your Sex; wherefore be sure, when ye come in Company, that you don't stand staring the Men in the Face, as if ye were looking Babies in their Eyes; but rather look a little downward, as a Fashion of Behaviour, more suitable to the Obligations of your Sex.* Downward! (says the Girl,) I beseech you, Madam, Excuse me: This was well enough in the Days of *Queen Dick*, when the poor Creatures knew no better. Let the Men look downward towards the Clay of which they were made; but Man was our Original, and it will become us to keep our Eyes upon the matter, from whence we came. If a Father give his Son in charge, *to Worship his Creator; to say his Prayers Morning and Evening; to give Thanks before and after Meat; to have a care of Gaming and Swearing.* Ye shall have the Son make Answer, That 'tis true, this was practis'd in the time of *Queen Dick*, but it is now quite out of Mode: And in plain *English*, Men are better known now a-days by their *Atheism* and *Blasphemy* than by their *Beards*.

Hereupon, *Queen Dick* withdrew, and then appear'd a large *Glass-Bottle*, wherein was Luted up (as I heard) a famous *Necromancer*, hackt and minc'd according to his own Order, to render him immortal. It was boyling upon a Quick Fire, and the Flesh by little and little began to piece again, and made first an Arm, then a Thigh, after that a Leg, and at last there was an entire Body that raiz'd it self upright in the Bottle. Bless me (thought I!) what's here? A *Man* made of a *Pottage*, and brought into the World out of the Belly of a Bottle? This Vision affrighted me to the very Heart; and while I was yet panting and trembling, a Voice was heard out of the Glass. *In what year of our Lord are we?* 1636. (quoth I) *And Welcome, said he*; for 'tis the happy Year I have longed fo[r]

many a Day. Who is it, I pray'e, (quoth I) that I now see and hear in the Belly of this Bottle? I am (said he) the great *Necromancer* of *Europe*; and certainly you cannot but have heard both of my Operations in General, and of this particular Design. I have heard talk of you from a Child (quoth I) but all those Stories I took only for old Wive's Fables. You are the Man then it seems: I must confess that at first, at a distance I took this Bottle for the Vessel that the ingenious *Rablais* makes mention of; but coming near enough to see what was in it, I did then imagine it might be some *Philosopher, by the Fire*; or some *Apothecary* doing Penance for his Errors. In fine, it has cost me many a heavy Step to come hither; and yet to see so great a Rarity I cannot but think my Time and Pains very well bestow'd. The *Necromancer* call'd to me then to unstop the Bottle; and as I was breaking the Clay to open it, Hold, hold, a little, he cry'd; and I prithee tell me first, how goes squares in *Spain?* What Money? Force? Credit? The *Plate Fleets* go and come (said I) reasonably well; but the Foreigners that come in for their snips, have half spoil'd the Trade. The *Genoeses* run out as far as the Mountains of *Potosi*, and have almost drain'd them dry. My Child, (quoth he) That Trade can never be secure and open, so long as *Spain* has any Enemy that's Potent at Sea. And for the *Genoeses*, they'll tell you this is no injustice at all; but on the contrary, a new way of quitting old scores, and justifying his Catholick Majesty for a good Pay-master. I am no Enemy to that Nation, but upon the Account of their Vices and Encroachments; and I confess, rather than see these Rascals prosper, I'd turn my self into a *Bouillon* again, as ye saw me just now; nay, I did not care if 'twere into a *Powder*, though I ended my days in a *Tobacco-Box*. Good Sir, (said I) comfort your self, for these People are as miserable as you'd wish them. You know they are *Cavaliers* and *Signiors* already, and now (forsooth) they have an Itch upon them to be *Princes*: A vanity that gnaws them like a *Cancer*; and by drawing on great Expences, breeds a Worm in their Traffick, so that you'll find little but Debt and Extravagance at the foot of the Account. And then the *Devil's* in them for a Wench, insomuch, that 'tis well, if they bring both ends together; for what's gotten upon the *Change*, is spent in the *Stews*.

This is well (quoth the *Necromancer*) and I'm glad to hear it. Pray'e tell me now, what Price bears *Honour and Honesty* in the World? There's much to be said (quoth I) upon that Point; but in brief, there was never more of it *in Talk*, nor less in *Effect*. Upon my *Honesty*, cries the

Tradesman; upon my *Honour*, says his *Lordship*: And in a word, every Man has it, and every thing is it, in some disguise or other: But duly considered, there's no such thing upon the Face of the Earth. The *Thief* says, 'tis more *Honourable* to *Take* than *Beg*. He that asks an *Alms*, pleads, that 'tis *Honester* to *Beg* than *Steal*. Nay, the *False Witnesses* and *Murtherers* themselves, stand upon their Points, as well as their Neighbours, and will tell ye that a *Man* of *Honour* will rather be *buried alive*, than *Submit*, (though they will not always do as they say.) Upon the whole matter, every Man sets up a *Court of Honour* within *himself*; pronounces every Thing *Honourable* that serves his *Purpose*, and laughs at them that think otherwise. To say the Truth, all things are now *Topsie Turvie*. A good *Faculty* in *Lying* is a fair step to *Preferment*; and to pack a Game at Cards, or help the Frail Die, is become the *Mark* and *Glory* of a *Cavalier*. The *Spaniards* were heretofore, I confess, a very brave and well-govern'd People: But they have Evil Tongues among them now a-days, that say they might e'en go to School to the *Indians* to learn *Sobriety* and *Virtue*. For they are not really *Sober*, but at their own Tables, which indeed, is rather Avarice, than Moderation; for when they Eat or Drink at another Man's Cost, there are no greater Gluttons in the World; and for Fuddling, they shall make the best *Pot-Companion* in *Switzerland* knock under the Table.

The *Necromancer* went on with his Discourse; and ask'd me what store of *Lawyers* and *Atturneys* in *Spain* at present? I told him, that the whole World swarm'd with them, and that there were of several sorts; some, by *Profession*, others, by *Intrusion*, and *Presumption*, and some again by *Study*; but not many of the last, though indeed sufficient of every kind to make the People pray for the *Egyptian Locusts* and *Caterpillars*, in Exchange for that *Vermine*. Why then (quoth the *Necromancer*) if there be such Plagues abroad, I think I had best e'en keep where I am. It is with *Justice* (said I) as with *Sick-Men*; in time past, when we had fewer *Doctors*, (as well of *Law*, as of *Physick*) we had more *Right*, and more *Health*: But we are now destroy'd by *Multitudes*, and *Consultations*, which serve to no other end, than to enflame both the *Distemper*, and the *Reckoning*. *Justice* as well as *Truth*, went naked, *in the days of Old*; one single *Book* of *Laws* and *Ordinances*, was enough for the best Order'd Government in the World. But *the Justice of our Age*, is Trickt up with *Bills*, *Parchments*, *Writs*, and *Labels*; and furnish'd with Millions of *Codes*, *Digests*, *Pandects*, *Pleadings*, and *Reports*; and what's their Use, but to make *Wrangling a Science?* And to Embroil us in Seditions, Suits, and endless Trouble and Confusion? We have had more

Books Publish'd this last Twenty Years, than in a Thousand before; and there hardly passes a Term without a New Author, in Four or Five Volumes at least, under the Titles of *Glosses*, *Commentaries*, *Cases*, *Judgments*, &c. And the great Strife is, who writes *Most*, not *Best*; so that the whole Bulk, is but a *Body* without a *Soul*, and fitter for a *Church-yard* than a Study. To say the Truth, these *Lawyers* and *Solicitors*, are but so many *Smoak-Merchants*, *Sellers of Wind, and Troublers of the Publick Peace.* If there were no *Attorneys*, there would be no *Suits*; if no *Suits*, no *Cheats*, no *Serjeants*, no *Catchpoles*, no *Prisons*; if no *Prisons*, no *Judges*; no *Judges*, no *Passion*; no *Passion*, no *Bribery* or *Subornation.*

See now what a Train of Mischiefs one wretched *Petty-Fogger* draws after him! If you go to him for Counsel, he Hears your Story, Reads your Case, and tells you very gravely: Sir, this is a nice Point, and would be well handled; We'll see what the Law says. And then he runs ye over with his Eye and Finger, a matter of a hundred Volumes, grumbling all the while like a Cat, that Claws in her play 'twixt Jest and Earnest. At last down comes the Book, he shews the Law, bids you leave your Papers, and he'll study the Question. But your Cause is very good (says he) by what I see already; and if you'll come again in the *Evening* or to *Morrow Morning*, I'll tell ye more. But pardon me, Sir, now I think on't, I am retain'd upon the business of the *Fens*, it cannot be till *Monday Next*, and then I'm for ye. When ye are to part, and that you come to the Greasing of his Fist; (the best thing in the World both for the Wit and Memory,) *Good Lord! Sir*, (says he) *what do you mean? I beseech you, Sir*; *Nay pray'e, Sir*; and if he spies you drawing back, the Paw opens, seizes the *Gold, and good Morrow Countryman.* Say'st thou me so? (quoth the good Fellow in the Glass) stop me up close again as thou lovest me then, for the very Air of these Rascals will Poyson me, if ever I put my Head out of this Bottle, till the whole Race of them be extinct. In the mean time take this for a Rule: *He that would thrive by Law, must Fee his Enemy's Council as well as his own.*

But now ye talk of great Cheats; what News of the *Venetians?* Is *Venice* still in the World or no? *In the World*, do ye say? Yes, marry is't (said I) and stands just where it did. Why then (quoth he) I prithee give it to the Devil from me as a token of my Love; for 'tis a Present equal to the severest Revenge. Nothing can ever destroy that Republick but Conscience; and then you'll say 'tis like to be Long-liv'd; for if every Man had his own, it would not be left worth a Groat. To speak freely, 'tis an

odd kind off *Common-Wealth*: 'Tis the very *Arse-Gut*, the *Drain* and *Sink* of *Monarchies*, both in War and Peace. It helps the *Turk* to Vex the *Christians*, and the *Christians* to Gall the *Turk*, and maintains it self to torment both. The *Inhabitants* are neither *Moors*, nor *Christians*, as appears by a *Venetian Captain*, in a *Combat* against a *Christian Enemy: Stand to't, my Masters* (says he) *Ye were Venetians before Ye were Christians.*

Enough, enough of this, cry'd the *Necromancer*, and tell me, how stand the People affected? What *Malecontents* and *Mutineers? Mutiny* (said I) is so universal a Disease, that every Kingdom is (in effect) but a great Hospital, or rather a Bedlam (for all Men are mad) to entertain the disaffected. There's no stirring for Me then (quoth the *Necromancer*) but pray'e commend me however to those busy Fools, and tell them, that carry what Face they will, there's *Vanity* and *Ambition* in the *Pad*. *Kings* and *Princes*, have in their Nature much of *Quick-silver*. They are in *perpetual Agitation*, and without any *Repose*. Press them too hard, (that is to say beyond the Bounds of Duty and Reason) and they are lost. Ye may observe, that your *Gilders*, and great Dealers in *Quick-silver*, are generally troubled with the *Palsy*; and so should all *Subjects Tremble*, that have to do with *Majesty*; and better to do it at first, out of *Respect*, than *afterward*, upon *Force and Necessity*.

But before I fall to pieces again, as you saw me e'en now, (for better so than worse) I beseech ye, one word more, and it shall be my last: *Who's King of* Spain *now?* You know (said I) that *Philip* the Third is *dead*: Right (quoth he) a Prince of incomparable Piety and Virtue, or my Stars deceive me. After him, (said I) came *Philip* the IV. If it be so (quoth he) break, break my Bottle immediately, and help me out; for I am resolv'd to try my Fortune in the World once again, under the Reign of that Glorious Prince. And with that word, he dash'd the Glass to pieces against a Rock, crept out of his Case, and away he ran. I had a good mind to have kept him Company; but as I was just about to start, Let him go, let him go, cry'd one of the Dead; (and laid hold of my Arm,) he has Devilish Heels, and you'll never overtake him.

So I staid, and what should I see next but a wondrous Old Man, whose Name might have been *Bucephalus* by his *Head*, and the Hair on his Face might very well have stuffed a couple of Cushions: Take him together, and you'll find his Picture in the Map, among the *Savages*. I need not tell ye that I stared upon him sufficiently; and he taking notice of it, came to me, and told me; Friend (s

he) my Spirit tells me, that you are now in pain to know who I am; understand that my Name is *Nostradamus*. Are you the Author then (quoth I) of that *Gallimaufry of Prophesies*, that's Publish'd in your Name? *Gallimaufry*, say'st thou? Impudent and Barbarous Rascal that thou art, to despise Mysteries that are above thy reach, and to revile the Secretary of the Stars, and the Interpreters of the Destinies: Who is so brutal as to doubt the meaning of these Lines?

From second Causes, this I gather,
Nought shall befal us, Good or Ill,
Either upon the Land or Water,
But what the great Disposer will.

Reprobate and besotted Villains that ye are; What greater Blessing could betide the World, than the Accomplishment of this Prophecy? Would it not establish Justice and Holiness, and suppress all the Vile Suggestions and Motions of the Devil? Men would not then any longer set their Hearts upon Avarice, Cozening, and Extortion, and make Money their God; that Vagabond Money, that's perpetually trotting up and down like a wandring Whore, and takes up most commonly with the unworthy, leaveing the *Philosophers*, and *Prophets*, which are the very *Oracles* of the *Heavens*, (such as *Nostradamus*) to go bare-foot. But let's go on with our *Prophecies*, and see if they be so frivolous and dark, as the World reports them.

When the marry'd shalt marry,
Then the Jealous will be sorry;
And though Fools will be talking,
To keep their Tongues walking;
No Man runs well I find,
But with's Elbows behind,

This gave me such a fit of Laughing, that it made me cast my Nose up into the Air, like a Stone-Horse that hath got a Mare in the Wind: Which put the *Astrologer* out of all patience. Buffoon, and Dog-Whelp, as ye are (quoth he) there's a Bone for you to pick; you must be snarling and snapping at every thing. Will your Teeth serve you now to fetch out the Marrow of this Prophesy? Hear then in the Devil's Name, and be mannerly: Hear, and Learn, I say, and let's have no more of that Grinning, unless ye have a mind to leave your Beard behind ye. Do ye imagine that all that are *married*, *marry?* No, not the one half of them. When you are *married*, the *Priest* has done his part; but after that, to *marry*, is to do the Duty of a *Husband*. Alack, how many *marry'd* Men live as if

they were single! and how many *Batchelors* on the other side, as if they were *marry'd!* after the Mode of the Times. And *Wedlock* to divers Couples, *is no other than a more sociable state of Virginity.* Here's one half of my Prophecy expounded already; now for the rest. Let me see you run a little for Experiment, and try if you carry your Elbows *before* or *behind.* You'll tell me perhaps, that this is ridiculous, because every body knows it. A pleasant Shift: As if Truth were the worse for being plain. The things indeed that you deliver for *Truths,* are for the most part meer *Fooleries* and *Mistakes*; and it were a hard matter to put Truth in such a Dress as would please ye. What have ye to say now, either against my Prophecy or my Argument? Not a Syllable, I warrant ye, and yet somewhat there is to be said; for *there's no Rule without an Exception.* Does not the *Physician* carry his *Elbow before him,* when he puts back his Hand to take his Patient's Money? And away he's gone in a trice, so soon as he has made his Purchase. But to proceed, here's another of my Prophecies for ye.

Many Women shall be Mothers,
And their Babbies,
Their N'own Daddies.

What say ye to this now? Are there not many *Husbands* do' ye think (if the truth were known) that Father *more Children* than their *own?* Believe me (Friend) *a Man had need have good Security upon a Woman's Belly*; for *Children* are commonly made in the *Dark,* and 'tis no easy Matter to know the *Workman,* especially having nothing but the Woman's bare word for't. This is meant of the Court of *Assistance*; and whoever interprets my Prophesies, to the Prejudice of any Person of Honour, abuses me. You little think what a World of our Gay Folks in their *Coaches and six,* with *Lacquies* at their Heels, by the Dozens, will be found *at the last day,* to be only the *Bastards* of some *Pages, Gentlemen-Ushers,* or *Valets de Chambre* of the Family; nay, perchance *the Physician* may have had his Hand in the wrong Box, and in case of a necessity, good use has been made of a *lusty Coachman.* Little do you think (I say) how many Noble Families upon that grand Discovery, will be found extinct for want of Issue.

I am now convinc'd (said I to the *Mathematician*) of the Excellency of your Predictions; and I perceive (since you have been pleas'd to be your own Interpreter) that they have more weight in them than we were aware of. Ye shall have one more (quoth he) and I have done.

This Year, if I've any skill i'th' Weather,
Shall many a one take Wing with a Feather.

I dare ſay that your Wit will ſerve ye now to imagine, that I'm talking of *Rooks* and *Jack-daws*; but I ſay, no; I ſpeak of *Lawyers*, *Atturneys*, *Clerks*, *Scriveners*, and their Fellows, that with the Daſh of a *Pen* can defeat their *Clients* of their *Eſtates*, and *fly away with Them* when they have done.

Upon theſe Words, *Noſtradamus* vaniſht, and ſome body plucking me behind, I turn'd my Face upon the moſt meager, melancholick Wretch that ever was ſeen, and cover'd all in white. For Pity's ſake, (ſays he) and as you are a good Chriſtian, do but deliver me from the Perſecution of theſe *Impertinents* and *Bablers* that are now tormenting me, and I'll be your Slave for ever, (caſting himſelf at my Feet in the ſame Moment, and crying like a Child.) And what art thou (quoth I) for a miſerable Creature? I am (ſays he) an antient and an honeſt Man, although defam'd with a thouſand Reproaches and Slanders: And in fine, ſome call me *Another*, and others *Somebody*; and doubtleſs ye cannot but have heard of me, as *Somebody* ſays, crys one, that has nothing to ſay for himſelf; and yet till this inſtant, I never ſo much as open'd my Mouth. The *Latins* call me *Quidam*, and make good uſe of me to fill up Lines and ſtop Gaps. When ye go back again into the World, I pray'e do me the favour to own that you have ſeen me, and to juſtifie me for one that never did, and never will either Speak or Write any thing, whatever ſome Tatling Idiots may pretend. When they bring me into *Quarrels* and *Brawls*, I am call'd forſooth, *A certain Perſon:* In their *Intriegues*, *I know not who:* And in the Pulpit, *A certain Author:* And all this, to make a Myſtery of my Name, and lay all their Fooleries at my Door. Wherefore I beſeech ye help me; which I promis'd to do. And ſo this Viſion withdrew to make place for another.

And that was the moſt frightful piece of *Antiquity* that ever Eye beheld in the ſhape of an *Old Woman*. She came *nodding* towards me, and in a hollow ratling Tone, (for ſhe ſpoke more with her *Chops* than her *Tongue*,) *Pray'e*, (ſays ſhe) *Is there not ſomebody come lately hither from the other World?* This Apparition, thought I, is undoubtedly one of the *Devil's Scare-Crows*. Her *Eyes* were ſo ſunk in their *Sockets* that they lookt like a pair of *Dice* in the bottom of a couple of *Red boxes*. Her *Cheeks* and the *Soles* of her *Feet*, were of the ſame *Complexion*. Her *Mouth* was *pale* and *open* too, the better to receive the *Diſtillations* of her *Noſe*. Her *Chin* was cover'd with a kind of *Gooſe-down*,

Toothless as a *Lamprey*; and the *Flaps* of her *Cheeks* were like and *Ape's Bags*: Her *Head danc'd*, and her *Voice* at every word *kept time* to't. Her *Body* was Veil'd, or rather wrapt up in a shroud of *Crape*. She had a *Crutch* in one Hand, which serv'd her for a *Supporter*; and a *Rosary* in t'other, of such a length, that as she was stooping over it, a Man would have thought she had been Fishing for *Death's Heads*. When I had done gaping upon this *Epitome of past Ages*; *Hola! Grannum*, (quoth I, good lustily in her Ear, taking for granted that she was deaf) what's your Pleasure with me? With that she gave a Grunt, and being much in wrath to be called *Grannum*, clapt a pair of Spectacles upon her *Nose*, and Pinking through them, I am, quoth she, neither *Deaf* nor *Grannum*, but may be called by my Name as well as my Neighbours; (giving to understand, that Women will take it ill to be called Old, even in their very Graves.) As she spake, she came still nearer me, with her Eyes dropping, and the smell about her perfectly of a dead Body. I begg'd her pardon for what was past, and for the future her Name, that I might be sure to keep my self within the bounds of Respect. I am call'd (says she) *Douegna*, or *Madam the Gouvernante*. How's that, quoth I, in a great Amazement? Have ye any of those Cattle in this Country? Let the Inhabitants pray heartily for Peace then; and all little enough to keep them quiet. But to see my Mistake now, I thought the *Women* had not *died* when they came to be *Gouvernantes*, and that for the punishment of a wicked World the *Gouvernantes* had been *immortal*. But I am now better inform'd, and very glad truly to meet with a Person I have heard so much talk of. For with us, who but *Madam the Gouvernante* at every turn? Do you see that *Mumping Hag*, cries one? Come here, ye *Damn'd Jade*, cries another. That *Old Bawd*, says a third, has forgotten, I warrant ye, that ever she was a *Whore*: And now see if we do not remember ye. You do so, and I'm in your debt for your remembrance, the *Great Devil* be your *Pay-Master*, ye Son of a Whore, you: Are there no more *Gouvernantes* than my self? Sure there are, and ye may have your Choice without affronting me. Well, well, (said I) have a little patience, and at my return I'll try if I can put things in better order. But in the mean time, what business have you here? Her *Reverence* upon this was a little qualified, and told me, that she had now been *Eight hundred Years* in *Hell*, upon a design to erect an Order of the *Gouvernantes*; but the right *Worshipful the Devil-Commissioners*, are not as yet come to any Resolution upon the Point. For, say they, if your Gouvernantes should come once to settle here, there would need no other Tor-

mentors, and we ſhould be but ſo many *Jacks out of Office.* And beſides, we ſhould be perpetually at *Daggers-drawing* about the *Brands* and *Candle-Ends*, which they would ſtill be filching, and laying out of the way; and for us to have our Fuel to ſeek, would be very inconvenient. I have been in *Purgatory* too (ſhe ſaid) upon the ſame Project; but there ſo ſoon as ever they ſet Eye on me, all the Souls cry'd out unanimouſly, *Libera nos, &c.* As for *Heaven*, that's no Place for *Quarrels, Slanders, Diſquiets, Heart-burnings*, and conſequently none for *Me.* The *Dead* are none of my Friends neither, for they grumble, and bid me let them alone as they do me, and be gone into the World again if I pleaſe, and there (they tell me) I may play the *Gouvernante* in *ſæcula ſæculorum.* But truly I had rather be here at my eaſe than ſpend my Life crumpling, and brooding over a Carpet at a Bed-ſide, like a thing of Clouts, to ſecure the Poultry of the Family from ſtrange Cocks, which would now and then have a bruſh with a Virgin Pullet, but for the care of the *Gouvernantes.* And yet 'tis ſhe, good Woman, bears all the blame in caſe of any Miſcarriage: The *Gouvernante* was preſently of the Plot, ſhe *had a feeling in the Cauſe, a Finger in the Pye:* And 'tis ſhe, in fine, that muſt anſwer for all. Let but a Sock, an old Hankercher, the greaſie Lining of a maſque, or any ſuch frippery piece of buſineſs be miſſing; ask the *Gouvernante* for this or for that. And in ſhort, they take us certainly for ſo many *Storks* and *Ducks*, to gather up all the filth about the Houſe. The *Servants* look upon us as *Spies* and *Tell-tales:* My *Couſin* forſooth, and t'other's *Aunt* dares not come to the Houſe for fear of the *Gouvernante.* And indeed I have made many of them *Croſs* themſelves that took me for a Ghoſt. Our *Maſters* they curſe us too, for embroiling the Family. So that I have rather choſen to take up here betwixt the *Dead* and the *Living*, than to return again to my Charge of a *Douegna*, the very ſound of the Name being more terrible than a Gibbet; as appears by one that was lately travelling from *Madrid* to *Vailladolid*, and asking where he might lodge that Night? Anſwer was made, at a ſmall Village call'd *Douegnas.* But is there no other Place (quoth he) within ſome reaſonable diſtance, either ſhort, or beyond it? They told him, No, unleſs it were at a *Gallows.* That ſhall be my *Quarter* then, (quoth he) for a *Thouſand Gibbets* are not ſo bad to me as one *Douegna.* Now you ſee how we are abus'd, (quoth the *Governante*) I hope you'll do us ſome Right when it lies in your Power.

She would have talk'd me to Death, if I had not given her the ſlip upon the removing of her Spectacles; but I could

could not 'scape so neither, for looking about me for a Guide to carry me home again, I was arrested by one of the *Dead*; a good proper Fellow, only he had a pair of *Ram's-horns* on his Head; And I was about to salute him for *Aries* in the *Zodiac*: But when I saw him plant himself just before me, with his *best Leg* forward, stretching out his Arms, clutching his Fists, and looking as sour as if he would have *eaten* me without *Mustard*; *Doubtless* (said I) *The Devil is Dead, and this is He.* No, no, cry'd a By-stander This is a *Man*: Why then (said I) he's Drunk, I perceive, and *Quarrelsome in his Ale*, for here's no body has touch'd him. With that, as he was just ready to fall on, I stood to my Guard, and we were arm'd at all points alike, only he had the odds of the Head-piece. Now, Sirrah, (says he) *Have at ye*, Slave that you are, to make a Trade of defaming persons of Honour. By the Death that commands here, I'll ha' my Revenge, and *Turn your Skin over your Ears.* This insolent Language stirr'd my Choler, I confess, and so I call'd to him; *Come, come on, Sirrah*; *A little nearer yet, and if ye have a mind to be twice kill'd, I'll do your business: Who the Devil brought this* Cornuto *hither to trouble me?* The word was no sooner out, but we were immediately at it, Tooth and Nail, and if his Horns had not been flatted to his Head, I might have had the worst on't. But the whole Ring presently came in to part us, and did me a singular kindness in't, for my Adversary had a Fork, and I had none. As they were *Staving and Tayling*, you might have had more Manners (cry'd one) than to give such Language to your Betters, and to call *Don Diego Moreno Cuckold.* And is this that *Diego Moreno*, then, said I? Rascal that he his, to charge me with abusing Persons of Honour. A Scoundrel (said I) that 'tis a shame for Death to be seen in's company, and was never fit for any thing in his whole life, but to furnish Matter for a Farce. And that's my Grievance, Gentlemen, (quoth *Don Diego*) for which with your Leave, he shall give me satisfaction. I do not stand upon the matter of being a Cuckold, for there's many a brave Fellow lives in *Cuckolds-Row*. But why does he not name *others* as well as me? As if the Horn grew upon no bodies Head but mine: I'm sure, there are Others that a thousand times better deserve it; I hope he cannot say that ever I gor'd any of my Superiors, or that my being *Cornuted* has rais'd the Price of *Post-Horns, Lanthorns*, or *Pocket-Inkhorns*. Are not *Shoeing-horns* and *Knife-handles*, as cheap now as ever? Why must I walk the Stage then more than my Neighbours? Beyond question, there never liv'd a more peaceable Wretch upon the face of the Earth, all things consider'd, than my self. Nev-

was Man freer from *Jealousie*, or more careful to step aside at the time of Visit: For I was ever against the spoiling of sport, when I could make none my self. I confess, I was not so charitable to the Poor as I might have been; the truth of it is, I watch'd them as a Cat would do a Mouse, for I did not love them. But then in Requital, I could have out-snorted the seven Sleepers, when any of the better sort came to have a Word in private with my Wife. The short on't is, We agreed blessedly well together, she and I; for I did whatever she would have me; and she would say a thousand and a thousand times, *Long live my poor* Diego, *the best condition'd, the most complaisant Husband in the World; whatever I do is well done, and he never so much as opens his Mouth good or bad.* But by her leave, that was little to my Credit, and the Jade when she said it, was beside the Cushion. For many and many a time have I said, *This is Well*, and *That's Ill.* When there came any *Poets* to our House, *Fidlers* or *Morice-Dancers*, I would say, *This is not well.* But when the *rich Merchants* came, *Oh very good*, would I say, *this is as well as well can be.* Sometime we had the hap to be visited by some *Pennyless Courtier*, or *Low-Country Officer* perchance; then should I take her aside, and rattle her to some Tune: *Sweet-heart*, would I say, *Pray'e, What ha' we to do with these Frippery Fellows, and Damme Boys? shake them off, I'd advise ye, and take this for a Warning.* But when any came that had to do with the *Mint* or the *Exchequer*, and spent freely, (for lightly come, lightly go) *I marry, my Dear*, (quoth I) *there's nothing to be lost by keeping such Company.* And where's the hurt of all this now? Nay on the Contrary, my poor Wife enjoy'd her self happily under the protection of my Shadow, and being a *Feme Coverte*, not an Officer durst come near her. Why should this *Buffoon* of a *Poetaster* now make *me* still the *ridiculous Entertainment* of all his *Interludes* and *Farces*, and *the Fool in the Play?* By your Favour (quoth I) we are not yet upon even Terms; and before we part, you shall know what 'tis to provoke a *Poet*. If thou wert but now alive, I'd *Write* thee to *Death*, as *Archilocus* did *Lycambes*. And I'm resolv'd to put the History of thy Life in a Satyr, as sharp as Vinegar, and give it the Name of the *Life and Death* of *Don Diego Moreno*. It shall go hard (quoth he) but I'll prevent that, and so we fell to't again, Hand and Foot, till at length the very fancy of a Scuffle wak'd me, and I found my self as weary as if it had been a real Combat. I began then to reflect upon the Particulars of my Dream, and to consider what Advantage I might draw from it; for the *Dead* are past *fooling*, and *Those are the soundest Counsels, which we receive from such as advise us without either Passion or Interest.*

The end of the Second Vision.

THE THIRD VISION, OF The Last Judgment.



OMER makes *JUPITER* the Author or Inspirer of Dreams; especially the Dreams of Princes and Governors: And if the matter of them be Pious and Important. And it is likewise the Judgment of the Learned *Propertius*, That *Good Dreams came from above, have their weight, and ought not to be slighted.* And truly I am much of his Mind, in the case of a Dream I had the other Night. As I was reading a Discourse touching the *End of the World*, I fell asleep over the Book, and Dreamt of *the Last Judgment.* (A Thing which in the House of a Poet is scarce admitted, so much as in a Dream.) This fancy minded me of a Passage in *Claudian*; *That all Creatures dream at Night of what they have heard and seen in the Day: As the Hound dreams of Hunting the Hare.*

Methought I saw a very handsome Youth towring in the Air, and sounding of a Trumpet; but the forcing of his Breath, did indeed take off much of his Beauty. The very Marbles, I perceived, and the Dead obey'd his Call; for in the same moment the Earth began to open, and set the Bones at Liberty, to seek their Fellows. The first that appear'd, were *Sword-Men*; As *Generals of Armies*, *Captains*, *Lieutenants*, *Common-Soldiers*; who supposing that it had *sounded a Charge*, came out of their Graves, with the same Briskness and Resolution, as if they had been going to an Assault, or a Combat. The *Misers* put their Heads out, all Pale and Trembling, for fear of a *Plunder*. The *Cavaliers* and *Good Fellows* believed they had been going to a *Horse-Race*, or a *Hunting-Match*, And in fine, though they all heard the *Trumpet*, there was not any Creature knew the meaning of it (for I could read their *Thoughts* by their Looks and Gestures.) After this there appear'd a great many *Souls*; whereof some came up to the

their *Bodies*; though with much Difficulty and Horror: Others stood wondring at a distance, not daring to come near so hideous and frightful a Spectacle. This wanted an Arm, That an Eye, T'other a Head. Upon the whole, though I could not but smile at the prospect of so strange a variety of Figures; yet was it not without just matter of Admiration at the *All-powerful Providence*, to see *Order* drawn out of *Confusion*, and every part restor'd to the right Owner. I dreamt my self then in a *Church-yard*; and there, methought, divers that were loth to appear, were changing of Heads; and an *Attorney* would have *Demurr'd*, upon Pretence, that He had got a Soul was none of his Own, and that his Body and Soul were not fellows.

At length, when the whole Congregation came to understand, that This was *the Day of Judgment*, it was worth the while, to observe what shifting and shuffling there was among the *Wicked*. The *Epicure* and *Whoremaster* would not own their *Eyes*, nor the *Slanderer* his *Tongue*, because they'd be sure to appear in Evidence against them. The *Pick-Pockets* ran away as hard as they could drive from their own *Fingers*. There was one that had been Embalm'd in *Egypt*, and staying for his *Tripes*, an Old Usurer ask'd him, if the *Bags* were to rise with the *Bodies?* I could have laugh'd at this Question, but I was presently taken up with a crowd of *Cut-purses*, running full speed from their own Ears (that were offer'd them again) for fear of the sad Stories they expected to hear. I saw all this from a convenient Standing; and in the Instant, there was an Outcry at my Feet, *Withdraw*, *Withdraw*. The word was no sooner given, but down I came, and immediately a great many *Handsome Ladies* put forth their Heads, and call'd me Clown, for not paying them that Respect and Ceremony which belong'd to their Quality (now you must know that the *Women* stand upon their Pantoffles, even in Hell it self.) They seem'd at first very Gay and Frolick; and truly, well enough pleas'd to be seen naked, for they were *clean skin'd and well made*. But when they came to understand that this was *the Great Day of Account*, their Consciences took Check, and all the Jollity was dash'd in a moment: Whereupon they took to a Valley, miserably Listless, and out of Humour: There was One among the rest, that had had *Seven Husbands*, and promis'd every one of them never to marry again, for she could never love any thing else she was sure: This Lady was casting about for Fetches, and Excuses, and what Answer she should make to that Point. Another that had been as common as *Ratcliffe High-Way*, would neither Lead nor Drive, and stood *Humming* and *Hawing* a good while, pretending

She

ſhe had forgot her *Night-Geer*, and ſuch Fooleries; but ſpite of her Heart, ſhe was brought at laſt within ſight of the Throne; where ſhe found a World of her old Acquaintance that ſhe had carry'd part of their way to Hell; who had no ſooner ſet Eye on her, but they fell a *Pointing* and *Hooting*, ſo that ſhe took up her Heels, and herded her ſelf in a Troop of *Serjeants*. After this, I ſaw a many People driving a *Phyſician* along the Bank of a River, and theſe were only ſuch as he had unneceſſarily diſpatcht before their time. They follow'd him with Cries of *Juſtice, Juſtice*, and forc'd him on toward the *Judgment-Seat*, where they arriv'd in the end with much ado. While this paſs'd, I heard, methought, upon my Left-hand, a *Padling* in the *Water*, as if one had been Swimming: And what ſhould this be, but a *Judge* in the middle of a River, waſhing and rinſing his hands over and over. I ask'd him the meaning of it; and he told me, That *in his Lifetime he had been often dawb'd in the Fiſt, to make the buſineſs ſlip the better, and he would willingly get out the Greaſe before he came to hold up his Hand at the Bar.* There follow'd next a Multitude of *Vintners* and *Taylors*, under the Guard of a Legion of *Devils*, arm'd with *Rods, Whips, Cudgels*, and other Inſtruments of Correction:. And theſe counterfeited themſelves Deaf, and were very loath to leave their Graves, for fear of a worſe Lodging. As they were paſſing on, up ſtarted a little *Lawyer*, and ask'd whither they were going? They made Anſwer, That they were going to give an account of their Works. With that the *Lawyer* threw himſelf flat upon his Belly in his Hole again. If I am to go downward at laſt, (ſays he) I am thus much onward on my way. The *Vinter* ſweat as he walk'd, till one drop follow'd another; That's well done, cry'd a *Devil* at's Bellow, to purge out thy Water, that we may have none in our Wine. There was a *Taylor* wrapt up in *Sarcenets, Crook-finger'd*, and *Baker-legg'd*, ſpake not one word all the way he went, but *Alas! Alas!* how can any Man be a *Thief* that dies for want of Bread? But his Companions gave him a Rebuke for diſcrediting his Trade. The next that appeared were a *Band* of *High-way Men*, following upon the heels one of another, in great Diſtruſt and Jealouſy of Thieves among themſelves. Theſe were fetch'd up by a Party of Devils in the *turning of a hand*; and lodg'd with the *Taylors*: For (ſaid one of the Company) your *Highway-Man* is but a *Wild Taylor*. They were a little Quarrelſome at firſt, but in the concluſion, they went down into the Valley and Kennel'd quietly together. After theſe came Folly with her Gang of *Poets, Fidlers, Lovers* and *Fencers*; The People of all the Worl

World, that Dream the least of a Day of Reckoning: These were disposed of among the *Hangmen, Jews, Scriv*[ners] and *Philosophers.* There were also a great many *Solicitors,* wondring among themselves, that they should have so much *Conscience* when they were *Dead,* and none at all *Living.* In fine, the *Word* was given, *Silence.*

The *Throne* being *Erected,* and *the Great Day come:* A Day of *Comfort* to the *Good,* and of *Terror* to the *Wicked.* The Sun and the Stars waited on the Foot-stool; the *Wind* was *still;* the *Water quiet;* the *Earth* in *Suspense* and *Anguish* for fear of her *Children:* And in brief, the whole Creation was in Anxiety and Disorder. The *Righteous* they were employ'd in *Prayers* and *Thanksgivings;* and the ungodly in framing of *Shifts* and *Evasions,* to *Extenuate* their Pains. The *Guardian Angels* were at hand on the one side, to acquit themselves of their Duties and Commissions: And on the other side, were the *Devils* hunting for more matters of Aggravation and Charge against Offenders. The *Ten Commandments* had the Guard of a *Narrow Gate,* which was so strait, that the most mortify'd Body could not pass it, without leaving a good part of his Skin behind him.

On one Hand there were in Multitudes; *Disgraces, Misfortunes, Plagues, Griefs* and *Troubles;* All in a Clamour against the *Physicians.* The *Plague* confess'd indeed, that she had struck many; but 'twas the *Doctor* did their business. *Melancholy* and *Disgrace* said the like; and *Misfortunes* of all sorts made open Protestation, that they never brought any Man to his Grave, without the Help and Advice of a *Doctor.* So that the *Gentlemen of the Faculty* were call'd to Account for those they had kill'd. They took their Places upon a Scaffold, with Pen, Ink, and Paper about them; and still as the Dead were call'd, some or other of them answered to the Name, and declared the Year and Day, when such a Patient passed through his Hand.

They began the Inquiry at *Adam,* who, methought, was severely handled about an Apple. Alas! (cry'd *Judas* that was by) if that were such a fault, what will become of me that sold and betray'd my Lord and Master? Next came the *Patriarchs,* and then the *Apostles,* who took their Places by St. *Peter.* It was worth the noting, that at this Day there was no Distinction between *Kings* and *Beggars,* before the *Judgment Seat. Herod* and *Pilate,* so soon as they put out their Heads, found it was like to go hard with them. My Judgment is just (quoth *Pilate.*) Alack! (cry'd *Herod*) What have I to trust to; *Heaven* is no place for me, and in *Limbo* I should fall among the Innocents I have Murther'd; so that without more ado, I must e'en

take up my Lodging in *Hell:* The common Receptacle of Notorious Malefactors.

There came in immediately upon this, a kind of a sowre rough-hewn Fellow; Look ye (says he) stretching out his Arm, here are my Letters. The Company wonder'd at his humour, and askt the Porter, What he was? Which he himself over-hearing, I am (quoth he) *a Master of the Noble Science of Defence:* And plucking out several seal'd Parchments; These (said he) are the Attestations of my Exploits. At which word, all his Testimonials fell out of his Hand, and a Couple of Devils would fain have whipt them up, to have brought them in Evidence against him at his Tryal; but the Fencer was too nimble for them, and took them up himself. At which time, an *Angel* offer'd him his Hand to help him in; but he, for fear of an *Attack*, leapt a step backward, and with great Agility, *alonging* withal. Now, (says he) if ye think fit, I'll give ye a Taste of my Skill. The Company fell a Laughing, and this Sentence was Past upon him; *That since by his Rules of Art, he had occasioned so many Duels and Murthers; He should himself go to the Devil by a Perpendicular Line.* He pleaded for himself, that he was no *Mathematician*, and knew no such Line; but while the word was in his Mouth a Devil came up to him, gave him a turn and a half, and down he tumbled.

After him, came the *Treasurers*, and such a Cry following them, for Cheating and Stealing, that some said the *Thieves* were coming; others said no; and the Company was divided upon't. They were much troubled at the Word, *Thieves*, and desir'd the benefit of Council to plead their Cause. And very good reason (said one of the *Devils*) Here's a *discarded Apostle* that has Executed both Offices, let them take him; where's *Judas?* When the *Treasurers* heard that, they turn'd aside, and by chance, spy'd in a Devil's Hand, a huge Roll of *Accusations* ready drawn into a formal *Charge* against them. With that, one of the boldest among them: *Away*, *away*, (cry'd he) with these *Informations*; We'll rather come to a Fine and Compound, though it were for Ten or Twenty Thousand Years in *Purgatory*. Ha! Ha! (quoth the Devil, a cunning Snap that drew up the Charge,) if ye are upon those Terms, ye are hard put to't. Whereupon the *Treasurers*, being brought to a forc't put, were e'en glad to make the best of a bad Game, and follow the Fencer.

These were no sooner gone, but in came an unlucky *Pastry-Man*; they ask'd him, if he would be try'd. That's *e'en as't hits*; (said he.) At that word, the Devil that manag'd the Cause against him, prest his Charge and laid hon

home to him, that he had put off *Cats* for *Hares*; and fill'd his *Pies* with *Bones*, instead of *Flesh*; and not only so, but that he had sold *Horseflesh*, *Dogs* and *Foxes*, for *Beef* and *Mutton*. Upon the Issue, it was prov'd against him, that *Noah* never had so many *Animals* in his *Ark*, as this poor Fellow had put in his *Pies*, (for we read of no *Rats* and *Mice* there) so that he e'en gave up his Cause, and went away to see if his Oven were hot. Next, came the *Philosophers* with their *Syllogisms*, and it was no ill Entertainment, to hear them *Chop Logick*, and put all their *Expostulations*, in *Mood and Figure*. But the pleasantest People in the World were the *Poets*, who insisted upon it, that they were to be try'd by *Jupiter*: And to the Charge of *Worshipping false Gods*, their answer was, that through *them* they worshipt the *True One*, and were rather mistaken in the *Name* than in the *Worship*. *Virgil* had much to say for himself, for his *Sicelides Musæ*; but *Orpheus* interrupted him; who being *the Father of the Poets*, desired to be heard for them all. What He! (cry'd one of the Devils) Yes; for teaching that *Boys* were *better Bedfellows* than *Wenches*; but the *Women* had Comb'd his Coxcomb for him, if they could have catcht him. *Away with him to Hell once again*, then they cry'd, *and let him get out now if he can*. So they all fil'd off, and *Orpheus* was their *Guide*, because he had been there once before. So soon as the *Poets* were gone, there knockt at the Gate a Rich *Penurious Chuff*; but 'twas told him, that the *Ten Commandments* kept it, and that he had not kept them. It is impossible, (quoth he) under favour, to prove that ever I broke any One of them. And so he went to justifie himself from point to point: He had done this and that; and he had never done that nor t'other; but in the end, he was deliver'd over to be rewarded according to his Works. And then came on a Company of *House-breakers*, and *Robbers*: So dextrous, some of them, that they sav'd themselves from the very *Ladder*. The *Scriveners*, and *Atturneys*, observing that; Ah! Thought they, if we could but pass for *Thieves* now! And yet they set a Face good enough upon the business too: Which made *Judas* and *Mahomet* hope well of themselves; for (said they) if any of these Fellows come off, there's no fear of us: Whereupon they advanc'd boldly, with a Resolution to take their Tryal; which set the *Devils* all a Laughing. The *Guardian Angels* of the *Scriveners*, and *Atturneys*, mov'd that the *Evangelists* might be of their *Council*, which the *Devils* oppos'd; for, (said they) we shall insist only upon the matter of *Fact*, and leave them without any possibility of *Reply*, or *Excuse*. We might indeed content our selves with the bare proof of what they are; for 'tis Crime enough that

they are *Scriveners* and *Attorneys*. With that, the *[...]ners* deny'd their Trade, alledging that they were *[...]aries*, and the *Attorneys* call'd themselves *Solicitors*. [...]as said in effect, that the Case would bear; but the part of their Plea was *Church-member-ship*. And in after several *Replications* and *Rejoynders*, they were all to *Old Nick*; save only two or three that found *Mercy*. (cry'd one of the *Scriveners*,) *This 'tis to keep lewd Com-* The *Devils* called out then, to clear the Bar, and they should have occasion for the *Scriveners* them[...]s, to enter *Protestations* in the Quality of *Publick Nota-* against lawless and disorderly People: But the poor [...]tches it seems, could not hear on that Ear. To say Truth, the *Christians* were much more troublesome the *Pagans*, which the *Devils* took exceeding Ill; but had this to say for themselves, that they were [...]*ned* when they were *Children*, so that 'twas none of Fault, and their *Parents* must answer for't. *Judas Mahomet* took such Courage, when they saw two or [...] of the *Scriveners*, and *Attorneys* sav'd, that they were upon the point of *Challenging their Clergy*; but they were [...]ented by the Doctor I told you of, who was set first [...]e *Bar*, in Company with an *Apothecary*, and a *Barber*, [...]a certain *Devil*, with a great Bundle of *Evidences* in [...]and, inform'd the Court, that the greatest part of *Dead* there present, were sent thither by the *Doctor* at the *Bar*, in Confederacy with his *Apothecary*, and [...]r, to whom they were to acknowledge their Obliga[...]for that fair Assembly. An *Angel* then interposing for [...]*efendant*, recommended the *Apothecary* for a Charita[...]erson, and one that *Physick'd the Poor for nothing*: No [...]er for that, (cry'd the *Devil*) for I have him in my [...]s, and am able to prove, that he has killed more Peo[...]ith two *little Boxes*, than the *King of Spain* has done *Two thousand Barrels of Powder*, in the *Low Country* All his Medicines are corrupted, and his Composi[...] hold a perfect Intelligence with the Plague: He has [...]ly un-peopled a couple of his Neighbour Villages, in [...]tter of three Weeks time. The Doctor he let fly the '*Pothecary* too, and said he would mantain against whole College, that his *Prescriptions* were according [...]e *Dispensatory*: And if an *Apothecary* would play the [...], or the *Fool*, and put in *This* for *That*, he could not [...]t. So that withoutany more Words, the '*Pothecary* [...]ut to the *Summer-salt*, and the *Doctor* and *Barber* were [...]t off, at the Intercession of St. *Cosmus* and St. *Da-*

After these, came a *Dapper Lawyer*, with a '
steep'd in Oyl, and a great Master of his Words a
ons; a most exquisite *Flatterer*, and no man bette
in the Art of moving the Passions than himself; c
ready at bolting a lucky Precedent at a dead lift
making the best of a bad Cause; for he had all t
and starting holes in the Law at his Finger's ends:
this would not serve; for the Verdict went agai
and he was *Order'd to pay Costs.* In that Instant, th
a Discovery made of a Fellow that hid himself in
ner, and look'd like a *Spy*; They ask'd him, v
was? He made answer, an *Empyrick*; What (said
my Old Friend *Pontaus*: Alas! Alas! Thou ha
thousand times better be in *Covent-Garden* now, o
ring-Cross; for upon my word thou't have nothi
here, unless, perhaps, for an Oynment for a B
so; and so *Pontaus* went his way. The next that a
were a Company of *Vintners*, who were accused f
terating, and *Mingling Water* with their *Wines*. Th
was, that in Compensation they had furnish'd th
tals with *Communion-Wine* that was *Right*, upon I
but this Excuse signify'd as little, as that of th
there present, who suggested that they had c
many *Fryars Gratis*; and so they were dispatch'd a
gether. After these, follow'd a number of *Banqu*
had turn'd *Bankrupt*, to cozen their *Creditors*; who
there several of their old Correspondents, that t
reduced to a *Morsel of Bread*, began to treat of Co
on: But one of the Devils presently cry'd out,
rest have had enough to do to answer for themsel
these People are to reckon for other Men's scores,
as their own. And hereupon, they were forthw
away to *Pluto* with Letters of Exchange; but as
pen'd at that time, the Devil was out of Cash.

After this, enter'd a *Spanish Cavalier*, as *Upright*
tice it self. He was a matter of a Quarter of an
his *Legs*, and *Reverences*, to the Company. We c
no Head he had, for his Prodigious starch'd R
stood staring up like a *Turkey-Cocks-Tail*, and co
In fine, it was so fantastick a Figure, that the Po
gaping at it, a good while, and ask'd if it were a
no? It is a *Man*, (quoth the *Spaniard*) *upon the He*

;uides, for disordering his *Mustachoes*, but they
ı presently to a pair of *Beard-Irons*, and all was
l.
ext place, came a Fellow weeping and wailing;
asters, (says he) my Cause is never the worse
ying; for if I would stand upon my Merits, I
ye that I have kept as good company, and had
o do with the *Saints* as another Body. What
here (cry'd one) *Dioclesian* or *Nero?* For they
gh to do with the Saints, though 'twere but to
them. But upon the Upshot, what was this
ture, but a small *Officer*, that swept the Church,
d the Images and Pictures. His Charge was for
he *Oyl* out of the Lamps, and leaving all in the
tending that the *Owls* and *Jack-daws* had drunk
e had a Trick too of Clothing himself out of
-*Habits*, which he got new-dy'd; and of *Crum-*
rrage with consecrated Bread, that he stole every *Sun-*
iat he said for himself, I know not; but he had
us, and took the Left-hand way at parting.
that a Voice was heard, *Make way there, clear the*
And this was for a *Bevy* of handsom, buxom, *Bo-*
in their *Caps* and *Feathers*, that came *Dancing*,
and *Singing of Ballads* and *Lampoons*, and as merry
ay was long. But they quickly chang'd their
r so soon as ever they saw the hideous Looks of
ls, they fell into violent fits of the Mother; beat-
Breasts, and tearing their Hair with all the Hor-
Fury imaginable. There was an Angel offer'd in
our, that they had been great Frequenters of *Our*
apel: Yes, yes, (cry'd a Devil) *less of her Chapel*,
f her Virtue, would have done well. There was
e Whipster among the rest, that confess'd, the
d reason. And then her Tryal came on, for ma-
Cloak of a *Sacrament*; and only *marrying*, that she
lay the *Whore* with *Privilege*, and never want a
r her *Bastards*. It was her fortune alone to be con-
; and going along, Well! she cry'd, If I had
'twould have come to this, I should ne'er have
l my self with so many Masses.
now, after long waiting, came *Judas* and *Mahomet*
e Stage, and to them *Jack of Leyden:* Up comes an
and ask'd which of the three was *Judas?* I am
th *Jack of Leyden.* Nay, but I am *Judas*, cry'd *Ma-*
They're a couple of *Lying Rascals*, says *Judas* himself,
ı the Man, only the Rogues make use of *my* Name
their Credit. 'Tis true, I sold my Master once,
World has been ever since the better for't: But
these

these Villains sell him and themselves too, every hour of the Day, and there follows nothing but Misery and Confusion. So they were all three packt away to their Disciples.

The Angel that kept the Book, found that the *Serjeants* and *Remembrancers* were to come on next; whereupon they were call'd, and appear'd: But the Court was not much troubled with them; for they confess'd Guilty at first word, and so were ty'd up without any more ado.

The next that appear'd was an *Astrologer*, loaden with *Almanacks*, *Globes*, *Astrolabes*, &c. making Proclamation as loud as he could bawl, that there must needs be a gross mistake in the reckoning; for *Saturn* had not finish'd his Course, and the World could not be yet at an end. One of the Devils that saw how he came provided, and look'd upon him as his own already: A provident Slave, (quoth he) I warrant him, to bring his firing along with him. But this I must needs tell ye (says he to the *Mathematician*) 'Tis a strange thing, ye should create so many *Heavens* in your *Life*, and go to the *Devil* for want of One after your *Death*. Nay for *Going* (cryed the *Astrologer*) ye shall excuse me; but if you'll *carry me*, *Well and good*. And immediately Order was given to carry him away and pay the Porter.

Hereupon methought, the Court rose; the Throne vanish'd; the Shadows and Darkness withdrew; the Air sweetned; the Earth was covered with Flowers; the Heavens clear: And then I waked; not a little satisfy'd to find that after all this, I was still in my Bed, and among the Living. The Use I made of my Dream was this: I betook my self presently to my Prayers, with a firm Resolution of changing my Life, and putting my Soul into such a Frame of Piety and Obedience, that I might attend the coming of the Great Day with Peace and Comfort.

The End of the Third Vision.



THE

THE

FOURTH VISION,

OF

LOVING FOOLS.



BOUT four a Clock in a Cold Frosty Morning, when it was much better being in a *Warm Bed*, with *a good Bedfellow*, than upon a *Biere* in the *Church-Yard*; as I lay advising with my Pillow, Tumbling and Tossing a Thousand Love-Toys in my Head, I pass'd from one Fancy to a-
her, till at last, I fell into a slumber; and there ap-
r'd the *Genius* of *Disabuse*; Laying before me all the *Fol-*
and *Vanities* of *Love*; and supporting her Opinions
h great Authorities, and Reasons. I was carry'd then
thought I knew not how) into a fair Meadow: A
dow, pleasant and agreeable infinitely beyond the ve-
'ictions of your half-witted Poets, with all their far-
h'd Gilding, and Enamellings; for a Paper of Verses
orth nothing with them, unless they force Nature
t, and Rifle both the *Indies*. This Delicious Field was
r'd with *two Riv'lets*; the *One Bitter*, the *Other Sweet*;
yet they mingled their Streams with a pretty kind of
mur, equal perhaps to the best Musick in the World.
use of these *Waters* was, (as I observ'd) to temper
Darts of *Love*; for while I was upon the Prospect of
Place, I saw several of *Cupid's little Officers*, and Sub-
s, dipping of *Arrows* there, for their Entertainment
Ease. Upon this, I fancy'd my self in one of the
dens of *Cyprus*, and that I saw the very *Hive*, where
Bee liv'd, that stung my *Young Master*, and occasion'd
Excellent Ode which *Anacreon* has written upon the
ject. The next thing I cast my Eye upon, was a *Pa-*
in the midst of the Meadow; a *Rare piece*, as well for
Structure, as *Design*. The *Porches* were of the *Doric Or-*
excellently wrought; And the *Pedestals*, *Bases*, *Columns*
ilts, *Capitals*, *Architraves*, *Freezes*, (and in short the
Front of the Fabrick) was beautified with Imaginary

 Trophies,

Trophies, and *Triumphs* of *Love*, in *Half Relief*, which as they were intermixt with other fantastick Works and Conceits, carry'd the Face of several little *Histories*, and gave a great Ornament to the Building. Over the *Porch*, there was in Golden Letters, upon Black Marble this Inscription.

This is call'd Fool's *Paradise*,
From the Loving Fools *that dwell in't:*
Where the Great Fools *Rule the* Less,
The Rest *Obey, and all do well in't.*

The *Finishing*, and *Materials* were pleasant to Admiration. The *Portal spacious*; the *Doors* always *open*, and the *House* free to *all Comers*, which were very many; the *Porter's* place was supply'd by a *Woman*; Exquisitely handsom, both for *Face* and *Person*; *Tall*, *Delicately shap'd*, and set off with great Advantages of *Dress* and *Jewels*. She was made up in fine, of Charms, and her *Name* (as I understood) was *Beauty*. She would let a Man in to see the House for a *Look*; and that was all I paid for my Passage. In the first Court, I found a many of both Sexes, but so alter'd in Habit and Countenance, that they could scarce know one another. They were *sad*, *pensive*; and their Complexions tainted with a yellow *Paleness* (which *Ovid* calls *Cupid's Livery*.) There was no talk of being *True* to *Friends*; *Loyal* to *Superiors*; and *Dutiful* to *Parents*: But Kindred did the Office of *Procurers*; and *Procurers* were call'd *Cousins*. *Wives* lov'd their *Husbands She-Friends*, and *Husbands* did as much for *Them*, in loving their *Gallants*.

While I was upon the Contemplation of these Encounters of Affection, there appear'd a strange *Extravagant Figure*, but in the likeness of a *Humane Creature*. It was neither perfectly *Man*, nor perfectly *Woman*, but had indeed a Resemblance of Both. This Person I perceiv'd was ever busy, up and down, going and coming; beset all over with Eyes and Ears, and had one of the Craftiest distrustful Looks (methought) that ever I saw. And withal, (as I observ'd) no small Authority in the Place, which made me enquire after this Creature's *Name* and *Office*. My *Name* (quoth she, for now it prov'd to be a *Woman*) is *Jealousy*, and methinks you and I should be better acquainted; for how came you here else; However for your Satisfaction, you are to understand that the greater part of the Distemper'd People you see here, are of my bringing; and yet I am not their *Physician*, but their *Tormentor*; and serve only to *Aggravate* and *Imbitter* their *Misfortunes*. If you would know any thing farther of the *House*, never ask me, for 'tis Forty to One I shall tell you

Lye; I have not told you half the Truth even of my self, and to deal plainly with you, I am made up of *Inventions*, *Artifice*, and *Imposture*: But the good Old Man that walks there is the *Major Domo*, and will tell you all, if you will but bear with his slow way of Discourse.

Thereupon I went to the Good Man, whom I knew presently to be *Time*: And desir'd him to let me look into the several Quarters and Lodgings of the House, for there were some *Fools* of my Acquaintance there I'd fain Visit; He told me that he was at present so busy about making of *Caudles*, *Cock-broths*, and *Gellies* for his Patients, that he could not stir; but yet he directed me where I might find all those I enquired for, and gave me the freedom of the House to walk at pleasure.

I pass'd out of the *First Court*, into the *Maid's Quarter*, which was the very strongest part of the whole Building; and so't had need; for divers of the *Young Wenches* were so Extravagant and Furious, that no other place would have held them. (The *Wives* and *Widows* were in another Room apart.) Here ye shall have *One* sobbing and raging with *Jealousy* of a *Rival*. There *Another stark mad* for a *Husband*, and inwardly bleeding because she durst not discover it. A *Third* was writing of Letters all *Riddle* and *Mystery*, Mending and Marring, till at last the Paper had more *blots* than *whole words* in it. *Some* were practising in the *Glass* the *Gracious Smile*, the *Rowl* of the *Eye*, the *Velvet Lip*, &c. *Others* again were in a Diet of *Oatmeal*, *Clay*, *Chalk*, *Coal*, *Hard Wax*, and the like. Some were conditioning with their Servants for a *Ball* or a *Serenade*, that the whole Town might ring of the *Address*. Yes, yes, they cry'd, *You can go to the* Park *with* This Lady, *and to a* Play *with* That Lady, *and to* Banstead *with* T'other Lady, *and spend whole Nights at* Beste *or* Ombre *with my* Lady Pen-Tweezel; *but by my Troth, I think you are asham'd to be seen in My Company*. Some I saw upon the very point of *Sealing and Delivering*. *I am thine* (cries one) *and Thine alone, or let all the Devils in Hell*, &c. *But be sure you be constant*. *If I be not* (says he) *let my Soul*, &c. and the silly Jade believes him. In one Corner ye shou'd have them praying for *Husbands*, that they might the better love at *Random*! In another, nothing would please them but to be *Marry'd Men's Wives*, and this Disease was look'd upon as a little Desperate. Some again stood ready furnish'd with *Love-Letters* and *Tickets* to be cast out at the Window, or thrust under the Door, and these were look'd upon not only as *Fools* but *Beasts*.

I had seen as much already as I desir'd; for I had learn'd of Old, that *He that keeps such Company*, seldom comes off without *a scratch'd Face*: But if he misses a *Mistress*, he gets a Wife,

and ſtands condemn'd to a *Repentance during Life*, without Redemption, unleſs One of the Two dies. For *Women* in the Caſe are worſe than *Pyrats*; a *Gally Slave* may compound for his *Freedom*, but there's no thought of *Ranſom* in Caſe of *Wedlock*. I had a good mind to a little Chat with ſome of them, but (thought I) they'll fancy I'm in Love with them. And ſo I e'en marched off into the *Marry'd Quarter*.

Where there was ſuch *Ranting*, *Damning*, and *Tearing*, as if *Hell* had been broke looſe. And what was all This? but a Number of *Women* that had been lock'd up and ſhackl'd by their Husbands, to keep them in Obedience, and had now broken their *Priſons*, and their *Chains*, and were grown ten times madder than before. Some I ſaw *Careſſing* and *Cokeſing their Husbands, in the very moment they deſign'd to betray them. Others were picking their Husbands Pockets to pay now and then for a By-Blow.* Some again were *upon a Religious point, and all upon the Humour (forſooth) of Pilgrimages and Lectures*; when alas! they had no other buſineſs with the *Altars* or *Churches*, than a *Sacrifice to Venus* or a *Love-meeting*. Divers there were that went to the *Bath*; but *Bathing* was the leaſt part of the Errand; Others to *Confeſſion*, that miſtook their *Martyr* for their *Confeſſor*: Some to be Reveng'd of *Jealous Husbands*, were reſolving to do the thing they fear'd; and pay them in their own Coin. Others were for making ſure afore-hand by way of Advance; for that's the Revenge, they ſay, that's as ſweet as *Muſcadine* and *Eggs*. One was *Melancholy* for a *Delay*; Another for a *Defeat*; a Third is preparing to make her Market at a *Play*. There was one among the reſt, was never out of her *Coach*; and asking her the Reaſon, ſhe told me, ſhe lov'd to be Jolted. In this Crow'd of *Women*, you muſt know that there were no *Wives of Ambaſſadors, Soldiers*, or *Merchants* that were abroad upon *Commiſſion*; for ſuch were conſider'd in effect as *ſingle Women*, and not allow'd as Members of this Commonwealth.

The next Quarter was that of the *Grave* and *Wiſe*; *the Right Reverend Widows*; *Women* in appearance of *Marvellous ſeverity* and *reſerve*, and yet every one of them had her weak ſide, and ye might read her *Folly* and *Diſtemper* through her *Diſguiſe*. One of them I ſaw *crying with one Eye for the Loſs of one Husband, and laughing with t'other upon him that was to come next.* Another, with the *Epheſian Matron*, was ſolacing her ſelf with her *Gallant*, before her *Husband* was thorough *cold in the Mouth*; conſidering, that *he that dy'd half an hour ago, is as dead as* William *the Conqueror*. There were ſeveral others paſſing to and again quite *out of their mourning, that look'd* ſo demurely (I warrant ye) as if Butter

would

would not have melted in their Mouths, and yet *Apostate Widows* (as I was told) and there they were kept as strictly, as if they had been in the *Spanish Inquisition.* Some were laying Wagers, whose mourning was most *A-la-mode*, and best made; or whose *Peak* or *Veil* became her Best: And setting themselves off with a Thousand tricks of *Ornament* and *Dress.* The *Widows* I observ'd that were marching off, with *the mark out of their Mouths*, were hugely concern'd to be thought *Young*, and still talking of *Masques*, *Balls*, *Fiddles*, *Treats*, *Chanting* and *Jigging* to every Tune they heard, and all upon the *Hoyty-Toyty*, like *mad Wenches of Fifteen.* The *Younger*, on the other side, made use of their time and took pleasure while 'twas to be had. There were two of the *Religious strain*; a People much at their *Beads*, and in *private*; and these were there in the Quality of *Love-Hereticks, or Platonicks, and under the Penance of perpetual Abstinence from the Flesh they lov'd best* (which is the most *Mortifying Lent* of all other.) Some that had skill in *Perspective*, were before the Glass with their *Boxes of Patch* and *Paint* about them; *Shadowing*, *Drawing out*, *Refreshing*, and in short *Covering* and *Palliating* all the *Imperfections* of *Feature* and *Complexion*, every one after her own Humour. Now these Women were absolutely insufferable; for they were most of them *Old* and *Head-strong*, having got the better of their *Husbands*, so that they would be taking upon them to *domineer here*, as they had done at *home*; and indeed, *they found the Master of the College enough to do.*

When I had tir'd my self with this Variety of *Folly* and *Madness*, I went to the *Devotes*; where I found a great many *Women* and *Girls* that had *Cloyster'd* up themselves from the Conversation of the *World*; and yet were not a jot *soberer* than their *Fellows.* These one would have thought might have been easily cur'd, but many of them were in for their Lives, in despite of either *Counsel* or *Physick.* The Room where they were was *Barricado'd* with strong Bars of *Iron*; and yet when the Toy took them, they'd make now and then a *Sally*: For when the Fit was upon them, they'd own no *Superiour* but *Love*, come what would on't in the Event. The greater part of these good People, were writing of *Tickets* and *Dispatches*, which had still *the sign of the Cross at the Top*, and *Satan* at the *Bottom*, concluding with this, or some such *Postcript*; *I commend this Paper to your Discretion.* The *Fools* of *this Province* would be *Twatling* Night and Day; and if it happen'd that any one of them had talk'd her self a weary, (which was very rare) she would presently take upon her very gravely to admonish the Rest, and read a Lecture of *Silence* to the *Company.*

There were some that for want of better Entertainment fell in Love with one another; but these were look'd upon as a sort of *Fops* and *Ninnys*, and therefore the more favourably us'd; but they'd have been of another mind, if they had known the Cause of their Distemper.

The Root of all these several Extravagancies was *Idleness*, which (according to *Petrarch's* Observation) never fails to make way for *wantonness*. There was one among the Rest, that had *more Letters of Exchange upon the Credit of her insatiable Desires, than a whole Regiment of Banquiers*. Some of them were sick of their *Old Visiter*, and call'd for a *Fresh-man*. Others, by Intervals, I perceiv'd had their wits about them, and contented themselves discreetly with *the Physician of the House*. In short it e'en pity'd my Heart to see so many poor People in so sad a Condition, and without any hope of Relief, as I gather'd from him that had them in care: For they were still Puddering and Royling their Bodies; and if they got a little Ease for the present, they'd be down again, as soon as they had taken their Medicine.

From thence I went to the *Single Women* (such as made Profession never to marry) which were the least Outragious, and discompos'd of all; for they had a thousand ways to *Lay the Devil* as well as to *Raise* him. Some of them liv'd like *Common High-way-Men, by Robbing Peter* to *Pay Paul*; and stripping honest Men to cloath Rascals, which is (under favour) but a lewd kind of Charity. Others there were, that were absolutely out of their seven Senses, and as mad as *March-Hares* for *This Wit*, and *T'other Poet*, that never fail'd to pay them again in *Rhimes* and *Madrigals*, with *Ruby Lips*, *Pearly Teeth*: So that to read their Verses, a Man would swear the whole Woman to be directly *Petrify'd*.

Of Saphir fair, or Cristal clear,
Is the Forehead of my Dear, &c.

I saw one in Consultation with a *Cunning-Man* to know her *Fortune*: Another dealing with a *Conjurer* for a *Philtre* or *Drink*, to make her Belov'd. A Third was *daubing* and *patching* up an *Old ruin'd face*, to make it fresh and young again: But she might as well have been *washing of a Black-more to make him white*. In fine, a world there were, th[at] with their *borrow'd Hair*, *Teeth*, *Eyes*, *Eye-brows*, look['d] like fine folks at a distance, but would have been le[ss] as Ridiculous, as *Æsop's Crow*, if every Bird had fetch['d] away his own Feather. 'Deliver me (thought I, smili[ng] and shaking my Head) if this be *Woman*.

And so I ftept into the *Men's Quarter*, which was but next oor, and only a thick Wall between. Their great Miry was, that they were *deaf to good Advice*, obstinately ting and *despising* both *Physick*, and *Physician*: For if they ould have either *quitted*, or *changed*, they might have en *Cured*. But they chose rather to Dye; and though ey saw their Error, would not mend it. Which mindd me of the Old Rhime:

Where Love's in the Case,
The Doctor's an Ass.

These *Fools-male* were all in the same Chamber; and ne might perfectly read their *Humour*, and *Distemper*, in heir *Looks* and *Gestures*. *Oh! how many a Gay Lad did I see ere, in his Point Band, and Embroider'd Vest, that had not a whole hirt to his Back! How many Huffs and High-boys that had nothing se in their Mouths, but the Lives and Fortunes they'd spend in their eet Ladies Service! That would yet have run Five Miles on your rrand, to have been treated but at a Three-penny Ordinary? How many Poor Devil that wanted Bread, and was yet troubled with the Rebellion of the Flesh?* Some there were, that spent much ime in setting their *Perruques*, ordering the *Mustache*, and ressing up the very Face of *Lucifer* himself for a *Beauty*: The Woman's Privilege, and in truth an Encroachment, to their prejudice.) There were others, that nade it their Glory to pass for *Hectors*; *Sons of Priam*; *Brothers of the Blade*; and talk'd of nothing but *Attacques*, *Comats*, *Reverses*, *Stramazons*, *Stroccados*: Not considering that *naked Weapon is present Death to a timorous Woman*. Some vere taking the Round of their *Lady's Lodgings*, at *Midnight*, nd went to Bed again as wise as they rose. Others *fell in ove* by *Contagion*, and meerly conversing with the Infected. ome again went Post from *Church* to *Chapel*, every *Holyday*, to hunt for a Mistress; and so turn'd a Day of *Rest* nto a Day of *Labour*. Ye might see others, skipping ontinually from House to House, like the *Knight* upon a *Chess-Board*, without ever catching the (Queen or) *Dame*. *Some, like crafty Beggars made their Case worse than 'twas: And thers, though 'twere ne'er so bad, durst not so much as open their Mouths.* Really it griev'd me for the poor *Mutes*, and I wish'd with all my Heart, their *Mistresses* had been *Witches*, that *they might have known their Meaning by their Mumping*; but they were lost to all Counsel, so that there was no advising them. There was another sort of *Elevated* and *Conceited Lovers*: And these, forsooth, were not to be satisfied without the *Seven Liberal Sciences*, and the *Four Cardinal Virtues*, in the shape of a *Woman*; and their Case was desperate. *The next I* observ'd, were a Generation of modest

Fools, that past under the Notion of People *diffident of themselves*. They were generally Men of good Understanding, but for the most part, *Younger Brothers*, of *Low Fortunes*, and such as for want of wherewithal to go to the Price of *higher Amours*, were fain to take up with *ordinary Stuff*, that brought them nothing in the end, but *Beggery* and *Repentance*. The *Husbands*, I perceiv'd, were horribly furious, although in *Manacles* and *Shackles*. *Some of them left their own Houses, and fell upon their Neighbours*. Others to keep the *good Women* in *Awe* and *Obedience*, would be taking upon them, and playing the *Tyrants*; but upon the Upshot they found their mistake; and that though they came on as *fierce* as *Lyons*, they went off as *tame* as *Muttons*. Some were making Friendships with their *Wives She-Cousins* and agreeing upon a *Cross-Gossiping*, whoever should have the first Child.

The *Widowers* that had bit of the *Bridle*, past from place to place, where they staid more or less, according to their Entertainment, and so were in effect, *as good as marry'd, for as long, or as little while as themselves pleas'd*. These liv'd single, and spent their time in Visiting, first one Friend, then another. Here they fell in *Love*, there they kindled a *Jealousy*, which they contracted themselves in one place, and cur'd it in another. But the Miracle was, that they all knew, and confest themselves a Company of *Mad Fools*, and yet continued so. Those that had skill in *Musick*, and could either *Sing* or *Fiddle*, made use of their Gifts, to put the silly Wenches that were but *half Mop'd* before, directly *out of their Wits*. They that were *Poetical*, were perpetually hammering upon the Subjects of *Cruelty and Disappointment*. One tells *his good Fortune* to another that requites him with the story of *his Bad*. They that had set their Hearts upon *Girls*, were Beating the Streets *all Day*, to find what *Avenues* to a Lady's Lodgings *at Night*. Some were Tampering and Caressing the *Chamber-maid*, as the ready way to the *Mistress*. Others chose rather to put it to the push, and attempt the Lady her self. Some were examining their *Pockets*, and taking a view of their Furniture; which consisted much in *Love-Letters*, delicately seal'd up with *perfum'd Wax*, upon *Raw Silk*; and a thousand pretty Devices within all wrapt up in *Riddle*, and *Cypher*. Abundance of *Hair Bracelets*, *Lockets*, *Pomanders*, *Knots of Ribband*, and the like. There were others, that were call'd *the Husband's Friends*, who were ready upon all occasions to do this, and to do that Kindness for the *Husband*. *Their Purse*, *Credit*, *Coach and Horses*, were all at his *service*: And in the mean time, who but they to *Gallant the Wife*? To the *Park*, the *Garden*, a *Treat*, or a *Comedy*:

Where

Where forty to one, by the greatest good Luck in the World, they stumble upon an Aunt, an old House-keeper of the Family, or some such Reverend *[illegible]*, that's a Well-willer to the Mathematicks, she takes the hint, performs the good Office, and the Work is done.

Now there were two sorts of Fools for the [illegible]; the one was *Belov'd*, and the other *not*; the *latter* were content to be a kind of *Voluntary Slaves*, for the compassing their ends: But the *other* were the happier: for they were ever at perfect Liberty to do their pleasure, unless some Friend or Child of the House perchance came in, in the mischievous Nick, and then in case of a little Colour more than ordinary, or a tumbled Handkercher, 'twas but changing the Scene, and struggling for a Paper of Verses or some such business, to keep all in Countenance. Some made their Assaults both with *Love* and *Money*, and they seldom fail'd; for they came doubly arm'd; and *your Spanish Pistols are a sort of Battery hardly to be resisted.*

I came now to reflect upon what I had seen, and as I was walking (in that Meditation) toward another Lodging, I found my self ('ere I was aware) in the *first Court* again; where I enter'd, and in it I observ'd new Wonders: I saw that the Number of the *Mad-Fools* increas'd every moment; although time (I perceiv'd) did all that was possible to recover them. There was *Jealousy* tormenting even those that were most confident of the Faith of what they lov'd. There was *Memory* Rubbing of *old Sores*. There was *Understanding* lock'd up in a *dark Cellar*: And *Reason* with *both her Eyes out*. I made a little Pause, the better to observe these Varieties and Disguises. And when I had look'd my self a weary, I turn'd about and spy'd a Door; but so narrow, that it was hardly passable; and yet strait as it was, divers there were that *Ingratitude* and *Infidelity* had set at *Liberty*; and made a shift to get through. Upon which Opportunity of returning, I made what haste I could to be one of the first at the Door, and in that instant my Man drew the Curtain of my Bed, and told me the Morning was far gone. Whereupon I *wak'd*, and recollecting my self, found all was but a *Dream*. The very fancy however of having spent so much time in the Company of Fools and Madmen, gave me some disorder, but with this comfort, that both sleeping and waking, I had experimented *Passionate Love* to be nothing else but a meer *Frenzy* and *Folly*.

The End of the Fourth Vision.

THE FIFTH VISION, OF The WORLD.



IT is utterly impossible for any thing in this World to fix our *Appetites* and *Desires*, but they are still flitting and restless like *Pilgrims*; delighted and nourish'd with *Variety*: Which shews how much we are mistaken in the Value and Quality of the things we Covet. And hence it is, that what we *pursue* with the greatest *delight* and *passion* imaginable, yields us nothing but *Satiety* and *Repentance* in the *Possession*: yet such is the power of these *Appetites* of ours, that when they *call* and *command*, we *follow* and *obey*; though we find in the end, that what we took for a *Beauty* upon the *Chase*, proves but a *Carcass* in the *Quarry*; and we are sick on't as soon as we have it. Now the *World* that knows our *Palate* and *Inclination*, never fails to feed the Humour, and to flatter, and entertain us with all sorts of *Change* and *Novelty*; as the most certain Method of gaining upon our Affections.

One would have thought, that these Considerations might have put sober Thoughts and Resolutions in my Head, but it was my Fate to be taken off in the very middle of my *Morality* and *Speculations*; and carry'd away from my self by *Vanity* and *Weakness*, into the wide World, where I was for a while after, not much unsatisfy'd with my Condition. As I past from one place to another, several that saw me (I perceiv'd) did but make sport with me: For the farther I went, the more I was at a loss in that *Labyrinth* of *Delusions*. One while, I was in with the *Sword-men*, and *Bravoes*; up to the Ears in *Challenges*, and *Quarrels*; and never without an Arm in a Scarf, or a broken Head. Another Fit, I was never well, but either at the *Fleece Tavern*, or *Bear* at *Bridge-Foot*, stuffing my Guts with *Food* and *Tipple*, till the Hoops were ready to burst. Beside twenty other Entertainments that

found, every jot as extravagant as these, which to my great trouble and admiration, left me not so much as one moment of Repose.

As I was in one of my unquiet and pensive Moods; some body call'd after me, and pluckt me by the Cloak: Which prov'd to be *A Person of a Venerable Age, his Cloaths miserably poor and tatter'd, and his Face just as if he had been trampled upon in the Streets*, which did not yet hinder, but that *he had still the Air and Appearance of one that deserv'd much Honour and Respect.* Good Father, (said I to him) why should you envy me my Enjoyments? Pray'e let me alone, and do not trouble your self with me or my doings. *You're past the Pleasure of Life your self, and can't endure to see other People merry that have the World before them.* Consider of it; you are now upon the point of leaving the World, and I am but newly come into't. But 'tis the trick of all Old Men to be carping at the actions of their *Juniors*. Son (said the Old Man, smiling) I shall neither hinder, nor envy thy Delights, but in pure pity I would fain reclaim thee. *Dost thou know the price of a Day, an Hour, or a Minute?* Did'st ever examine the value of *Time?* If thou had'st, thou would'st employ it better; and not cast away so many blessed Opportunities upon Trifles; and so easily and insensibly part with so inestimable a Treasure. *What's become of thy past hours? Have they made thee a promise to come back again at a Call, when thou hast need of them? Or, can'st thou shew me which way they went!* No no; They are gone without Recovery; and in their flight, methinks, Time seems to turn his Head, and laugh over his Shoulder in derision of those that made no better Use of him, when they had him. Do'st thou not know, that all the minutes of our Life, are but as so many Links of a Chain that has Death at the end on't? and every moment brings thee nearer thy expected End; which perchance, while the word is speaking, may be at thy very Door: And doubtless at thy rate of living, it will be upon thee before thou art aware. *How stupid is he, that Dies while he lives, for fear of Dying! How wicked is he that lives, as if he should never Dye: and only fears Death when he comes to feel it:* which in too late for comfort, either to Body or Soul: And he is certainly none of the Wisest that spends all his Days in Lewdness and Debauchery, without considering, that of his whole Life, any minute might have been his last;

My Good Father (said I) I am beholding to you for your excellent Discourses; for they have deliver'd me out of the Power of a thousand frivolous and vain Affections, that had taken possession of me. But who

are you, I pray'e? And what is your Business here? *My* [illegible] *and these Rags*, quoth he, *are enough to tell ye that I am an* [illegible] *Man; a Friend to Truth, and one that will not be Mealy-mouth'd when he may speak It to the Purpose.* Some call me the *Plain-Dealer*; others, the *Undeceiver General.* You see me [illegible] in *Tatters, Wounds, Scars, Bruises.* And what is all this, [illegible] the *World* gives me for my *Good Counsel*, and [illegible]? And yet after all this endeavour to get [illegible] me; they call themselves my *Friends*: Though [illegible] me to the Pit of Hell, as soon as ever I come near them; and had rather be hang'd, than spend one Quarter of an Hour in my Company. If thou hast a mind to see the *world* I talk of, come along with me, and I'll carry thee into a place, where thou shalt have a full [illegible] of it; and without any inconvenience, see all [illegible]; or in the People that dwell in't; and look [illegible] and through. What's the Name of this [illegible] quoth I. It is call'd, said he, *The Hypocrites Walk*; and it [illegible] the *World* from one Pole to t'other. It is [illegible]; for I believe there's not any Man alive, but has either an *House* or a *Chamber* in't. *Some* Live in't [illegible]; *Others* take it only in *Passage*: For there are [illegible] of several sorts; but all Mortals have, more or less, a *Tang* of the *Leaven*. That Fellow there in the [illegible], came but t'other day from the *Plow-Tail*, and [illegible] fain be a *Gentleman*. But had not he better pay [illegible] and walk alone, than *break* his *Promises* to keep [illegible]? There's another *Rascal* that would fain be a *Lord*; [illegible] venture a Voyage to *Venice* for the *Title*, but [illegible] better at building Castles in the *Air*, than upon the [illegible]. In the mean time he puts on a *Nobleman's Face* and [illegible] he *Swears* and *Drinks* like a *Lord*, and keeps his *Hounds* and [illegible], which 'tis fear'd in the end, will devour their [illegible]. Mark now that piece of *Gravity* and *Form*; he [illegible], as if he mov'd by *Clock-work*; his words are [illegible]; he makes all his Answers by a *Shrug* or a *Nod*. This is the *Hypocrite* of a *Minister of State*; who with all his [illegible] of *Wisdom*, is one of the veriest *Noddies* in Nature.

Face about now, and mind those decrepid Sots there, that can scarce lift a Leg over a Threshold, and yet they must [illegible] their *Hair, colouring* their *Beards*, and playing the [illegible] again, with a thousand *Hobby-Horse Tricks*, and [illegible] *Dresses*. On the other side, ye have a Company of [illegible] taking upon them to govern the World under a [illegible] of *Wisdom* and *Experience*. *What Lord is that* (said I) *in the Rich Cloaths there, and the fine Laces?* That *Lord* (quoth he) is a *Taylor*, in his *Holy-day-cloaths*; and if he were now *upon his Shop-board*, his own *Scissers* and *Needles* would

hardly

hardly know him. And you must understand, that *Hypocrisie* is so *Epidemical* a Disease, that it has laid hold of the *Trades* themselves, as well as the *Misters*. The *Cobler* must be saluted, Mr. *Translator*; the *Groom* names himself *Gentleman of the Horse*; the Fellow that carries *Guts* to the *Bears*, writes, *One of his Majesty's Officers*. The *Hangman* calls himself *a Minister of Justice*; the *Mountebank*, an *Able Man*; A *Common Whore* passes for a *Courtisan*. The *Bawd* acts the *Puritan*; *Gaming Ordinaries* are call'd *Academies*; and *Bawdy Houses*, *Places of Entertainment*. The *Page* stiles himself the *Child of Honour*; and the *Foot-boy* calls himself, *my Lady's Page*; and every *Pick-Thank*, names himself a *Courtier*. The *Cuckold-Maker* passes for a *fine Gentleman*; and the *Cuckold* himself, for *the best natur'd Husband in the World!* And a very *Ass*, commences *Master-Doctor*. *Hocus Pocus Tricks*, are call'd *Slight of Hand*; *Lust*, *Friendship*; *Usury*, *Thrift*; *Cheating* is but *Gallantry*; *Lying* wears the Name of *Invention*; *Malice* goes for *Quickness of Apprehension*; *Cowardice*, *Meekness of Nature*; and *Rashness* carries the Countenance of *Valour*. In fine, this is all but *Hypocrisy* and *Knavery* in a *Disguise*; for nothing is call'd by the right Name. Now there are beside these, certain *General Appellations* taken up, which by long Usage, are almost grown into *Prescription*. Every *little Whore* takes upon her to be a great *Lady*; every *Gown-man*, to be a *Counsellour*; every *Huff*, to be a *Soldat*; every *Gay thing* to be a *Cavalier*; every *Parish-Clerk* to be a *Doctor*; and every *Writing-Clerk* in the *Office*, must be called Mr. *Secretary*.

So that *the whole World*, take it where your will, is but a *meer Juggle*; and you will find that *Wrath*, *Gluttony*, *Pride*, *Avarice*, *Luxury*, *Murther*, and a thousand other heinous Sins, have all of them *Hypocrisy* for their *Source*, and thither They'll return again. It would be well (said I) if you could prove what you say; but I can hardly see, how so great a *Diversity of Waters* should proceed from one *and the same Fountain*. I do not wonder (quoth he) at your Distrust, for you are mistaken in very good Company, to fancy *Contrariety* in many things, which are in effect, so much alike. It is agreed upon both by *Philosophers* and *Divines*, that *all Sins are evil*; and you must allow, that *the Will embraces or pursues no Evil, but under the Resemblance of Good*: Nor does the *Sin* lie in the *Representation*, or *Knowledge* of what is *Evil*, but in the *Consent* to it. Which *Consent* it self is *sinful*, although without any *Subsequent Act*. It's true, the *Execution* serves afterward for an Aggravation, and ought to be consider'd under many Differences and *Distinctions*. *But in fine*, evident it is, that the Will embraces no *Ill*, *but* under the shape of some Good. What

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do ye think now of *the Hypocrite, that cuts your Throat in his Arms, and Murthers you, under pretence of Kindness? What is the Hope of an Hypocrite?* says *Job.* He neither has nor can have any: For he is *Wicked* as he is an *Hypocrite*; and even his best Actions are worth nothing, because they are not what they seem to be. So that of all Sinners he has the most to answer for. Other Offenders sin only *against God*; but the Hypocrite sins *with Him*, as well as *against Him*, making use of *his holy Name* as a *Cloak* and *Countenance* for *his Wickedness.* For which reason, our Blessed Saviour, after many *affirmative Precepts* deliver'd to his Disciples, for their *Instruction*, gave only this *Negative, Be not sad as the Hypocrites:* Which lays them open in few words; And he might as well have said, *Be not Hypocrites, and ye shall not be wicked.*

We were now come to the Place the Old Man told me of, where I found all according to my expectation, and took the higher Ground, that I might have the better Prospect of what past. The first remarkable thing I saw was a long *Funeral Train* of *Kindred*, and *Guests*, following the *Corps* of a deceas'd Lady, in company with the Disconsolate *Widower*; who march'd with his Chin upon his Breast; a sad and a heavy Pace; Muffled up in a Mourning Hood; enough to have stifled him, with at least ten yards of Cloath upon his Body, and no less in his Train. Alack, Alack! cry'd I, that ever I should live to see so dismal a Spectacle! Oh Blessed Woman! How did this Husband love Thee in thy *Life-time*, that follows thee with this infinite Faith and Affection even to thy *Grave?* And happy the Husband doubtless, in a Wife that deserv'd this Kindness! And in so many tender Friends and Relations, to take part with him in his Sorrows. My Good Father, let me intreat you to observe this doleful Encounter. With that (shaking his Head and smiling) My Son, quoth he, Thou shalt by and by perceive, that all is nothing in the World but *Vanity, Imposture*, and *Constraint*; and I will shew thee the Difference between *Things themselves*, and their *Appearances.* To see this Abundance of *Torches*, with the Magnificence of the *Ceremony* and *Attendance*, One would think there should be some mighty matter in the business: But let me assure thee, that all this Pudder comes to no more, than *much ado about nothing.* The *Woman* was *Nothing* (effectually) even while she liv'd; The *Body* now in the *Coffin*, is somewhat a Less *Nothing:* And the *Funeral Honours*, which are now paid her, come to just *Nothing* too. But the *Dead* it seems must have their *Vanities*, and their *Holy-days*, as well

well as the *Living*. Alas! What's a *Carkass?* but *the most odious sort of Putrefaction? A corrupted Earth*; fit neither for *Fruit* nor *Tillage*. And then for the *sad Looks* of the *Mourners*; They are only troubled at the *Invitation*; and would not care a pin, if the *Inviter*, and *Body* too were both at the *Devil*. And that you might see by their *Behaviour*, and *Discourses*; for when they should have been *Praying for the Dead*, they were Prating of her *Pedigree, and her last Will and Testament. I'm not so near a-kin* (says one) *but I might have been spar'd; and I had twenty other things to do*. Another should have met Company at a *Tavern*; A third at a *Play*. A fourth mutters that he is not placed according to his *Quality*. Another cries out, *A Pox o' your meetings where there is nothing stirring but Worms-meat*. Let me tell ye farther, that the *Widower himself* is not griev'd as you imagine for the *Dead Wife*; but for the Damn'd Expence in *Blacks*, and *Scutcheons, Tapers*, and *Mourners*; and that she was not fairly laid to *Rest*, without all this ado: For He persuades himself, *that she might have found the way to her Grave without a Candle*. And since she was to *Dye*, 'tis his opinion, that she should have made quicker work on't: For a *Good Wife*, is (like a *Good Christian*) to put her Conscience in order betimes, and get her gone, without lingring in the Hands of *Doctors, Apothecaries*, and *Surgeons*, to murther her Husband too. Or (to save Charges) she might have had the Discretion to have dy'd of the Plague, which would have stav'd off *Company*. This is the *Second Wife*, he has already turn'd over, and (to give the Man his Due) He has had the Wit to secure himself of a *Third*, while *This* lay on her *Death-Bed*. So that his Case is no more than Choppiug of a *Old Wife* for a *Warm one*, and He'll recover this Affliction I warrant ye.

The Good Man, methought, spoke wonders; and being thoroughly convinc'd of the danger of trusting to *Appearances*, I took up a Resolution, *never to conclude upon any thing, though never so Plausible, without due Examination, and Enquiry*. With that, the *Funeral* Vanish'd, leaving Us behind; and for a *Farewel, This Sentence. I am gone before; you are to follow; and in the mean time, to accompany others to their Graves, as you have done Me; and as I, when time was, have attended many others, with as little Care and Devotion as your selves.*

We are taken off from this Meditation, by a Noise we heard in a House behind Us; were we had no sooner set Foot over the Threshold, but we were entertained with a Consort of *Six Voices*, that were Set and [illegible] to the *Sighs* and *Groans* of a *Woman* newly become a *Widow*,

Widow. The Passion was acted to the Life; but the Dead little the better for't. They would be ever and anon Clapping and Wringing of their Hands; Groaning and Sighing as if their Hearts would break. The *Hangings, Pictures,* and *Furniture,* were all taken down and remov'd; The *Rooms* hung with *Black,* and in one of them lay the *poor Disconsolate,* upon a Couch with her Condoling Friends about her. It was as Dark as Pitch, and so much the better, for the Parts they had to play; for there was no discovering of the *Horrid Faces,* and *Strains* they made, to fetch up their *Artificial Tears* and *Lamentations. Madam* (says one) *Tears are but thrown away; and really the Grief to see your Ladyship in this Condition, has made me as lost a Woman to all thought of Comfort as your self. I beseech you, Madam, chear up;* (cries another, with almost as many *Sighs* as *Words*) *your Husband's e'en happy that he is out of this miserable World. He was a good Man, and now he finds the sweet on't. Patience, Patience, Dear Madam,* (cries a Third) *'tis the Will of Heaven, and there's no contending.* Don't talk of *Patience* (says she) and *no Contending? Wretched Creature that I am! to outlive that Dear Man! Oh that that Dear of Husband of mine! Oh that I should ever live to see this Day!* and then she fell to *Blubbering, Sobbing,* and *Raving* a thousand times worse than before. *Alas! Alas! who will trouble himself with a poor Widow! I have never a Friend left to look after me; what shall become of me!*

At this Pause came in the *Chorus,* with their *Nose-Instruments;* and there was such *Blowing, Snobbing, Snivelling,* and *throwing Snot about,* that there was no enduring the House; and all this you must know, serv'd them to a double purpose; that is to say, for *Physick* and for *Complement:* For it past for the *Condoling Office,* and purg'd their *Heads* of *Ill humours* all under One. I could not chuse but compassionate the poor *Widow;* a Creature forsaken of all the World; and I told my Guide as much; and that a Charity (as I thought) would be well bestow'd upon her. The *Holy Writ* calls them *Mutes;* according to the *Import* of the *Hebrew,* in regard that they have no body to speak for them. And if at any time they take heart to speak for Themselves, They had e'en as good hold their Tongues, for no body minds them. Is there any thing more frequently given in Charge throughout the whole *Bible,* than to *Protect the Fatherless, and Defend the Cause of the Widow?* As the highest and most necessary point of *Christian Charity;* in regard that they have neither *Power* nor *Right* to defend themselves. Does not *Job* in the depth of his *Misery,* and *Disgraces,* make Choice to clear himself toward the *Widow,* upon

his

his *Expostulations* with the *Almighty?* [*If I have caused the Eyes of the Widow to fail*] (or *consum'd the Eyes of the Widow; after the Hebrew*) so that it seems to me, beside the general Duty of *Charity*, We are also bound by the Laws of *Honour* and *Generosity* to assist them: For the poor Souls are fain to *Plead* with their *Eyes*, and *Beg with their Eyes*, for want of either *Hands* or *Tongues* to help themselves. Indeed you must pardon me (my good Father, said I) if I cannot hold any longer from bearing a *part* in this *Mournful Consort*, upon this sad Occasion. And is this (quoth the Old Man) the Fruit of your boasted *Divinity?* To sink into *Weakness* and *Tears*, when you have the greatest Need of your *Resolution* and *Prudence!* Have but a little Patience, and I'll unfold you this Mystery; though (let me tell ye) *'Tis one of the hardest things in Nature to make any Man as wise as he should be, that conceits himself wise enough already.* If this Accident of the *Widow* had not happen'd, we had had none of the fine things that have been started upon't: For 'tis Occasion that awakens both our *Virtue* and *Philosophy*; and 'tis not enough to know the *Mine* where the *Treasure lies*, unless a Man has the skill of *Drawing it out*, and making the best of what he has in his *Possession*. What are you the better, for all the Advantages of *Wit* and *Learning*, without the faculty of reducing what you know, into apt and proper Applications?

Observe me now, and I will shew you, that this *Widow* that looks as if she had nothing in her *Mouth*, but *The Service of the Dead*, and only *Hallelujahs* in her *Soul*; That *This Mortify'd piece of Formality*, has *green Thoughts*, under her *black Viel*; and *brisk Imaginations* about her in despite of her *Calamity* and *Misfortune*. The *Chamber* you see is *dark*; and their *Faces* are *muffled up* in their *Funeral Dresses*. And what of all this? When *the whole course of their Mourning is but a Thorough-Cheat.* Their *Weeping* signifies Nothing more, than *Crying at so much an hour*; for their *Tears* are *Hackney'd* out, and when they have wept out their *Stage*, they take up, and are quiet. If you would relieve them, leave them to themselves; and assoon as your Back is turn'd, you shall have them *Singing*, and *Dancing*, and as merry as *Greeks*: For take away the *Spectators*, their *Hypocrisy* is at an End, and the *Play is done:* And now the *Confident's Game* begins. *Come, come, Madam, 'faith we must be merry,* (cries one) *we are to live by the Living, and not by the Dead. For a Bonny Young Widow as you are, to lie whimpering away your Opportunities, and lose so many brave Matches! There's you know who, I dare swear, has a Months Mind to you; By my Troth I would*

you

you were in Bed together, and I'd be hang'd, if you d
One Warm Bed-fellow worth twenty Cold ones. Really
(cries a second) *she gives you good Counsel, and if*
your place, I'd follow it, and make use of my Time.
One Lost, and Ten Found. Pray'e tell me, Mad
may be so bold, *What's your Opinion of that Cavalie*
here Yesterday? Certainly he has a great deal of Wit; and
he's a very handsom, proper Gentleman. Well! If that
not a strange Passion for you, I'll never believe my Eyes
his sake: and in good Faith, if all Parties were agreed
you were e'en well in his Arms the Night before to
Were it not a burning shame to let such a Beauty li
This sets *the Widow a Pinking* and *Simpering* like a
Kettle; at length she makes up the *pretty little M*
says, *'tis somewhat of the soonest to talk of those Affai*
it be as Heaven pleases. However, Madam, I am muc
to you for your Friendly Advice. You have here the v
tom of her *Sorrow: She has taken a second Husband into*
before her first was in his Grave. I should have t
that *your right Widow Eats and Drinks more the fir*
her Widowhood, than in any other of her whole life: F
appears not a *Visitant*, but presently out comes th
ing Cake; a *Cold Bak'd meat*, or some *Restorative*
other to *Comfort* the *Afflicted*; and the *Cordial Bo*
not be forgotten, neither, for *Sorrow's Dry.*
they fall, and at every *Bit* or *Gulp*, the *La*
fetches ye up a heavy Sigh, pretends to *ch*
and makes *protestation* that for her part she can t
thing; she has quite lost her *Digestion*; and has
Oppression in her Stomach, that she dares not
more, for fear of over-charging Nature. And i
(says she) how can it be otherwise, since (U
Creature that I am!) He is gone that gave the
to all my Enjoyments? But there is no recalli
from the Grave, and so *no Remedy but Patience.*
time, you see, (quoth the Old Man) whether y
clamations were *Reasonable* or *no.*

The words were hardly out of his Mouth, wh
ing an uproar in the Street among the Rabble w
out to see what was the matter. And there we sav
pole. without either *Hat* or *Band, out of Breath*, and hi

upon his Knee. Bless me (thought I) how a Cause prospers in the Hand of one of these Fellows; for he had fill'd his Paper in a Trice. These *Catchpoles* (said I) had need to be well paid, for the Hazards they run to secure us in our *Lives* and *Fortunes*; and indeed they deserve it. Look how the poor Wretch is Torn, Bruis'd, and Batter'd, and all this for the Good and Benefit of the Publick.

Soft and fair, quoth the Old Man; I think thou would'st never leave Talking, if I did not stop thy Mouth sometime. You must know, that *He that made the Escape, and the Catchpole, are a couple of Ancient Friends, and Pot-Companions.* Now the *Catchpole* quarrels the *Thief*, for not giving him a snip in the last Booty; and the *Thief*, after a great struggle, and a good lusty Rubber at Cuffs, has made a shift to save himself. You'll say the Rogue had need of good Heels to out-run this *Gallows Beagle*; for *there's hardly any Beast will outstrip a Bayliff that runs upon the view of a Quarry.* So that there's not the least thought of a *publick Good* in the *Catchpole's* Action; but meerly a Prosecution of his own *Profit*, and a spite to see himself Chous'd. Now if the *Catchpole*, I confess, without any *private Interest*, had made this Attempt upon the *Thief*, (being his Friend) to bring him to *Justice*, it had been well, and yet take this along with you: *It is as natural to let slip a Serjeant at a Pick-pocket, as a Grey-hound at a Hare.* The *Whip*, The *Pillory*, The *Axe*, and the *Halter* make up the best part of the *Catchpole's Revenue*. These People are of all sorts the most odious to the World; and if Men in Revenge would resolve to be Virtuous, though but for a year or two, they might starve them all. It is in fine an Unlucky Employment, and *Catchpoles* as well as the *Devils* themselves, have the *Wages* of *Tormentors.*

I hope, said I to my Guide, that the *Atturneys* shall have your good Word too. Yes, yes, ye need not doubt it (said the Old Man) for *your Atturney* and *your Catchpoles, always hunt in Couples.* The *Atturney* draws the *Information*, and has all his Forms ready, so that 'tis no more then, but to fill up the *Blanks*, and away to the *Jayl* with the *Delinquent:* If there be any thing to be gotten 'tis not a half-penny matter, whether the party be *guilty* or *innocent:* Give but an *Atturney*, *Pen*, *Ink*, and *Paper*, and let Him alone for *Witnesses*. In case of an *Examination*, he has the Grace not to insist too much upon *plain* and *naked Truth*; but to set down only what makes for his Purpose, and then when they come to signing, to read over *in the Deponent's sense*, (for his Memory is good)

what

what he has written in *his own:* And by this Means, the Cause goes on as he pleases. To prevent this Villany, *it were well, if the Examiners were as well sworn to Write the Truth, as the Witnesses are to Speak it.* And yet there are some honest Men of all sorts but among the *Attorneys:* The very *Calling*, does by the *honest Catchpoles, Marshal's Men*, and *their Fellows*, as the *Sea* by the *Dead:* It may Entertain them for a while, but while a body may say *what's this?* it Spews them up again.

The good Man would have proceeded, if he had not been taken off by the Ratling of a *Gilt Coach*, and a *Courtier* in it, that was blown up as big as *Pride* and *Vanity* could make him. He sate stiff, and upright, as if he had swallow'd a stake; and made it his Glory to shew himself in that Posture: It would have hurt his Eyes to have exchang'd a Glance with any thing that was Vulgar, and therefore he was very sparing of his Looks. He had a *deep Lac'd Ruff* on, that was right *Spanish*; which he wore *Erect*, and *stiff starch'd*, that a Man would have thought he had carry'd his *Head* in a *Paper Lanthorn*. He was a great Studyer of *Set-Faces*; and much affected with looking *Politick and Big*; but for his *Arms and Body*, he had utterly lost, or forgotten the Use of Them: For he could neither *Bow*, nor move his Hat to any Man that saluted him; no, nor so much as turn from one side to the other, but sate as if he had been *Box'd up*, like a *Bartholomew-Baby*. After this *Magnificent Statue*, follow'd a swarm of *Gawdy Butterfly-Lacquie.:* And his Lordship's Company in the Coach, was a *Buffoon*, and a *Parasite*. *Oh blessed Prince!* (said I) *to live at this Rate of Ease, and Splendor, and to have the World at Will!* What a glorious Train is that! Beyond all doubt, there never was a great Fortune better bestow'd. With that, the Old Man took me up, and told me, that the Judgment I had made upon this Occasion, from one end to the other, was all *Dotage*, and *Mistake*; save only, when I said he had the World at Will: And in that (says he) you have reason: for what is the *World*, but *Labour, Vanity*, and *Folly*; which is likewise the *Composition*, and *Entertainment* of this *Cavalier*.

As for the *Train* that follows him; let it be Examin'd, and My Life for Yours you shall find more *Creditors* in't, than *Servants:* These are *Banquiers, Jewellers, Scriveners, Brokers, Mercers, Drapers, Taylors, Vintners*; and these are properly the *Stays*, and *Supporters* of *this Animated Machine*. The *Money, Meat, Drink, Robes, Liveries, Wages*; All comes out of *their Pockets*; they have his *Honour* for their *Security*; and must content themselves with Pro-

miſes, and *fair Words*, for *full Satisfaction*, unleſs they had rather have a *Footman* with a *Cudgel* for their *Pay-maſter*. And after all, if this *Gallant* were taken to *ſhrift*, or that a Man could enter into the *Secrets of his Conſcience*, I dare undertake, it would appear that *He that digs in a Mine for his Bread, lives Ten thouſand times more at Eaſe, than the other; with Beating of his Brains, Night and Day, for new Shifts, Tricks, and Projects, to keep himſelf above Water.*

Obſerve his *Companions* now; His *Fool*, and his *Flatterer*. They are too hard for him ye ſee; and Eat, Drink, and make Merry at his Expence. *What greater Miſery, or Shame in the World, than for a Man to make a Friendſhip with ſuch Raſcals, and to ſpend his Time, and Eſtate, in ſo Brutal, and Inſipid a Society!* It coſts him more (beſide his Credit) to maintain that Couple of Coxcombs, than would have bought him the Converſation of a Brace of Grave and Learned Philoſophers. But will ye now ſee the bottom of this Scandalous and Diſhonourable Kindneſs; *My Lord* (ſays the *Buffoon*) *You were moſt infallibly wrapt in your Mother's Smock: for let me be——if you have not ſet all the Ladies about the Court Agog. The very Truth is* (cries the *Paraſite*) *all the reſt of the Nobility look like Corn-Cutters to ye: and indeed, where-ever you come, you have ſtill the Eyes of the whole Company upon you*, Go to, go to, Gentlemen (ſays my Lord) you muſt not flatter your Friends. This is more your Courteſy than my Deſert; and I have an Obligation to you for your Kindneſs. After this manner, *theſe Aſſes Knab and Curry one another, and play the Fools by turns.*

The Old Man had his words yet between his Teeth, when there paſt juſt by us *a Lady of Pleaſure*, of ſo excellent a ſhape and Garb, that it was impoſſible to ſee her, without a Paſſion for her, and no leſs impoſſible to look upon any thing elſe ſo long as ſhe was to be ſeen. They that had ſeen her once, were to ſee her no more; for ſhe turn'd her Face ſtill to *New-comers*. Her Motion was graceful and free; one while ſhe'd ſtare ye full in the Eyes, under colour of opening her Hood, to ſet it in better Order. By and by, ſhe'd ſteal a Look at ye with one Eye, and a ſide Face, from the Corner of her Vizor; like a *Witch* that's afraid to be known when ſhe comes from a *Catterwall*; And then out comes the Delicate Hand, and diſcovers the more delicious Neck, and Breaſts, to adjuſt the Handkercher or the Scarf; or to remove ſome other Grievance that made her Ladyſhip uneaſy. Her Hair was moſt artificially [illegible]'d into careleſs Rings; and the beſt Red and [illegible] in Nature was in her Cheeks; if that of her

Lips

Lips and Teeth did not exceed it. In a word, all she look'd upon were her own; and this was the Vision for my Money, from all the rest. As she was marching off, I could not chuse but take up a Resolution to follow her. But my Old Man laid a Block in the way, and stopt me at the very starting; which was an Affront to a Man that was both in *Love*, and in *Haste*, that might very well stir his Choler. My Officious Friend, (said I) *He that does not love a Woman, suckt a Sow:* And questionless, he must be either Blind or Barbarous, that's Proof against the Charms of so Divine a Beauty. Nor would any but a Sot, let slip the blessed Opportunity of so fair an Encounter. A Handsom Woman! Why, *What was she made for, but to be lov'd?* And he that has Her, has all that's Lovely or Desirable in Nature. For my own part, I would renounce the World for the Fellow of her, and never desire any thing either Beyond her, or Beside her. What Lightning does she carry in her Eyes! What Charms, and Chains in her Looks, and Motions, for the very Souls of her Beholders! Was ever any thing so clear as her Forehead! Or so black as her Eye-brows? One would swear, that her Complexion had taken a Tincture of Vermilion and Milk: And that Nature had brought her into the World with Pearl, and Rubies in her Mouth. To speak all in little, she's the Master-piece of the Creation, worthy of Infinite Praise, and Equal to our largest Desires, and Imaginations.

Here the Old Man cut me short, and bad me make an end of my Discourse; for thou art, said He, a Man of *much Wonder, and small Experience*, and deliver'd over to the Spirit of *Folly* and *Blindness:* Thou hast thy Eyes in thy Head, and yet not Brain enough to know either why they were given thee, or how to use them. Understand then that the *Office* of the *Eye*, is to *see*; but 'tis the *Privilege* of the *Soul*, to *Distinguish and Chuse*; whereas you either do the contrary, or else nothing, which is worse. *He that trusts his Eyes, exposes his Mind to a Thousand Torments and Confusions:* He shall take *Clouds* for *Mountains*; *Strait* for *Crooked*, *one Colour* for *Another*, by reason of an *Undue distance*, or an *indispos'd Medium*. We are not able sometimes to say which way a River runs, till we throw in a Twig, or Straw to find out the Current. And what will you say now, if this prodigious Beauty, your new Mistress, prove as gross a Cheat and Imposture, as any of the rest? She went to Bed last Night as Ugly as a Witch; and yet this Morning she comes forth in your Opinion, as Glorious as an A[illegible]

I S

ie Truth of it is, she hires all by the Day; and *but see this Puppet taken to pieces, you would find her but Paint and Plaister.* To begin her *Anatomy* at t. You must know that the *Hair* she wears, is d of a *Tire-Woman*, for her own was blown off nlucky Wind from the Coast of *Naples.* Or if iny left, she keeps it *private*, as a *Memorial* of her '. She is beholden to the *Pencil*, for her *Eye-* id *Complexion.* And upon the whole matter, she s *Old Picture refresht.* But the wonder is, to see a with *Life*, and *Motion*; unless perchance she has *Necromancer's Receipt*, that made himself young a-iis *Glass Bottle.* For all that you see of her that's mes from *Distill'd Waters, Essences, Powders,* and ; and to see the Washing of her Face would ie Devil. She abounds in *Pomanders, Sweet-Wa- nish Pockets, Perfum'd Drawers*; and all little e- o qualify the *Poysonous Whiffs* she sends from her d *Arm-Pits*, which would otherwise out-stink ousand Pole-Cats. She cannot chuse but *Kiss* her *Lips* are perpetually bath'd in *Oyl* and *Grease.* that Embraces her, shall find the better half of : *Taylors*, and only a *stuffing of Cotton, and Canvas he Defects of her Body.* When she goes to Bed, *she ne half of her Person with her Shoes.* What do you ; your ador'd Beauty now? Or have your Eyes l ye? Well, well; confess your Error and mend know that (without more Descant upon this ,) 'tis the Design and Glory of most of the Sex illy Men Captive. Nay, *take the best of them, and h the Trouble of Getting them, and the Difficulty of Plea- he that comes off best, will find himself a Loser at the he Account.* I could recommend you here to o- :medies of Love, inseparable from the very Sex, at I have said already, I hope will be sufficient.

The End of the Fifth Vision.

THE

THE SIXTH VISION, Of HELL.



EING one *Autumn*, at a Friend's H in the Country, (which was inde most delicious Retreat) I took a one Moon-light Night into the P where all my past Visions came into my Head again, and I was enough pleas'd with the Medita At length, the Humour took me to leave the Path, go farther into the Wood: What Impulse carry' to this, I know not. Whether I was mov'd by good Angel, or some higher Power; but so it was, in half a quarter of an Hour, I found my self a g way from Home, and in a Place where 'twas no ger Night; with the pleasantest Prospect round a me that ever I saw since I was born. The Air Calm and Temperate; and it was no small Advan to the Beauty of the Place, that it was both Innc and Silent. On the one Hand, I was entertain'd the Murmurs of Cristal Rivolets; on the other, the whispering of the Trees; the Birds Singing al while either in Emulation, or Requital of the c Harmonies. And now, to shew the Instability of Affections, and Desires, I was grown weary eve Tranquillity it self, and in this most agreeable tude, began to long for Company.

When in the very instant (to my great wonde discover'd *two Paths* issuing from one, and the same ginning; but dividing themselves forwards, more more, by Degrees, as if they liked not one anot Company. That on the *Right-hand* was *Narrow* al beyond imagination; and being very little frequer it was so over-grown with *Thorns* and *Brambles*; ar Stony withal, that a Man had all the Trouble in World to get into't. One might see however, Prints and Marks of several Passengers, that had r exceeding Difficulty; for-

had left pieces of Heads, Arms, Legs, Feet, and many of them their whole Skins behind them. Some we saw set upon the way, pressing forward, without ever so much as looking back; and these were all of them *Pale-fac'd, Lean, Thin*, and *Miserably Mortified*. There was no passing for *Horse-Men*; And I was told that St. *Paul* him-*self*, left his Horse, when he went into't. And indeed, there was not the footing of any Beast to be seen. Neither Horse, nor Mule; nor the Track of any Coach or Chariot. Nor could I learn that any had past that way in the Memory of Man. While I was bethinking my self of what I had seen, I spy'd at length, a *Begger*, that was Resting himself a little to take Breath; and I ask'd him what Inns or Lodging they had upon that Road? His Answer was, That there was no stopping there, till they came to their Journey's End. For this (said he) is the way to *Paradise*; and what should they do with *Inns* or *Taverns*, where there are so *few Passengers*? Do not you know that in the Course of Nature, to *Dye*, is to be *Born*; to *Live*, is to *Travel*; and the *World* is but a great *Inn*, after which it is but one Stage, either to *Pain* or *Glory*. And with these words he March'd forward, and bad me *God b'w'ye*; telling me withal, That it was time lost to linger in the way of Virtue, and not safe to entertain such Dialogues as tend rather to Curiosity, than Instruction. And so he pursued his Journey, stumbling, tearing his Flesh, and Sighing, and Groaning at every step; and Weeping, as if he thought to soften the Stones with his Tears. This is no way for me, thought I to my self, and no Company neither: for they are a sort of *Beggerly, Morose People*, and will never agree with my Humour. So I drew back, and struck off into the Left-hand way.

And there I found Company Enough, and Room for more. What a World of *Brave Cavaliers! Gilt Coaches, Rich Liveries*, and *Handsom, Lively Lasses*, as Glorious as the Sun! Some *were Singing*, and *Laughing*; others *Tickling one another*, and *Toying*; some again, at their *Cheese-Cakes and China-Oranges*; or appointing a Set at *Cards*: So that taking all together, I durst have sworn I had been at the [illegible]. This minded me of the Old saying, *Tell me thy Company, and I'll tell thee thy manners?* And to save the Cre[illegible] of my Education, I put my self into the *Noble Mode*, [illegible] Jogg'd on. And there was I at the first Dash up to [illegible] Ears in *Balls, Plays, Masquerades, Collations, Dalliances*, [illegible]*rs*, and as full of Joy as my Heart could hold.

[illegible] *was not here*, as upon t'other Road, where Folks [illegible] *Bare-foot* and *Naked*, for want of *Shoe-makers*, and

Taylors: For here were enow, and to spare; besic *cers, Drapers, Jewellers, Bodice-makers, Peruque-makers, ners,* and a *French Ordinary* at every other Door. cannot imagine the Pleasure I took in my New Ac tance; and yet there was now and then, some J and Disorder upon the way: Chiefly between th *cians* upon their *Mules,* and the *Infantry* of the *Lawyer* march'd in great Bodies before the *Judges,* and ted for Place. But the *Physicians* carry'd it, in fav their *Charter,* which gives them *Privilege* to *Study,* . and *Teach* the *Art of Poysoning,* and to read *Lectures* (the *Universities.* While this point of Honour was pute, I perceiv'd divers crossing from one way to ther, and changing of Parties. Some of them led, and Recover'd; others fell downright. E pleasantest Gambol of all, was that of the *Vintn* whole Litter of them tumbled into a Pit togeth over another; but finding they were out of the ment, they got up again as fast as they could. that were in the *Right-hand* way, which was the *Paradise* or *Virtue,* advanc'd very heavily, and m Excellent sport. *Prethee look what a Friday-face tha makes!* cries one, *Hang him, Prick-Ear'd Cur,* says an *Dam' me,* cries a Third, *if the Rogue be not Drunk wi Water; if the Devil had rak'd Hell, he could not have fo a Pack of Ill-look'd Rascals,* says another. Some o stopt their Ears, and went on without minding thers we put out of Countenance, and they came us. And a Third sort came out of pure Love Company.

After this, I observ'd a great many People afar a *By-Path,* with as much *Contrition* and *Devotion* i *Looks and Gestures,* as ever I saw in Men: They *shaking their Heads, and lifting up their Hands to Heave* they had most of them *large Ears,* and to my Th *Geneva Bibles.* These, thought I, are a People of f Integrity, and Strictness of Life, above their F but coming nearer, we found them to be *Hypocrit* that though they'd none of *our Company* upon th They would not fail to *meet us* at our *Journey's End ing, Repentance, Prayer, Mortification,* and *other Holy* which are the *Exercise* of *Good Christians,* in Order t *Salvation,* are but a kind of *Probation* to *these Men* them for the *Devil.* They were followed by a N of *Devotes,* and *Holy Sisters,* that kiss'd the Skirts o Garments all the way they went; but whether *Zeal, Spiritual,* or *Natural,* is hard to say; and und *ly, some Women's Kisses* are worse than *Judas*'s. For

his *Kiss* was *Treacherous* in the *Intention*, it was *Right* yet in the *Application*: But this was one *Judas Kissing another*; which makes me think there was more of the *Flesh*, than of the *Spirit* in the Case. Some would be drawing a Thred now and then out of the Holy-Man's Garment, to make a Relique of: Others would cut out large Snips, as if they had a mind to see them Naked. *Some again desir'd they would remember them in their Prayers; which was just as much as if they had commended themselves to the Devil by a Third Person.* Some pray'd for *good Matches* for their *Daughters*; *Others*, begg'd *Children* for *themselves*: And *sure the Husband that allows his Wife to ask Children Abroad, will be so Civil as to take them Home, when they are given him.* In fine, these *Hypocrites* may for a while perchance Impose upon the World, and Delude the Multitude; but no Mask, or Disguise is proof against the All-piercing Eye of the Almighty. There are, I must confess, many Religious, and Godly Men, for whose Persons and Prayers, I have a great Esteem. But these are not of the *Hypocrite*'s Humour, to build their Hopes and Ambition upon Popular Applause, and with a Counterfeit Humility, to proclaim their Weakness, and Unworthiness; their Failings; yea, and their Transgressions in the Market-place; All which indeed is but a *True Jest*; for They are really what they say, though they would not be thought so.

These went apart, and were look'd upon to be *neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor Good Red-herring*. They wore the *Name of Christians*; but they had neither the *Wit*, nor the *Honesty* of *Pagans*. For *they* content themselves with the Pleasures of this Life, because they know no better: But the *Hypocrite*, that's instructed both in *Life Temporal*, and *Eternal*, lives without either *Comfort* in the *One*, or *Hope* in the *Other*; *and takes more pains to be Damn'd, than a Good Christian does to Compass his Salvation.* In short, we went on our way in Discourse. The *Rich* follow'd their *Wealth*, and the *Poor* the *Rich*; begging there, what Providence had deny'd them. The *Stubborn* and *Obstinate* went a way by *Themselves*; for they would hear no Body that was wiser than themselves, but ran huddling on, and prest still to be foremost. The *Magistrates* drew after them, all the *Solicitors*, and *Atturneys*. *Corrupt Judges* were carry'd away by *Passion* and *Avarice*: And *Vain*, and Ambitious *Princes*, trail'd along with them, *Principalities* and *Common-wealths*. There were a world of *Clergy* upon *this Road* too. And I saw one *full Regiment* of *Soldiers* there, which would have been brave Fellows indeed, if they had but been half so good at *Praying*, and *Fighting*, as they were at Swearing. Their whole Discourse was of their Adventures. How

Narrowly they came off at such an Assault; What Wounds they received upon t'other Breach; and then what a Destruction they made at such a time of Mutton and Poultry. But all they said came in at one Ear, and went out at t'other. *Don't you remember, Sirrah,* says one, *how we claw'd it away at such a place! Yes, ye Damn'd Rogue you,* cries t'other, *when you were so Drunk you took your Aunt for the Bawd.* These, and such as these, were the only Exploits they could truly brag of.

While they were upon these Glorious *Rhodomontades*, certain generous Spirits from *the Right-hand way*, that knew what they were, by the Boxes of *Pass-ports, Testimonials,* and *Recommendations* they wore at their Girdles, cry'd out to them, as if it had been to an Attacque: *Fall on, Fall on, my Lads, and follow me. This, this is the Path of Honour; and if you were not Poultrons, you would not quit it for fear of a hard March, or an ill Lodging. Courage, Comerades, and be assur'd, that this Combat well fought, Makes all your Fortunes, and Crowns you for ever. Here ye shall be sure both of Pay, and Reward, without casting the Issue of all your Hazards and Hopes upon the Empty Promises of Princes. How long will ye pursue this Trade of Blood and Rapine? and accustom your Ears, and Tongues to the Tragical out-cries of* Burn, No-Quarter, Kill, or Dye. *It is not Pay, or Pillage, but Virtue that's a Brave Man's Recompence. Trust to her, and she'll not deceive ye. If it be the War, ye Love, Come to us; Bear Arms on the Right-side, and we'll find you work. Do not you know that Man's Life is a Warfare? That the* World, *the* Flesh, *and the* Devil, *are Three vigilant Enemies? And that it is as much as his Soul is worth to put himself, but for one Minute, out of his Guard? Princes tell ye, that your Bloods, and your Lives are Theirs; and that to shed the One, and lose the Other, in their Service, is no Obligation but a Duty. You are still however to look to the Cause. Wherefore turn Head, and come along with us, and be happy.* The *Soldiers* heard all this with exceeding Patience, and Attention: But the Brand of *Cowardice* had such an effect upon them, that *without any more ado, like Men of Honour, they presently quitted the Road; Drew, and as bold as Lyons, charg'd headlong into a Tavern.*

After this, we saw a great Troop of *Women* upon the *Highway* to *Hell*, with their *Bags*, and their *Fellows* at their Heels, ever, and anon, Hunching, and Justling one another. On the *other side*, A number of *Good People*, that were almost at the End of their Journey, came over into *the wrong Road*; for the *Right-hand Way*, growing *Easier*, and *Wider* towards the *End*, and that on the *Left-hand*, on the *Contrary, Narrower*, they thought they had been out of their Way, and so came in to Us; as many of Ours were

over to *Them*, upon the same Mistake. Among the rest, I saw *a great Lady*, without either *Coach*, *Sedan*, or any living Creature with her, foot it all the way to *Hell*; which was to me so great a Wonder, considering how she had liv'd in the World, that I presently look'd about for a *Publick Notary*, to make an *Entry* of it. The *Woman* was in a most miserable pickle; and I did not know what Design she might drive on, under that Disguise; but finding never a *Notary*, or *Register* at hand, though I mist my particular Aim, yet I was well enough pleas'd with it; for I took it then for Granted, that I was in my ready way to *Heaven*. But when I came afterward to reflect upon the *Crosses*, *Afflictions*, and *Mortifications*, that lie in the way to *Paradise*: And to consider, that there was Nothing of That upon *this Road*: but on the contrary, *Laughing*, *Singing*, *Frolicking*, and all manner of *Jolity*: This I must confess, gave me a *Qualm*, and made me a little doubtful whither I was going.

But I was quickly deliver'd of that Doubt, by a Gang of *Marry'd Men*, that we overtook with *their Wives in their Hands*, in Evidence of their *Mortifications*: *My Wife's my Witness* (cries one) *that every Day since I Marry'd her has been a Fasting-day to me*; *to Pamper her with Cock-Broth, and Jellies. And my Wife knows how I have humbled my Body by Nakedness*; *for I have hardly allow'd my self a Rag to my Back-side, or a Shoe to my Foot, to maintain her in her Coach, Pages, Gowns, Petty Coats, and Jewels*: So that upon the matter, I perceive *an Unlucky bit with a Wife, gives a Man as much Right to the Catalogue of Martyrs, as if he had ended his Days at the Stake.*

The Misery these poor Wretches endur'd, made me think my self in the Right again; till I heard a Cry behind me, *Make way there*, *Make way for the 'Pothecaries.* Bless me, thought I, If *They* be here, we are certainly going to the *Devil.* And so it prov'd; for we were just then come to a little Door, that was made like a *Mouse-Trap*, where 'twas easy to get in, but there was no getting out again.

It was a strange thing, that scarce any Body so much as Dreamt of *Hell*, all the way we went; and yet every Body knew where they were, as soon as they came there, and cry'd out with one Voice, *Miserable Creatures! we are Damn'd, we are Damn'd.* That word made my Heart ake; And is it come to that, said I! Then did I begin with Tears in my Eyes, to reflect upon what I had left in the World: As my *Relations*, *Friends*, *Ladies*, *Mistresses*; and in fine, all my *Old Acquaintance*: When with a heavy Sigh, looking behind me, *I* saw the greater part of them Posting after me. It gave me, methought, some Comfort,

that I should have so good Company; vainly imagining, that even Hell it self might be capable of some Relief.

Going farther on, I was gotten into a Crowd of *Taylors*, that stood up sneaking in a Corner, for fear of the Devils. At the first Door, there were *Seven Devils* taking the Names of those that came in, and they ask'd me *Mine*, and my *Quality*, and so they let me pass. But examining the *Taylors*, *These Fellows* (cry'd one of the Devils) *come in such Shoals, as if Hell were made only for Taylors? How many are they?* (said another) Answer was made, *about a Hundred. About a Hundred? They must be more than a Hundred, says t'other, if they be Taylors; for they never come under a Thousand or Twelve Hundred strong:* And we have so many here already, I do not know where we shall 'stow them. Say the word, my Masters, *Shall's let them in or no?* The poor *Prick-Lice* were damnd'ly startled at that, for fear they should not get in: But in the End, they had the Favour to be admitted. Certainly, said I, these Folks are but in an ill Condition, when 'tis a Menance for the Devils themselves to refuse to receive them: Thereupon a Huge *Over-grown, Club-footed, Crump-Shoulder'd Devil,* threw them all into a deep Hole. Seeing such a Monster of a Devil, I ask'd him, how he came to be so deform'd: And he told me, he had spoil'd his Back with Carrying of *Taylors*: For, said he, I have been formerly made use of as a Sumpter to fetch them; but now of late they save me that labour, and come so fast of themselves, that 'tis one Devil's Work to dispose of them. While the Word was yet speaking, there came another Glut of them; and I was fain to make way, that the Devil might have Room to work in, who pil'd them up, and told me, they made the best Fewel in Hell.

I pass'd forward then into a little *Dark Alley*, where it made me start to hear one call me by my Name, and with much ado, I perceiv'd a Fellow there all wrapt up in *Smoak and Flame.* Alas! Sir, says he, *Have you forgotten your Old Bookseller in* Pope's-head Alley? I cry thee Mercy, good *Livewell*, quoth I, What! *Art thou here? Yes, Yes, Sir,* (says he) *'tis e'en too true.* I never dreamt it would have come to this. He thought I must needs pity him, when I knew him: But truly I reflected rather upon the Justice of his Punishment. For in a word, his Shop was the very Mint of *Heresy*, *Schism*, and *Sedition.* I put on a Face of *Compassion* however, to give him a little Ease, which he took hold of, and vented his Complaint. *Well Sir* (says He) *I would my Father had made me a Hangman when he made me a Stationer*; for we are call'd to Account

Other Men's Works, as well as for our own. And one thing that's caſt in our Diſh, is the ſelling of *Tranſlations* ſo *Dog-cheap*, that every *Sot* knows now as much, as would formerly have made a *Paſſable Doctor*; and every *Naſty Groom*, and *Roguy Lacquey* is grown as familiar with *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, as if 'twere *Robin the Devil*; *The Seven Champions*; *Or a piece of George Withers*. He would have talk'd on, if a Devil had not ſtopt his Mouth with a Whiff from a Rowle of his own Papers, and choakt him with the Smoak on't. The Peſtilent Fume would have diſpatch'd me too, if I had not got preſently out of the reach on't. But I went my way, ſaying this to my ſelf; If the *Bookseller* be thus Criminal, What will become of the *Author!*

I was deliver'd from this Meditation, by the rueful Groans, of a great many Souls that were *under the Laſh*, and the *Devil* Tyrannizing over them with *Whips* and *Scourges*. I ask'd what they were? and it was told me, that there was a *Plot* among the *Hackney-Coachmen* to exhibit an *Information* againſt the *Devils*, for taking the *Whip* out of their Hands, and *ſetting up a Trade they had never ſerv'd to*, (which is directly contrary to *Quinto Eliſabethæ.*) Well, ſaid I: But why are theſe tormented here? With that an Old Sowr-look'd *Coach-man* took the Anſwer out of the *Devil's* Mouth, and told me; that it was *becauſe they came to Hell a Horſeback*, which they pretended, was a Privilege that did not belong to Rogues of their Quality. Speak Truth, and be Hang'd, cry'd the *Devil*; and make an honeſt Confeſſion here. Say, Sirrah, *How many Bawdy Voyages have you made to* Hackney? *How many Nights have you ſtood* [illegible] Mary-bone? *How many Whores and Knaves have you brought together? And how many Lyes have you told, to keep all private, ſince you firſt ſet up this Scandalous Trade?* There was a *Coachman* by, that had ſerv'd a *Judge*, and thought 'twas no more for his *Old Maſter* to fetch a Raſcal out of *Hell*, than out of *Newgate*; which made this Fellow ſtand upon his Points, and ask the *Devil* how he durſt give that Language to ſo Honourable a Profeſſion: for (ſays he) *Who wears better Cloaths than your Coachmen? Are not we in our Velvets, Embroideries, and Laces? and as Glorious as ſo many* Phaetons? *Have not our Maſters reaſon to be good to us, when their Necks are at ſtake, and their Lives at our Mercy? Nay, we Govern thoſe, many times, that Govern Kingdoms; and a Prince is in almoſt as much Danger of his Coachman, as of his Phyſitian. And there are, that underſtand it too, and Themſelves, and Us; and that will not ſtick to truſt their Coach-men as far as they would do their Confeſſors.* There's no Abſurdity in the *Compariſon; for if They know ſome of their* Privacies, We know more

more; yes, and perhaps more than we'll ſpeak of. What have we here to do, cry'd a Devil that was ready to break his Heart with Laughing? A *Coach-man* in his *Tropes* and *Figures?* An *Orator* inſtead of a *Waggoner?* The Slave has broke his Bridle, and got his Head at Liberty, and now he'll never have done. No, why ſhould he? (ſays another that had ſerv'd a great Lady more ways than One) is this the beſt Entertainment you can afford your Servants? your daily Drudges? I'm ſure *we bring you good Commodity, well Pack'd; well Condition'd; well Perfum'd; Right, Neat* and *Clean:* Not like your *City-ware*, that comes dirty to you, up to the Hocks; and yet every *Draggle-Tail'd Wench*, and *Skip-kennel*, ſhall be better us'd than *We*. Ah! the Ingratitude of this place! If we had done as much for ſomebody elſe, as we have done for you, we ſhould not have been now to ſeek for our Wages. When you have nothing elſe to ſay, you tell me that I am puniſh'd for carrying the *Sick*, the *Gouty*, the *Lame*, to *Church*, to *Maſs*; or *ſome ſtragling Virgins*, back again to their *Cloiſter:* Which is a damn'd Lye; for I am able to prove, that all my Trading lay at the *Play Houſes, Bawdy-Houſes, Taverns, Balls, Collations:* Or elſe at the *Tour-a-la-Mode*, where there was ſtill appointed ſome *After-meeting*; to treat of certain Affairs, that highly import the Intereſt and Welfare of your Dominions. I have indeed carry'd my *Miſtreſs* ſometimes to the *Church-Door*, but it ſignify'd no more than if I had carry'd her to a *Conventicle*; for *all her Buſineſs there, was to meet her Gallant, and to agree when they ſhould meet next; according to the Way of Devotion now in Mode.* To conclude; it is moſt certain, that I never took any Creature (knowingly) into my Coach, that had ſo much as a good *Thought*. And this was ſo well known, that *it was all one, to ask, If a Lady were a Maid; or if ſhe had ever been in my Coach.* If it appear'd ſhe had; He that Marry'd her, knew before-hand, what he had to truſt to. And after all this, ye have made us a fair Requital. With that the Devil fell a Laughing, and with five or ſix twinging Jerks, half flay'd the poor *Coach-man*; ſo that I was e'en glad to retire; in pity partly to the *Coach-man*, and partly to *my ſelf*; for *the Currying of a Coach-man, is little better than the turning up of a Dunghil.*

My next Adventure was into a *Deep Vault*, where I began immediately to *ſhudder*, and *my Teeth chatter'd in my Head*. I ask'd the meaning of it; and there came up to me a Devil, with *Kib'd Heels*, and his *Toes* all *Mortify'd*; and told me that That Quarter was allotted to the *Buffons and Drolls*, which are a People (ſays [illegible] a Conceipt, and ſo cold a Diſcourſe, th[illegible]

Chain, and Lock them up, for fear they should spoil the Temper of our Fire. I ask'd if a Man might see them. The Devil told me yes, and shewed me one of the lewdest Kennels in Hell. And there were they at it, pecking at One another, and nothing but the same Fooleries over and over again, that they had practis'd upon Earth. Among the *Buffons*, I saw divers that pass'd here in the World for *Men of Honesty*, and *Honour:* Which were in, as the Devil told me, for Flattery; and were a sort of *Buffon*, that goes *betwixt the Bark and the Tree.* But, why are they condemn'd? said I. The *Other Buffons* are condemn'd (quoth the Devil) *for want of Favour*; and *These*, for having *too much*, and *abusing it.* You must know they come upon us, still at Unawares; and yet they find all things in Readiness; the Cloath laid, and the Bed made, as if they were at Home. To say the Truth, we have some sort of Kindness for them; for they save us a great deal of Trouble in Tormenting One Another.

Do you see him there? That was a *Wicked* and a *Partial Judge:* And all he has to say for himself, is, that he remembers the time when *he could have broke the Neck of Two Honest Cansis, and He put them only out of Joint.* That Good-fellow there, was a *Careless Husband*, and him we lodge too with the *Buffons.* He sold his *Wife's Portion*, *Wife and all*, to please his Companions; and turn'd *both* into an *Annuity.* That *Lady* there (though a great one) is fain to take up too with the *Buffons*, for they are both of a Humour: What *They* do with their *Talk*, *She* does with her *Body*, and *fasons it to all Appetites.* In a word, you shall find *Buffons* in all Conditions; and in effect, there are nigh as many, as there are Men and Women; for the whole World is given to *Jeering*, *Slandering*, *Backbiting*; and there are more *Natural Buffons* than *Artificial.*

At my going out of the *Vault*, I saw a mattter of a Thousand Devils following a *Drove* of *Pastry-men*, and Breaking their Heads as they pass'd along, with *Iron-Peels.* Alack; cry'd one of them, that was yet in a whole Skin, it is hard the Sin of the *Flesh* should be laid to our Charge, that never had to do with *Women. Impudent Nasty Rascals*, (quoth the Devil) *Who has deserv'd Hell, if They have not?* How many Thousand Men have these Slovens poyson'd, with the *Grease* of their *Heads*, and *Tallow*, instead of *Mutton Sewet?* With *Snot-Pies* for *Marrow?* and *Flies* for *Currants?* How many *Stomachs* have they turn'd into ... with *Dogs-flesh*, *Horse flesh*, and other *Carrion* that they have put into them? And do these Rogues complain (in the *Devils Name*) of their Sufferings! Leave your ... ye *Whelps* (says he) and know, that the Pain ... *is* nothing to that of your Tormentors.

And for your part (says he,) to *me*, (with a sow'r Look) because you are a Stranger, you may go about your business; but *we have a Crow to pluck with these Fellows, before we part.*

I went next down a pair of Stairs into a huge Cellar, where I saw Men Burning in unquenchable Fire; and one of them Roaring, Cry'd out, *I never over sold; I never sold, but at Conscionable Rates; Why am I punish'd* thus? I durst have sworn it had been *Judas*; but going nearer to him, to see if he had a *Read Head*, I found him to be a Merchant of my Acquaintance, that dy'd not long since. How now, Old *Martin*, (said I) Art thou there? He was *dogged*, because I did not call him *Sir*, and made no Answer. I saw his Grief, and told him how much he was to blame, to cherish that *Vanity* even *Hell*, that had brought him thither. And what do you think on't now? (said I) *Had not you better have Traded in* Blacks *than* Christians? *Had not you better have contented your self with a little honestly got, than run the Hazard of your Soul for an Estate; and have gone to Heaven a Foot, rather than to the Devil on Horseback?* My Friend was as mute as a Fish; whether out of Anger, Shame, or Grief, I know not. And then a *Devil* in *Office* took up the Discourse. *These Pick-pocket Rogues* (says he) *Did they think to Govern the World with their own Weights and Measures, in Secula Seculorum?* Methinks, the Blinking, and *false Lights* of their *Shops*, should have Minded them of their *Quarter*, in *the Other World*, aforehand. And 'tis all a Case, with *Jewellers, Goldsmiths*, and *Other Trades*, that serve only to *Flatter* and *Bolster* up the World in *Luxury*, and *Folly*. But if People would be wise, these Youths should have little enough to do. For what's their *Cloth of Gold, and Silver*, their *Silks*, their *Diamonds*, and *Pearl*, (which they sell at their own Price) but matter of meer *Wantonness*, and *Superfluity*: These are they that inveigle ye into all sorts of *Extravagant Expences*, and so ruin ye Insensibly, under colour of *Kindness*, and *Credit*. For they set every thing at double the Rate; and if you keep not touch at your Day, your Persons are Imprison'd; your Goods seiz'd; and your Estates extended. And *they that helpt to make you Princes before, are now the forwardest to put you into the Condition of Beggers.*

The Devil would have talk'd on, if I had given him the Hearing; but there was such a Laugh set up on one side on me, as if they would all have split; and I went to see what the matter was; for 'twas a strange thing methought, to hear them so merry in Hell. The business was, there were Two Men upon a Scaffold, in Ge[illegible] *tile Habits*, Gaping as loud as th[illegible]

of them had a great *Parchment* in his Hand, display'd with divers Labels hanging at it, and several Seals. I thought at first it might have been *Execution-day*, and took the *Writing* for a *Pardon* or *Reprieve*. At every word they spoke, a matter of Seven or Eight Thousand Devils burst out a Laughing, as they would have crackt their Sides. And This again made me think, it might be some *Jack-pudding*, or *Mountebank*, shewing his Tricks, or his Attestations? with his Congregation of Fools about him. But nearer hand, I found my Mistake; and that the Devil's Mirth made the Gentlemen angry. At last I perceiv'd that this great Earnestness of theirs was only to make out their *Pedigree*, and get themselves past for *Gentlemen*; the *Parchment* being a *Testimonial* from the *Herald's Office*, to that Purpose. My Father (says he with the Writing in's Hand) bore Arms for his Majesty in many Honourable Occasions of *Watching* and *Warding*; and has made many a Tall Fellow speak to the Constable, at all Hours of the Night. My Uncle was the first Man that ever was of the Order of the *Black-Guard*: And we have had *Five brave Commanders* of *our Family*, by my Father's side, that have serv'd the State in the Quality of *Marshal's Men*, and *Turn-Keys*, and given his Majesty a fair Accompt of all the Pris'ners committed to their Charge. And by my Mother's side, it will not be deny'd, but that I am honourably descended: For my *Grandmother* was never without a *Dozen Chamber-Maids*, and *Nurses* in Family. It may be 'twas her Trade (quoth the Devil) to procure Services and Servants, and consequently to deal in that Commodity. Well, well, (said the Cavalier) she was what she was; and I'm sure I'll tell you nothing but Truth. Her Husband wore a Sword, by his Place; for he was a *Deputy-Marshal*; and to prove my self a Man of Honour, I have it here in Black and White, under the Seal of the Office. Why must I then be Quarter'd among a Pack of Rascals? My Gentleman Friend, (quoth the Devil) your *Grandfather* wore a *Sword*, as he was *Usher* to a *Fencing School*; and we know very well what his Son, and Grand-child can pretend to. But let that pass; you have led a Wicked and Infamous Life, and spent your Time in Whoring, Drinking, Blaspheming, and in Lewd Company; and do you tell us now of the *Privileges* of your *Nobility?* Your *Testimonials*, and the *Seal of the Office?* A Fart for your *Privileges*, *Testimonials*, *Office and all. There is no Honour, but Virtue.* And if your Children, though they had a Scoundrel to their Father, should come to do Honourable and Worthy things, we should look upon them as Persons Sacred

and not dare to meddle with them. But talking is time lost; You were ever a Couple of pitiful Fellows, and your Tails scarce worth the Scalding. *Have at ye*, (says he) and at that word, with a huge Iron Bar he gave him such a Salute over the Buttocks, that he took Two or Three turns in the Air, Heels over Head, and dropt at last into the Common-Shoar; where never any Man as yet found the Bottom.

When his Companion had seen him Cut that Caper; This Usage (says he) may be well enough for a *Parchment Gentleman*: But for a *Cavalier of my Extraction, and Profession*, I suppose you'll Treat him with somewhat more of *Civility* and *Respect*. Cavalier (quoth the Devil) if you have brought no better Plea along with you, than the Antiquity of your House, you may e'en follow your Comerade, for ought I know; for *we find very few Ancient Families, that had not some Oppressor or Usurper for their Founder*; and they are commonly continued by the same means they were begun. How many are there of our *Titular Nobility*, that write *Noble*, purely upon the Account of their *Violence* and *Injustice?* Their Subjects and Tenants, what with Impositions, hard Services, and Rackt Rents; Are they not worse than Slaves? If they happen to have any thing Extraordinary; As a Pleasant Fruit, a Handsom Colt; A Good Cow; and that the Landlord, or his Sweet Lady take a liking to it, they must either submit to part with it *Gratis*, or else take their *Pay* in *foul Language*, or *Bastinadoes*. And 'tis well if they 'scape so: For many times when the Sign's in *Gemini*; their Wives and Daughters go to Pot, without any Regard of Laws either Sacred or Prophane. What Damn'd Blasphemies and Imprecations do they make use of to get Credit with a *Mistress* or a *Creditor*, upon a Faithless Promise! How intolerable is their Pride, and Insolence, even towards many Considerable Officers, both in Church and State! for they behave themselves as if all People below their Quality and Rank in the World, were but as so many Brutes, or worse. As if Human Blood were not all of a Colour: As if Nature had not brought them into the World the Common Way, or Moulded them of the same Materials with the meanest Wretches upon the Earth. And then for such as have Military Charges and Commands; How many Great Officers are there, that without any Consideration of their Own, or their Prince's Honour, fall to Spoil and Pillage; cozening the State with false Musters, and the Soldiers of their Pay; and giving them instead of their Due from the Prince, a Liberty of taking what is not their Due from the Peo-

ple;

ple; forcing them to take the Bread out of the poor Labourer's Mouths, to fill their own Bellies, and protecting them when they have done, in the most Execrable Outrages imaginable? And when the poor Soldier comes at last to be dismist, or disbanded; Lame, Sick, Beggerly, Naked almost, and Enraged; with Nothing left him to trust to, but the *Highway* to keep him from starving; What Mischief is there in the World, that these Men are not the cause of? How many good Families are utterly ruin'd, and at this Day in the Hospital, for trusting to Their Oaths and Promises? And becoming bound for them for vast Sums of Money to maintain them in Tipple, and Whores, and in all sorts of Luxury and Riot? This Rhetorical Devil would have said a Thousand times more, but that his Companions call'd him off, and told him they had business elswhere. The Cavalier hearing that, My Friend (said he) your Morals are very good; but yet with your favour, all Men are not alike. *There's never a Barrel better Herring*, (said the Devil) You are all of ye tainted with *Original Sin*; and if you had been any better than your Fellows, you had never been sent hither. But if you are indeed so Noble, as you say, you're worth the *Burning*, if 'were but for your *Ashes*. And that you may have no Cause of Complaint, you shall see, we'll Treat you like a Person of your Condition. And in that Instant, Two Devils presented themselves; the One of them Bridled and Saddled; and the other doing the Office of the Squire; holding the Stirrup, with his Left-Hand, and giving the Gentleman a Lift into the Saddle with the other. Which was no sooner done, but away he went like an Arrow out of a Bow. I ask'd the Devil then into what Country he carry'd him. And he told me, Not far: For 'twas only matter of *Decorum*, to send the Nobility to Hell *a Horse-back*. Look on that side now, says he, and so I did; and there I saw the poor Cavalier in a huge Furnace, with the first Inventers of Nobility, and Arms: As *Cain*, *Cham*, *Nimrod*, *Esau*, *Romulus*, *Tarquin*, *Nero*, *Caligula*, *Domitian*, *Heliogabalus*; and a world of other brave Fellows, that had made themselves famous by Usurpation, and Blood. The Place was a little too hot for me, and so I retir'd, meditating on what I had heard; and not a little satisfied with the Discourse of so learned a Devil. Till that time, I took the Devil for a Notorious Lyar; but I find now that he can speak the Truth too, when he pleases; and I would not for all I am worth, but have heard him Preach.

When

When I was thus far, my Curiosity carry'd me still farther; and within Twenty Yards, I came to a huge Muddy Stinking Lake, near twice as big as that of *Geneva*; and heard in't so strange a Noise, that I was almost out of my Wits, to know what it was. They told me, that the Lake was stor'd with *Douegnas*, or *Gouvernanties*, which are turn'd into a kind of Frogs in Hell, and perpetually Drivelling, Sputtering and Croaking. Methought the Conversion was apt enough; for they are neither Fish, nor Flesh, no more than Frogs; and only the lower Parts of them are Man's-Meat, but their Heads are enough to turn a very good Stomach. I cou'd not but Laugh to see how they Gaped, and stretcht out their Legs as they swam, and still as we came near, they'd Scud away and Dive.

This was no place to stay in, there was so Noysome a Vapour; and I struck off upon the Left-hand; where I saw a Number of Old Men, Beating their Breasts, and Tearing their Faces; with bitter Groans, and Lamentations. It made my Heart ake to see them, and I ask'd what they were? Answer was made, That I was now in the Quarter of *the Fathers that Damn'd Themselves, to Raise their Posterity*; which were called by some, *The Unadvised*. Wretch that I am! (cry'd one of them) the greatest Penitent that ever liv'd, never suffer'd the Mortification I have endur'd; I have *Watch'd*; I have *Fasted*; I have scarce had any *Clothes* to my *Back*; My whole Life has been a Restless Course of *Torment*, both of *Body* and *Mind*: And all This, to get *Money* for my *Children*; that I might see them *well Marry'd*; *Buy them Places at Court*, or procure them some other Preferment in the World: Starving my self in the Conclusion, rather than I wou'd lessen the Provision, I had made for my Posterity. And yet notwithstanding this my Fatherly Care, I was scarce sooner Dead, than forgotten: And my next *Heir* buried me without *Tears*, or *Mourning*; and indeed without so much as paying of *Legacies*, or *Praying* for my Soul: As if they had already received certain Intelligence of my *Damnation*. And to aggravate my Sorrows, the *Prodigals* are now *squandering* and *consuming* that *Estate*, in *Gaming*, *Whoring*, and *Debauches*, which I had scrap'd together by so much *Industry*, *Vexation*, and *Oppression*, and for which I suffer at this Instant such *Insupportable Torments*. This should have been thought on before (cry'd a Devil), for sure you have heard of the Old Saying, *Happy is the Child whose Father goes to the Devil*. At which word, the *Old Misers* brake out into fresh Rage and Lamentation, Tearing their Flesh with Tooth and Nail, in so rueful a manner, that I was no longer able to endure Spectacle. A lit-

A little farther, there was a *Dark Hideous Prison*, where I heard the *Clattering of Chains*; the *Crackling of Flames*; the *Slapping of Whips*; and a confused *out-cry* of *Complaints*. I ask'd what Quarter this was, and they told me it was the Quarter of the *Oh that I Hads?* What are those, said I? Answer was made, that they were a Company of Brutish Sots, so absolutely deliver'd up to Vice, that they were damn'd insensibly, and in Hell before they were aware. They are now reflecting upon their Miscarriages and Omissions, and perpetually crying out; *Oh that I had Examin'd my Conscience! Oh that I had frequented the Sacraments! Oh that I had Humbled my self with Fasting, and Prayer! Oh that I had serv'd God as I ought! Oh that I had Visited the Sick, and Reliev'd the Poor! Oh that I had set a Watch before the Door of my Lips!*

I left these *late Repentants*, (as it appear'd) in Exchange for worse, which were shut up in a Base Court, and the Nastiest that ever I saw. These were such as had ever in their Mouths, *God is merciful, and will pardon me.* How can this be, (said I) that these People should be *Damn'd?* When *Condemnation* is an Act of *Justice*, not of *Mercy*. I perceive you are simple, (quoth the Devil) for half these you see here, are condemn'd with the *Mercy of God* in their Mouths: And to Exlpain my self, Consider I pray'e, how many Sinners are there, that go on in their Ways, in spite of Reproof, and good Counsel? and still this is their Answer; *God is merciful, and will not damn a Soul for so small a Matter.* But let them talk of *Mercy*, as they please; so long as they persist in a Wicked Life, we are like to have their Company at last. By your Argument (said I) there's no trusting to *Divine Mercy*. You mistake me (quoth the Devil) *for every good Thought, and Work, flows from that Mercy.* But this I say: He that perseveres in his Wickedness, and makes use of the Name of *Mercy*, only for a Countenance to his Impieties, does but mock the Almighty, and has no Title to that *Mercy*. For 'tis vain to expect *Mercy* from above, without doing any thing in order to it. It properly belongs to the Righteous, and the Penitent? And they that have the most of it upon the *Tongue*, have commonly the least thought of it in their *Hearts:* And 'tis a great Aggravation of Guilt, to Sin the more, in Confidence of an abounding Mercy. It is true, that many are receiv'd to *Mercy*, that are utterly unworthy of it; which is no wonder, since no Man of himself can deserve it: But Men are so Negligent of seeking it betimes, that they put that off to the last, which should have been the first part of their business, and many times their Life is at an end, before they be-

gin their Repentance. I did not think so Damn'd a Doctor could have made so good a Sermon. And there I left him.

I came next to a Noisom Dark hole, and there I saw a Company of *Dyers*, all in *Dirt* and *Smoak*, intermixt with the Devils; and so alike, that it would have posed the subtilest *Inquisitor* in *Spain*, to have said, which were the *Devils*, and which the *Dyers*.

There stood at my Elbow, a strange kind of *Mungrel Devil*, begot betwixt a *Black* and a *White*; with a Head so bestuck with little *Horns*, that it look'd at a Distance like a *Hedg-hog*. I took the boldness to ask him, where they Quarter'd the *Sodomites*, the *Old Women*, and the *Cuckolds*. As for the *Cuckolds* (said he) they are all over Hell, without any certain Quarter, or Station: and in Truth, 'tis no easy matter to know a *Cuckold* from a *Devil*; for (like kind Husbands) they wear their Wive's Favours still, and the very same Head-pieces in Hell, that they wore living in the World. As to the *Sodomites*, we have no more to do with them, than needs must; but upon all occasions, we either Fly, or Face them; for if ever we come to give them a Broad-side, 'tis Ten to One but we get a hit betwixt Wind and Water; and yet we fence with our Tails, as well as we can, and they get now and then a Flap o'er the Mouth into the Bargain. And for the *Old Women*, we make them stand off; for we take as little Pleasure in them, as you do: And yet the Jades will be persecuting us with their Passions; and *ye shall have a Bawd of Five and Fifty, do ye all the Gamboles of a Girl of Fifteen.* And yet after all this, *There's not an Old Woman in Hell*; for let her be *as Old as Pauls*; *Bald*, *Blind*, *Toothless*, *Wrinkled*, *Decrepit: This is not long of her Age*, she'll tell you, *but a Terrible fit of Sickness last year, that fetcht off her Hair, and brought her so low, that she has not yet recover'd her Flesh again. She lost her* Eyes *by a hot Rheum: utterly spoil'd her* Teeth *with Cracking of Peach-Stones, and Eating of Sweet-meats, when she was a Maid.* And when the weight of her Years has almost brought both ends together; 'tis nothing, she'll tell ye, but a Crick she has got in her Back: *And though she might recover her Youth again, by confessing her Age, she'll never acknowledge it.*

My next Encounter was, a Number of People making their moan, that they had been taken away by *Sudden Death.* That's an Impudent Lye (cry'd a Devil) saving this Gentleman's presence, for *no Man dies suddenly. Death surprizes no Man, but gives all Men sufficient Warning and Notice.* I was much taken with the Devil's Civility, and Discourse; which he pursu'd after this manner. Do ye complain

plain (says he) *of Sudden Death? That have carry'd Death about ye, ever since you were Born; That have been entertained with daily Spectacles of Carcasses and Funerals; That have heard so many Sermons upon the Subject; and read so many good Books upon the Frailty of Life, and the Certainty of Death. Do ye not know that every Moment ye Live, brings ye nearer to your End? Your Cloaths wear out; your Woods, and your Houses decay; and yet ye look that your Bodies should be Immortal. What are the common Accidents and Diseases of Life, but so many Warnings to provide your self for a Remove? Ye have Death at the Table, in your daily Food and Nourishment; for your Life is maintain'd by the Death of other Creatures. And you have the lively Picture of it, every Night for your Bedfellow. With what Face then can You charge your Misfortune upon sudden Death? That have spent your whole Life, Both at Bed, and at Board, among so many Remembrances of your Mortality?* No, no; change your Stile, and hereafter confess your selves to have been *Careless* and *Incredulous. You Dye, thinking you are not to Dye yet; and forgetting that Death grows upon you, and goes along with ye from one end of your Life to the other, without distinguishing of Persons, or Ages; Sex, or Quality, and whether it finds ye Well, or Ill-doing:* As the Tree falls, so it lies.

Turning toward my left Hand, I saw a great many Souls that were put up in *Gally-Pots*, with *Assa fœtida*, *Galbanum*, and a company of *nasty Oils* that serv'd them for *Syrup*. What a damn'd Stink is here? (cry'd I, stopping my Nose.) We are now come undoubtedly to *the Devil's House-of-Office*. No, no, (said the Tormentor, which was a kind of a Yellowish-Complexion'd Devil) 'tis a Confection of *Apothecaries*; *a sort of People, that are commonly Damn'd for Compounding the Medicines by which their Patients hope to be saved.* To give them their due; these are your only *True*, and *Chymical Philosophers*; and worth a Thousand of *Raymund Lullius*, *Hermes*, *Geber*, *Ruspicella*, *Avicen*, and their Fellows. 'Tis true, they have written fine things of the *Transmutation* of *Metals*; but did they ever *make* any *Gold?* or if they did, we have lost the Secret. Whereas your *Apothecaries*, out of a little *Puddle-Water*, a Bundle of *Rotten Sticks*, a Box of *Flies*; nay, out of *Toads*, *Vipers*, and a *Sir-reverence* it self, will fetch ye *Gold* ready Minted, and fit for the Market: which is more than all your *Philosophical Projectors* ever pretended to. There is no *Herb* so *poysonous*, (let it be *Hemlock*) nor any *Stone* so *dry*, (suppose the *Pumice* it self) but they'll draw *Silver* out of it. And then for *Words*; 'tis impossible to make up any Word out of the four and twenty Letters, but they'll shew ye a Drug, or a Plant of the Name, and turn the *Alphabet* into as good Money as any's in your Pocket. Ask them for an *Eye-Tooth of a flying Toad*; they'll tell ye, yes, ye may have

of

of it, in *Powder*; or if you had rather have the I of a *Tench of the Mountains*, in a little *Eels Milk*, 'tis to them. If there be but any Money stirring, yo have what you will, though there be no such tl Nature. So that it looks as if all the Plants, and of the Creation, had their several Powers and ' given them, only for the *Apothecaries* sakes; and *Words* themselves had been only made for their tage. Ye call them *Apothecaries*; but instead of pray'e call them *Armorers*, and their Shops *Arsenal* not their *Medicines* as certain *Death*, as *Swords*, *Dag* *Musquets*: While their Patients are Purg'd and ed into the other World, without any regard ei Distemper, Measure or Season.

If you will now see the pleasantest Sight you ha yet, walk but up these two Steps, and you sh *Jury* (or Conspiracy) of *Barber-Surgeons*, Sitting u *and Death*. You must think that any Divertisemen was welcome. So that I went up, and found it i a very pleasant Spectacle. These *Barbers* were them Chain'd by the Middle, their *Hands* at libert every one of them a *Cittern* about his Neck; and u Knees a *Chess-board*; and still as he reacht to have a at the *Cittern*, the Instrument vanisht; and so c *Chess-board*, when he thought to have a Game at *D* which is directly *Tantalizing* the poor Rogues; for is as natural to a *Barber*, as *Milk* to a *Calf*. Some c were washing of Asses Brains, and putting ther gain; and scouring of *Negroes*, to make them *whit*

When I had laught my fill at these Fooleries, m Discovery was, of a great many People, Grumbli Muttering, that there was no body lookt after the not so much as to Torment them: *As if their Tails as well worth the Toasting as their Neighbours.* Answ made, that being a kind of Devils themselves might put in for some sort of Authority in the and execute the Office of *Tormentors*. This made them what they were. And a Devil told me (w spect) that they were a Company of Ungraciou *handed* Wretches, that could do nothing aright their Grievance was, that they were Quarter'd by selves: But not knowing whether they were Me or indeed what else to make of them, we did no how to match them, or in what Company to pu In the World they are lookt upon as *Ill-Omens*; any Man meet one of them upon a Journey in a M Fasting; 'tis the same thing as if a Hare had cro way upon them; he presently turns Head in a

ent, and goes to Bed again. Ye know that *Scævola*, when he found his Mistake, in killing Another for *Porsenna*, (the Secretary for the Prince) burnt his right Hand in Revenge of the Miscarriage. Now the Severity of the Vengeance, was not so much the Maiming or the Crippling of himself, but the Condemning of himself to be for ever *Left-handed*. And so 'tis with a Malefactor that suffers Justice; the Shame and Punishment does not lye so much in the Loss of his *Right Hand*, as that the other is *Left*. And it was the Curse of an Old Bawd, to a Fellow that had vext her, *That he might go to the Devil by the Stroke of a Left-handed Man*. If the Poets speak Truth, (as t'were a wonder if they should not) the *Left* is the *Unlucky Side*; and there never came any Good from it. And for my last Argument against these Creatures; the *Goats* and *Reprobates* stand upon the *Left-hand*, and *Left-handed Men* are, in Effect, a sort of Creature that's made to do Mischief; say whether I should call them Men or, no, I know not.

Hereupon a Devil becken'd me to come softly to him; and so I did, without a Word speaking, or the least Noise in the World. Now (says he) if you'll see the Daily Exercise of *Ill-favoured Women*, look thro' that Lattice-Window; and there I saw such a Kennel of *Ugly Bitches*, you would have blest your self. Some with their *Faces* so [illegible] and *speckled*, as if they had been *Scarified*, and newly past the *Cupping-Glass*; with a World of little *Plaisters*, long, round, square; and briefly cut out into such Variety, that it would have posed a good *Mathematician* to have found out another Figure; and you would have sworn that they had been either at *Cats-play*, or *Cuffs*. Others were *scraping their Faces with pieces of Glass*; *tearing up their Eye-brows by the Roots*, like mad: and some that had none to tear, were fetching out of their *black Boxes*, such as they could get, or make. Others were *Poudring* and *Curling the False-Locks*, or fastning their *new Ivory Teeth*, in the place of their *old Ebony ones*. Some were *chewing Limmon-peel*, or *Cinamon*, to countenance a *Foul Breath*; and raising themselves upon their *Chopines*, that their View might be the fairer, and their Fall the deeper. Others were quarrelling with their *Looking-Glasses*, for shewing them such [illegible]-*Faces*; and cursing the *State of Venice*, for entertaining no better *Workmen*. Some were *stuffing* out their *Bodies* like *Pack-Saddles*, to cover secret Deformities: And some again had so many Hoods over their Faces, to conceal their Ruins, that I could hardly discern what they were; and these past for *Penitents*. Others, with their [illegible] of *Hogs-Grease*, and *Pomatum*, were *sleeking* and *polishing* their *Faces*; and indeed their *Foreheads* were *bright* and *shining*

ning, though there were neither *Suns* nor *Stars* in that *Firmament*. Some there were (in fine) that would have fetcht a Man's Guts up at's Mouth, to see them with their *Masques of After-Births*; and with their *Menstruous Slibber-slobbers*, dawbing one another, to take away the *Heats* and *Buboes*. Nasty and Abominable! I cry'd. Well (quoth the Devil) you see now how far a Woman's Wit and Invention will carry her to her own Destruction. I could not speak one word for astonishment at so horrid a Spectacle; till I had a little recollected my self: And then (said I) if I may deal freely without Offence, I dare defie all the Devils in Hell to out-do these Women. But pray'e let's be gone, for the sight of them makes my very Heart ake.

Turn about then, (said the Devil) and there was a *Fellow* sitting in a *Chair, all alone*; never a *Devil* near him: No *Fire*, or *Frost*; no *Heat*, or *Cold*, or any thing else that I could perceive, to torment him; and yet crying and roaring out the most hideously of any thing I had yet heard in Hell; tearing his Flesh, and beating his Body, like a Bedlam; and his Heart, all the while, bleeding at his Eyes. Good Lord, thought I, what ails this Wretch, to yell out thus when no body hurts Him! So I went up to him: Friend, (said I) what's the meaning of all this Fury and Transport? For, so far as I can see, there's nothing to trouble you. *No, no*, (says he with a horrid Outcry, and with all the Extravagancies of a Man in Rage and Despair) *you do not see my Tormentors; but the all-searching Eye of the Almighty sees my Pains, as well as my Transgressions, and with a severe, and implacable Justice, has condemn'd me to suffer Punishments answerable to my Crimes.* (Which words he utter'd with redoubled Clamours) *My Executioners are in my Soul, and all the Plagues of Hell in my Conscience. My* Memory *serves me instead of a Cruel Devil. The* Remembrance *of the Good I should have done, and omitted, and of the Ill I should not have done, and did. The* Remembrance *of the wholesom Counsels I have rejected, and of the Ill Example I have given. And for the Aggravation of my Misery; where my* Memory *leaves afflicting me, my* Understanding *begins: Shewing me the Glories and Beatitudes I have lost, which others enjoy; who have gain'd Heaven with less Anxiety and Pain, than I have endur'd to compass my Damnation. Now am I perpetually meditating on the Comforts, Beauties, Felicities and Raptures of Paradise; only to enflame and exasperate my Despair in Hell: Begging in vain, but for one Moment's Interval of Ease, without obtaining any; for my* Will *is also as Inexorable, as either my* Memory *or my* Understanding. *And these* (my Friend [illegible] *are the three Faculties of my Soul; which* [illegible]

converted into Three Tormenters, that Torture me without *to Three Flames, that burn me without consuming. And* *ce at any time to have the least Remission or Respite; the* *my Conscience gnaws my Soul, and finds it, to an Insatia-* *er, an Immortal Aliment and Entertainment.* At that turning towards me with a Hellish Yell; *Mortal*) *learn, and be assur'd from me, that all those that either* *misimploy their Talents, carry a Hell within themselves, and* *'d even above Ground*; and so he return'd to his usual rs. Upon this I left him, miserably sad and pen- Vell, thought I, what a weight of *Sin* lies upon ature's *Conscience!* Whereupon the Devil observing Muse, told me in my Ear, that this Fellow had *Atheist*, and believ'd neither God, nor *Devil. De-* *then*, said I, *from that Unsanctify'd Wisdom, that serves* *or our farther Condemnation.*

gone but a Step or two aside, and I saw a World le running after *Burning Chariots*, with a great ma- s in them, and the Devils tearing them with Pin- nd before them, marcht certain Officers, making *tion* of their *Sentence*; which with much ad o I got ough to hear, and it was to this Effect: *Divine* *th appointed this Punishment to the Scandalous, for giving Ill* *s to their Neighbours.* And at the same time several Damn'd laid their Sins to their Charge, and cry'd *it 'twas long of Them they were thus Tormented.* So that *dalous were punisht both for their own Sins, and for the* *of those they had misled to their Destruction.* And these y of whom 'tis said, *that they had better never have been*

very Soul was full of Anguish, to see so many l Spectacles? and yet I could not but smile, to see *ners* every where up and down Hell, as free, as if d been in their *Taverns*, and only *Pris'ners upon Pa-* askt how they came by that Privilege? And a old me, there was no need of shackling them, or h as shutting them up: For there was no fear of naking a 'scape, that took so much Pains in the , and made it their whole Business to come thi- Only, says he, if we can keep them from throw- *ater* in the *Fire*, as they do in their *Wines*, we are nough. But if you would see somewhat worth hile, leave these Fellows, and follow me; and I'll ou *Judas* and his *Brethren*, the *Stewards* and *Purse-bea-* So I did as he bad me; and he brought me to *Ju-* d *his Companions*, who had no *Faces*, divers of them, ost of them no *Foreheads*.

I was

I was well enough pleas'd to see him, and t
inform'd; for I had ever phansied him to be a
Olive-colour'd, Tawney-complexion'd Fellow, with
and an *Eunuch* into the Bargain: Which pe
probably) he was; for nothing but a *Capon'd,*
man'd, could ever have been guilty of so S
Treacherous a Villany, as to Sell, and betray
with a Kiss; and after that, so Cowardly,
himself in Despair, when he had done. I
however, what the Church says of him, tha
Carrot-Beard, and a *Read-Head;* but it may be h
burnt; and as he appear'd to me in Hell, I co
take him for an *Eunuch;* which to deal freely,
nion of all the *Devils;* for they have no Hair
are for the most part *wrinckled,* and *Baker-leg'd.*

Judas was beset with a great many *Money-*
Purse-bearers, that were telling him Stories of
they had play'd, and the Tricks they had put
Masters, after his Example. Coming up to t
ceiv'd that their Punishment was like that of
had a *Vulture* continually gnawing upon his
there were a number of *Ravenous Birds* perpet
ing upon them, and tearing off their Flesh; v
again as fast as they devoured it: A Devil in
time crying out, and the Damn'd filling the
with Clamour and Horror; *Judas,* with his *Pa*
Pot by his side, bearing a large part in the
Torment. I had a huge mind (methought)
word or two with *Judas;* and so I went to hin
Greeting, *Thou Perfidious, Impudent, Impious Tray*
to Sell thy Lord and Master at so base a Price, like a
Rascal. If Men (said he) were not ungrat
would rather pity, or commend me, for an
much to their Advantage, and done in Ord
Redemption. The Misery is mine, that am
part my self, in the Benefit I have procured
Some *Hereticks* there are, (I must confess to m

I did the World a greater good than I intended, wn irreparable ruin. My *Repentance* now signi-ing. To conclude, *I am the only Steward that's Con-* Selling; *All the rest are Damn'd for* Buying: And I reat you, to have a better Opinion of me; for it : but a little lower here, you'll find People a 1 times worse than my self. Withdraw then for I have had Talk enough with *Judas.*

t down then, some few steps, as *Judas* directed . there, I saw a World of Devils upon the march *ls* and *Stirrup-Leathers* in their Hands, lashing a y of *Handsome Lasses, stark naked.* And driving t of Hell, (which methought was pity; and if I some of them in a Corner, I should have treated tter) with the *Stirrup-Leathers* they Disciplin'd a *Bawds.* I could not imagine why these of all o-ould be expell'd the Place, and ask'd the Questi-, says a Devil, *these* are our *Factresses* in the *World,* best we have, so that we send them back again ; more Grist the Mill: And indeed, *if it were not* *, Hell would be but thinly Peopled*; for what with the *Beauty,* and the *Allurements* of the *Young Wen-* l the *Sage Advice* and *Counsel* of the *Bawds,* they do good Service. Nay, for fear any of our good should tire upon the Road, they send them to us *back,* or bring them themselves, e'en to the very est they should miss their way.

ing my Journey, I saw a good way before me, a uilding, that lookt (methought) like some *En-* *astle,* or the *Picture of Ill Luck:* It was all ruinous; *neys* down; the *Planchers* all to pieces, only the *Bars* *Windows* standing: The *Doors* all bedawb'd with nd patcht up with *Barrel-heads,* where they had oken. The *Glass* gone, and here and there a *Quar-* ly'd with *Paper.* I made no doubt at first but the *was* forsaken; but coming nearer, I found it o-e, by a horible Confusion of Tongues and Noises it. As I came just up to the Door, one open'd I saw in the House many *Devils, Thieves,* and One of the craftiest Jades in the *Pack,* placed her ently upon the Threshold, and made her address Guide and Me. Gentlemen, says she, *how comes it I pray'e, that People are Damn'd both for giving and* The *Thief* is condemn'd for *taking* away from ano-nd *We* are condemn'd for *giving* what is our own. t find, truly, any injustice in our Trade; and if vful to *give* every one their own, and out of their *why are* we condemn'd? We found it a nice

Point,

Point, and ſent the Wench to *Council learned in* for a Reſolution in the Caſe. Her mentioning o made me enquire after the *Scriveners* and *Notarie* Poſſible, (ſaid I) that you ſhould have none of the For I do not remember that I have ſeen ſo much of them upon the way; and yet I had Occaſio *Scrivener*, and made a ſearch for one. I do believe (quoth the Devil) that you have not found any upon the Road. How then (ſaid I) what are ſav'd? No, no, (cry'd the Devil) but you muſt ſtand, that they do not *foot* it hither, as other M but come upon the *Wing*, in Troops like *Wild-Geeſe*, 'tis no wonder you ſee none of them upon the Wa have *Millions* of them, but they cut it away in for they are damn'dly *Rank-wing'd*, and will flight, in the third part of a Minute, betwixt *E Hell.* But if there be ſo many (ſaid I) how com ſee none of them? For that (quoth the Devil) we their Names, when they come hither once, and ca no longer *Notaries, or Scriveners*, but *Cats:* And the good *Mouſers*, that though this Place is Large, O Ruinous; yet you ſee not ſo much as a *Rat* or a *Hell:* How full ſoever of all other ſorts of *Vermin.* ye talk of *Vermin*, (ſaid I) are there any *Catchpole* No, not one, (ſays he.) How ſo (quoth I?) wher undertake, *there are Five Hundred Rogues of the Trade that's ought.* The Reaſon is (ſays the Devil) that *Catchpole* upon *Earth*, carries a *Hell* in's *Boſom*. Yo ſtill (ſaid I, croſſing my ſelf) an aking Tooth a poor Varlets. Why not (cry'd he) for they are l vils incarnate, and ſo damn'dly vers'd in the Art menting, that we live in continual dread of loſi Places, and that his Infernal Majeſty ſhould tak Raſcals into his Service.

I had enough of this; and Tavelling on, I ſaw way off, a great Encloſure, and a World of Sou up in't: ſome of them Weeping and Lamenting Meaſure; others in a profound Silence. And thi derſtood to be the *Lover's Quarter.* It ſadden'd me ſider, that Death it ſelf could not kill the Lamer of Lovers. Some of them were diſcourſing thei ons, and teazing themſelves with *Fears* and *J* caſting all their Miſeries upon their *Appetites* and that ſtill made the *Picture* infinitely fairer than *ſon.* They were for the moſt part troubled with a

when they fall short of their Expectations, either in the Pursuit or Enjoyment of their Mistresses, they are wont to say, Alas! *I thought* she would have Lov'd me: *I thought* she would never have prest me to Marry her: *I thought* she would have been a Fortune to me: *I thought* she would have given me all she had: *I thought* she would have cost me nothing: *I thought* she would have ask'd me nothing: *I thought* she would have been true to my Bed: *I thought* she would have been Dutiful and Modest: *I thought* she would never have kept her Gallant. So that all their Pain and Damnation comes from *I thought* This, or That, or So, or So.

In the middle of them was *Cupid*, a little beggerly Rogue, and as naked as he was Born, only here, and there cover'd with an Old kind of *Embroidery*: But whether it was the Workmanship of the *Itch*, *Pox*, or *Measles*, I could not perfectly discover: And close by him was this Inscription:

Many a good Fortune goes to Wrack;
And so does many an able Back:
With following Whores, and Cards, and Dice,
We're Pox'd and Begger'd in a Trice.

Aha! (said I) by these *Rhimes* methinks the *Poets* should not be far off; and the word was hardly out of my Mouth, when I discovered Millions of them through a *Park-Pale*, and so I stopt to look upon them, (it seems in Hell they are not call'd *Poets* now, but *Fools*.) One of them shewed me the *Women's Quarter* there hard by, and ask'd me what I thought of it, and of the *Handsom Ladies* in it. Is it not true (says he) that a *Buxom Lass* is a kind of *Half-Chamber-Maid* to a *Man*? When she has stript him and brought [illegible] to Bed, she has done her business, and never troubles her self any farther about the helping him up again, [illegible] dressing him. How now (said I) have ye your [illegible]rks and Conceipts in Hell: In troth ye are pleasant: [illegible]thought your Edge had been taken off; with that, out [illegible] the most miserable Wretch of the whole Company, laden with Irons: Ah! (quoth he) I would to God [illegible] first Inventer of *Rhimes* and *Poetry* were here in my [illegible]; and then he went on with this following and sad [illegible]plaint.

A Complaint of the Poets in Hell.

[illegible] *this Damn'd Trade of* Versifying,
[illegible]*brought us all to Hell for* Lying!

For Writing what we do not Think;
Meerly to make the Verse Cry Clink,
For rather than abuse the Meeter,
Black *shall be* White, Paul *shall be* Peter.
One time I call'd a Lady Whore;
Which in my Soul she was no more,
Than I am; a brave Lass, no Beggar,
And true, as ever Man laid leg o'er.
Not out of Malice, Jove'*s my Witness,*
But meerly for the Verses Fitness.
Now we're all made, said I, if Luck hold,
And then I call'd a Fellow Cuckold;
Though the Wife *was, (or I'll be Hang'd)*
As good a Wench as ever Twang'd.
I was once plaguely put to't;
This would not hit, that would not do't;
At last I Circumcis'd, *(tis true,)*
A Christian, *and* Baptiz'd *a* Jew.
Nay, I've made Herod Innocent,
For Rhiming to Long Parliament:
Now to conclude, we are all Damn'd *Ho,*
For nothing, but a Game at Crambo,
And for a little jingling Pleasure,
Condemn'd to Torments without Measure.
Which is a little hard in my Sense,
To fry thus for Poetick Licence.
'Tis not for Sin of Thought *or* Deed,
But for bare Sounds, *and* Words *we Bleed:*
While the Cur Cerberus *lies* Growling,
In Consort with our Caterwouling.

So soon as he had done, there is not in the World (sa I) a more ridiculous *Frenzy*, than yours, to be *Poetiz* in *Hell*. The Humour sticks close sure, the Fire wou have fetcht it out else. Nay (cry'd a Devil) these *Ve fiers* are a strange Generation of *Buffons*. The Time th others spend in *Tears* and *Groans* for their *Sins* and *Foll* these Wretches employ in *Songs* and *Madrigals*; and if th chance to light upon the Critical Minute, and get a sp at a Lady, all's worth nothing, unless the whole Kingdo ring of it, in some miserable Sing-Song or other, und the Name forsooth of *Phillis*, *Chloris*, *Silvia*, or the like: A the goodly Idol must be deckt and drest up with *Diamo Pearl*, *Rubies*, *Masque*, and *Amber*; and both the *Indies* too little to furnish *Eyes*, *Lips*, and *Teeth*, for this *Ima nary Goddess*. And yet after all this *Magnificence* and Bea ty, it would put the poor Devil's Credit upon the Rud

to take up an *Old Petty-Coat*, in *Long-Lane*, or a Pair of *Cast-shoes*, at the next *Coblers*. Beside, we can give no Account either of their *Country*, or *Religion*. They have *Christian Names*, but most *Heretical Souls*; they are *Arabians* in their *Hearts*, and in their *Language*, *Gentiles*; but to say the Truth, they fall short of the *Right Pagans* in their *Manners*. If I stay here a little longer, (said I to my self) this spiteful Devil will hit me over the Thumbs e'er I'm aware; for I was half Jealous, that he took me already for a piece of a *Poet*.

For fear of being Discover'd, I went my Way, and my next Visit was to the *Impertinent Devotes*, whose very *Prayers* are made up of *Impiety*, and *Extravagance*. Oh! What *Sighing* was there, and *Sobbing*! *Groaning* and *Whining*! Their *Tongues* were ty'd up to a *perpetual Silence*; their *Souls Drooping*, and their *Ears* condemn'd to hear eternally the hideous Cries and Reproaches of a Whealing Devil; Greeting them after this manner. Oh ye Impudent and Prophane Abusers of Prayer, and Holy Duties! That treat *the Lord of Heaven and Earth in his own House*, with *less Respect* than ye would do a *Merchant* upon the *Change*; sneaking into a Corner with your Execrable Petitions, for fear of being overheard by your Neighbours; and yet without any scruple at all, ye can Expose, and Offer them up to that Eternal Purity! Shameless Wretches that ye are! *Lord* (says one) *take the Old Man my Father, to thy self, I beseech thee, that I may have his Office and Estate. Oh that this Uncle of mine would but march off!* There's *a Fat Bishoprick*, and a good *Deanery*; *I would the Devil had the Incumbent so I had the Dignity*. Now for a lusty *Pot of Guinea's*, or a *Lucky Hand at Dice* if it be thy Pleasure, and then I would not doubt of good Matches for my Children. *Lord make me his Majesty's Favourite*, and *Thy Servant*; *that I may get what's convenient, and keep what I have gotten. Grant me This, and I do here engage my self, to entertain Six Blue Coats, and bind them out to good Trades; to set up a Lecture for every Day of the Week; to give one Third Part of my clear Gains to Charitable Uses; and another toward the Repairing of* Paul's; *and to pay all Honest Debts, so far as may stand with my private Convenience.* Blind and Ridiculous Madness! for *Dust* and *Ashes* thus to *Reason* and *Condition* with the *Almighty*! For *Beggers* to talk of *Giving*, and obtrude their Vain and Unprofitable Offerings upon the inexhaustible Fountain of Riches and Bounty! To pray for those Things as *Blessings*, which are commonly showr'd down upon us for our *Confusion* and Punishment. And then in Case your Wishes take effect; what becomes of all the Sacred Vows and Promises ye made, in *Storms*, (perhaps) *Sickness* or *Necessity*? So soon as ye have Gain'd your *Port*, Recover'd

your *Health*, or *Patch'd up a broken Fortune*, you ſhew your ſelves, all of ye, a pack of Cheats; Your *Vows*, and *Promiſes*, are not worth ſo many *Ruſhes*: They are forgotten with your Dreams; and to *keep a Promiſe upon Devotion, that you made out of Neceſſity, is no Article of your Religion.* Why do ye not ask for *Peace of Conſcience, Encreaſe of Grace? The aid of the Bleſſed Spirit?* But you are too much taken up with the Things of this World, to attend thoſe Spiritual Advantages and Treaſures; and to conſider, that the moſt acceptable Sacrifices and Oblations you can make to the Almighty, are *Purity of Mind, an Humble Spirit*, and *a Fervent Charity*. The Almighty takes delight to be often call'd upon, that He may often pour down his Bleſſings upon his Petitioners. But ſuch is the Corruption of Human Nature, that Men ſeldom think of him, unleſs under Affliction; and therefore it is, that they are often Viſited; for by *Adverſity*, they are brought to the Knowledge, and Exerciſe of their *Duty*. I would now have you conſider, how little *Reaſon* there is in your Ordinary *Demands*. Put Caſe you have your Asking; what are you the better for the Grant? Since it fails you at laſt, becauſe you do not ask aright. When you die, your Eſtate goes to your Children; and for their parts, you are ſcarce cold, before you are forgotten. You are not to expect they ſhould beſtow much upon Works of Charity; for if nothing went that way while you were Living, they'll live after your Example when you are Dead. And beſide, there's no Merit in the Caſe. At this word ſome of the poor Creatures were about to reply, but the Devils had put Barnacles upon their Lips, that hindred them.

From thence I went to the *Witches* and *Wizards*; ſuch as pretend to cure Man and Beaſt, by *Charms, Words, Amulets, Characters*; and theſe were all burning alive. Theſe (ſays a Devil) are a Company of Cozening Rogues; the moſt accurſed Villains in Nature. If they help one Man, they kill another, and only remove the Diſeaſe from a *Worſe* to a *Better*: And yet there's no great Clamour againſt them neither; for if the Patient recover, he's well enough content, and the Doctor gets both Reputation and Reward for his Pains. If he dies, his Mouth is ſtopt, and Forty to One the next Heir does him a good Turn for the Diſpatch. So that, *Hit*, or *Miſs*; all is well at laſt. If you enter into a Debate with them about their Remedies, they'll tell you, *they learnt the Myſtery of a certain Jew*, and there's the *Original* of the *Secret*. Now to hear theſe *Quacks* give you the Hiſtory of their Cures, is beyond all the *Plays* and *Farces* in the World. You ſhall have a Fellow tell you of Fifteen People that were turn

rough the Body, and glad for a matter of There o carry their Puddings in their Hands; that in d Twenty Hours he made them as whole as Fi- d not so much as a *Scar* for a Remembrance of the Ask him *when* and *where?* you'll find it some Twelve d Leagues off, in a *Terra Incognita*, by the Token, that time he was *Physician in Ordinary* to a great hat dy'd about Five and Twenty Years ago.

:, Come, (cry'd a Devil) make an End of this Vi- you shall see those now, that *Judas* told you were es worse than himself. I went along with him, brought me to a Passage into a great Hall, where as a Damn'd smell of Brimstone, and a Company -*makers*, as I thought at first; but they prov'd af- to be *Alchymists*; and the Devils examining them terregatories, who were filthily put to't, to under- eir *Gibbrish*. Their *Talk* was much of the *Planeta*. ; *Gold* they call'd *Sol*; *Silver Luna*; *Tin Jupiter*; *us*. They had about them their *Furnaces*, *Cruci-* *Bellows*, *Clay*, *Minerals*, *Dung*, *Man's Blood*, *Powders*, *becks*. Some were *Calcining*; Others *Washing*; Here ; There *Separating*. *Fixing* what was *Volatile*, in ce; and *Rarifying* what was *Fixt* in another. Some on the work of *Transmutation, and Fixing* of *Mercu-* monstrous Hammers, upon an Anvil. And after d *resolv'd* the *viscous Matter*, and sent out the subti- s, that they came to the *Coppel*, all went away in Some again were in a hot Dispute, What *Fuel* was nd whether *Raymund Lullius* his *Fire, and no Fire*, e any thing else than *Lime*; or otherwise to be un- l of the *Light*, *Effective of Heat*, and not of the *Effec-* of *Fire*. Others were making their Entrance up- *reat Work*, after the *Hermetical* Method. Here they atching the Progress of their Operations, and their Observations upon *Proportions*, and *Colour*. ll the rest of these Blind Oracles lay waiting for overy of the *Materia Prima*, till they brought them- o the last Cast both of their Lives and Fortunes: tead of turning Base Metals and Materials into s they pretended: They made the contrary Inver- d were glad at length to take up with *Beggerly* d *False Coiners*. What a stir was there, with cry- , ever and anon! *Look ye, Look ye! The Old Father is ain*; *Down with him, Down with him*; What *Glossing*, *menting* upon the Old *Chymical Text*, that says; *Blessed* , *That has order'd the most Excellent Thing in Nature out st.* If so, (quoth one) let's try, if we can fetch *sopher's Stone* out of a *Common Strumpet*, which is of

all Creatures undoubtedly the Vileſt. And the Word was no ſooner out, but a matter of Three and Twenty Whores went to Pot; but the Fleſh was ſo Curſedly Mawmiſh and Rotten, that they ſoon gave over the Thought of that Projection. And then they entred upon a freſh Conſultation, and concluded, *Nemine Contradicente*, that the *Mathematicians*, by that Rule, were the only fit matter to work upon; as being the moſt damnably dry, (to ſay nothing of their Diviſions, among and againſt themſelves) ſo that with one Voice, they call'd for a parcel of *Mathematicians*, to the Furnace, to begin the Experiment. But a Devil came in juſt in the *God-ſpeed*, and told them; *Gentlemen Philoſophers*, (ſays he) if you would know the Wretched'ſt and moſt Contemptible Thing in the World; It is an *Alchymiſt*: And we are of Opinion that You'll make as good *Philoſophers Stones*, as the *Mathematicians*. However, for Curioſity's ſake, we'll try for once; and ſo he threw them all together into a great *Chaldron*; and to ſay the Truth, the poor Sneaks ſuffer'd contentedly; out of a deſire, I ſuppoſe, to help on toward the perfecting of the Operation.

On the other ſide, were a Knot of *Aſtrologers*, and one among the reſt that had ſtudy'd *Chyromancy* or *Palmiſtry*; who took all the Damn'd by the Hands, one after another. One he told, That it was as plain as the Noſe on his Face, that he was to go to the Devil, for he perceiv'd it by the *Mount* of *Saturn*. You (ſays he to another) have been a *Swinging Whore-Maſter* in your Days; I ſee that by the *Mount* of *Venus* here, and by her *Girdle*; and in ſhort, every Man's Deſtiny, he read in his *Fiſt*. After him advanc'd another, Creeping upon all Four; with a pair of *Compaſſes* betwixt his Teeth; his *Spheres* and *Globes* about him; his *Jacob*'s *Staff* before him; and his *Eyes* upon the *Stars*, as if he were taking a *Height*, or making an *Obſervation*. When he had gazed a while, up he ſtarts of a ſudden; and wringing his Hands, *Good Lord*, (ſays he) *What an unlucky Dog was I! If I had come into the World, but one half quarter of an Hour ſooner, I had been ſav'd*; for juſt then *Saturn ſhifted*, and *Mars* was lodg'd in the *Houſe of Life*. One that follow'd him, bad his Tormentors be ſure he was *Dead*; for (ſays he) I am a little doubtful of it my ſelf; in regard that I had *Jupiter* for my *Aſcendant*, and *Venus* in the *Houſe of Life*, and no *Malevolent Aſpect* to croſs me. So that by the Rules of *Aſtrology*, I was to live preciſely, *a Hundred Years and One*; *Two Months*; *Six Days*; *Four Hours*; *and Three Minutes*. The next that came up was a *Geomancer*; one that reduced all his Skill to certain little *Points*, a[illegible] them would tell you, as well *Things paſt*, as to come:

Points he bestow'd at a Venture, among several unequal Lines; some *Long*, others *Shorter*, like the Fingers of a Man's Hand; and then with a certain *Ribble Rabble* of *Mysterious Words*, he proceeds to his *Calculation*, upon *Even*, or *Odd*, and challenges the whole World to allow Him the most Learned, and Infallible of the Trade.

There were Divers great Masters of the Science that follow'd him. As *Haly*, *Gerrard*, *Bartle'mew of Parma*, and one *Tondin*; a Familiar Friend, and Companion of the Great *Cornelius Agrippa*, the famous Conjurer; who though he had but *one Soul*, was yet Burning in *four Bodies*. (I mean the *four Damnable Books* he left behind him.) There was *Trithemius* too, with his *Polygraphy* and *Steganography*; that had Devils now his belly-full, though in his Life-time his Complaint was, that he could never have enough of their Company. Over-against him was *Cardan*; but they could not set their Horses together, because of an old Quarrel; whether was the more *impudent* of the Two. And there I saw *Mizaldus* tearing his Beard, in Rage, to find himself Pumpt dry; and that he could not fool-on, to the End of the Chapter. *Theophrastus* was there too, bewailing himself for the Time he had spent at the *Alchymists Bellows*. There was also the unknown Author of *Clavicula Solomonis*, and *The Hundred Kings of Spirits*; with the Composer of the Book, *Adversus omnia Pericula Mundi*. *Taisnerus* too, with his Book of *Physiognomy* and *Chiromancy*; and he was doubly punisht; first for the *Fool* he was, and then for *those* he had *made*. Though to give the Man his due, he knew himself to be a Cheat; and that he that gives a Judgment upon the Lines of a Face, takes but a very uncertain Aim. There were *Magicians*, *Necromancers*, *Sorcerers*, and *Enchanters* innumerable; besides divers *private Boxes*, that were kept for *Lords* and *Ladies*, and other *Personages* of great *Quality*, that put their Trust in these *Disciples* of the *Devil*; and go to *Strand-Bridge* or *Billeter-Lane*, for Resolution in Cases of *Death*, *Love*, or *Marriage*; and now and then to recover a *Gold Watch*, or a *Pearl Neck-Lace*.

Not far from these, were a Company of *handsom Women*, that were tormented in the quality of *Witches*; which griev'd my very Heart to see it. But to comfort me, What, (says a Devil) have you so soon forgot the Roguery of these Carrions? Have you not had Tryal enough yet of them; they are the very Poyson of Life, and the only dangerous *Magicians* that corrupt all your Senses, and disturb the Faculties of your Soul; these are they that cozen your *Eyes* with *false Appearances*, and set up your Wills in opposition to your *Understanding* and *Reason*. 'Tis right, said I, and now you mind me of it, I do very well re-

member, that I have ſound them ſo; but let's go on and ſee the reſt.

I was ſcarce gone three ſteps farther, but I was got into ſo hideous a dark place, that it was e'en a Mercy we knew where we were. There was firſt at the entrance, *Divine Juſtice*, which was moſt dreadful to behold; and a little beyond ſtood *Vice*, with a Countenance of the higheſt Pride and Inſolence imaginable. There was *Ingratitude*, *Malice*, *Ignorance*, *obſtinate* and *incorrigible Infidelity*, *bruτiſh* and *head-ſtrong Diſobedience*, *raſh* and *imperious Blaſphemy*, with *Garments* dipt in *Blood*, *Eyes ſparkling*, and *a hundred pair of Chops*, *barking at Providence*, *and vomiting Rage and Poyſon*. I went in (I confeſs) with fear and trembling, and there I ſaw all the Sects of *Idolaters* and *Hereticks*, that ever yet appeared upon the Stage of the Univerſe; and at their Feet, in a glorious Array, was Laſcivious *Barbara*, *ſecond Wife* to the Emperour *Sigiſmond*, and the *Queen of Harlots*: One that agreed with *Meſſalina* in this, that *Virginity* was both a *Burthen*, and a *Folly*; and that in her whole Life ſhe was never either *wearied or ſatisfy'd*? but herein ſhe went beyond her, in that ſhe held the *mortality* as well of the *Soul* as of the *Body*; but ſhe was now better inſtructed, and burnt like a bundle of *Matches*.

Paſſing forward ſtill, I ſpy'd a Fellow in a Corner all alone, with the Flames about his Ears, gnaſhing his Teeth, and *blaſpheming* through *fury* and *deſpair*. I askt him what he was, and he told me he was *Mahomet*. Why then (ſaid I) thou art the damnedſt Reprobate in Hell, and haſt brought more Wretches hither than half the World beſide; and *Lucifer* has done well to allot thee a Quarter here by thy ſelf; for certainly thou haſt well deſerv'd the firſt place in his Dominions. But ſince every Man chuſes to talk of what he loves. I prethee good *Impoſtor* tell me, What's the reaſon that thou haſt forbidden *Wine* to all thy *Diſciples?* Oh (ſays he) I have made them ſo drunk with my *Alcoran*, they need no *Tipple*. But why haſt thou forbidden them *Swines-fleſh* too? (ſaid I.) Becauſe (ſays he) I would not affront the *Jambon*; for *Water* upon *Gammon*, would be *falſe Heraldry*. And beſide, I never lov'd my People well enough to afford them the pleaſure, either of the *Grape* or the *Spare-Rib*. Nay, and for fear they ſhould chance to grope out the way to Heaven, I have eſtabliſht my Power and my Dominion by Force of Arms; without ſubjecting my Laws to idle Diſputes and Diſcourſes of *Reaſon*. Indeed there is little of *Reaſon* in my *Precepts*, and I would have as little in their *Obedience*. A world of Diſciples I have, but I think they follow me more out of *Appetite* than *Religion* or for the *Miracles I work*. I allow them

Liberty

' *Conscience*; they have as many Women as they nd do what they list, provided they meddle not : Government. But look about ye now, and id that there are more Knaves than *Mahomet*.

so, and found my self presently surrounded with of *Hereticks*, and their *Adherents*, many of which ady to tear out the *Throats* of their *Leaders*. One he rest was beset with a brace of Devils, and ei- hem a pair of Bellows puffing into each Ear Fire f *Air*, which made him a little *hot-headed*. There ther, that, as I was told, was a kind of a *Simoni-* had taken up his Seat in a *Pestilential Chair*; but it lark, I could not well discern whether it was a a *Presbyter*.

is time I had enough of Hell, and began to wish out again; but as I was looking about for a Re- stumbled upon a *Long Gallery* before I was aware: re I saw *Lucifer* himself, with all his *Nobility* about *ale* and *Female*. (For let *Marry'd Men* say their plea- ere are *She-Devils* too) I should have been at a loss what to do, or how to behave my self a- many strange Faces, if one of the *Ushers* had not me, and told me, that being a Stranger, it was esty's pleasure, I should enter, and have free Li- f seeing what was there to be seen. We exchan- ouple or two of Compliments; and then I began about me; but never did I see a Palace so tur- nor indeed comparable to it.

Furniture at the best is but a choice Collection of l *dumb Statues*, or *Paintings*; without *life*, *sense*, or But *there*, all the Pieces were *animated*, and no in the whole *Inventory*. There was hardly any be seen, but *Emperors* and *Princes*, with some few s) of their choicest Nobility and *Privadoes*. The nk was taken up by the *Ottoman Family*, and after te the *Roman Emperors*, in their Order; and the *Ro- gs*, down to *Tarquin the Proud*; beside *Highnesses*, and *Lords Spiritual* and *Temporal* innumerable. My *Lungs* now to call for a little *fresh Air*, and I desir'd my to shew me the way out again. Yes, yes, with Heart, (says he) follow me then. And so he car- away by a *back-passage*, into *Lucifer's House-of-Office*; there was I know not how many Tun of *Sir-reve-* nd Bales of *flattering Panegyricks*, not to be number'd; em *Licens'd*, and *Enter'd according to Order*. I could t smile at this Provision of *Tail-Timber*, and my *ook notice of it*; who was a good kind of a Damn'd *ut I call'd still to be gone*. And at length he led me

to a little Hole like the Vent of a *Vault*, and I crept through it as nimbly as if the Devil himself had given me a lift at the Crupper; when to my great wonder, I found my self in the *Park* again, where I begun my Story: Not without an odd Medley of *Passions*; partly reflecting upon what others endur'd; and in part, upon my own condition of Ease and Happiness, that had deserv'd, perhaps, the contrary as well as they. This Thought put me upon a Resolution of leading such a course of Life for the future, that I might not come to *feel* these Torments in *Reality*, which I had now only seen in *Vision*.

And I must here intreat the Reader to follow my Example, without making any farther Experiment; and likewise not to cast an *ill Construction* upon a *fair Meaning*. My design is to discredit, and discountenance the Works of Darkness, without *Scandalizing* of Persons; and since I speak only of the *Damn'd*, I'm sure no honest Man alive will reckon this Discourse a *Satyr*.

The End of the Sixth Vision.

THE

SEVENTH VISION,

OF

HELL REFORM'D.



THERE happen'd lately so terrible an *Uproar*, and *Disorder* in *Hell*, that (though it be a place of perpetual *Outrage* and *Confusion*) the oldest Devil never knew the fellow of it; and the *Inhabitants* expected nothing less than an absolute *Topsy-Turvy*, and *Dissolution of their Empire*. The *Devils* fell upon the *Damn'd*; and the *Damn'd* fell upon the *Devils*, without knowing one from t'other; and all running *helter skelter*, to and again, like mad; for in fine, it was no other than a general *Revolt*. This *Hurly-burly* lasted a good while, before any Mortal could imagine the meaning of it; but at length there came certain Intelligence of a *Monstrous Talker*, a *Pragmatical Medling Undertaker*; and an *old Bawd* of a *Governante*, that had knockt off their

 Shackles,

Shackles, and made all this Havock. *Which may give the Reader to understand what kind of Cattel these are, that could make Hell it self more Dangerous and unquiet.*

Lucifer, in the mean time, went *Yelping* up and down, and *Bawling*, for *Chains*, *Hand-Cuffs*, *Bolts*, *Manacles*, *Shackles*, *Fetters*, to tie up his Pris'ners again; when, in the middle of his *Career*, *He* and the *Babler*, or *Talker*, I to'd ye of, met *full-butt*; and after a little staring one another in the Face, upon the Encounter, the *Babler* open'd. Prince mine, (says he) you have a Pack of *Lazy*, *Droning Devils* in your *Dominions*, that look after nothing, but sit with their Arms and Legs a-cross, and leave all your Affairs at *Six and Seven*. And you have divers abroad too, upon *Commission*, that have staid out their Time, and yet give you no Accompt of their Employment. The *Gouvernante*, who had been blowing the *Coal*, and Whispering *Sedition* from one to another, chanc'd to pass by in the *interim*, and stopping short, address'd her self to *Lucifer*: Look to your self (she cry'd) there is a *Desperate Plot* upon your *Diabolical Crown* and *Dignity*. There are *Two Tyrants* in't, *Three Parasites*, a *World* of *Physicians*, and whole *Legions* of *Lawyers* and *Attorneys*. One word more in your Ear: There is among them a *Mungrel-Priest*, (a kind of a *Lay Elder*) that will go near to sit upon your Skirts, if you have not a care of him.

At the very Name of *Priest*, and *Lay-Elder*, *Lucifer* lookt as *pale* as Death; stood stone-still, as *mute* as a Fish; and in his very Looks, discover'd his Apprehensions. After a little pause, he rous'd himself, as out of a Trance. A *Priest*, do ye say? a *Lay-Elder? Tyrants? Lawyers? Physicians? A Composition to Poyson all the Devils in Hell, and Purge their very Guts out!* With that away he went to visit the *Avenues*, and set his *Guards*; and who should he meet next, but the *Medler*, in a monstrous haste and hurry? Nay then, (says he) here is the *Forerunner of Ill-Luck*. But what's the matter? The Matter! cry'd the *Medler*; and then with a huge deal of tedious and impertinent Circumstance, he up and told him, that a great many of the *Damn'd* had contriv'd an *Escape*; and that there was a Design to call in *four* or *five Regiments* of *Hypocrites*, and *Usurers*; under colour, forsooth, of Establishing a better *Intelligence* betwixt *Earth* and *Hell*, with a hundred other Fopperies; and had gone on till this time, if *Lucifer* would have found Ears: But he had other Fish to fry; for Neck and all was now at Stake; and so he went about his Business of putting all in a posture, and strengthening his *Guards*. And for the farther Security of his Royal Person, he entertain'd into *his own immediate Regiment*, several

Reformadoes of the Society, that he particularly knew to be no Flinchers.

He began his *Survey* in the *Vaults* and *Dungeons*, among his *Jaylers* and *Pris'ners*. The *Makebate-Babler* march'd in the *Van*, breathing an Air that kindled and enflam'd wherever he past, without giving any Light; setting People together by the Ears, they knew not why. In the second Place the *Gouvernante*, as full of *News* and *Tittle-tattle* as she could hold, and telling her *Tale* all the way she went. In the Breech of her, follow'd the *Medler*, learing as he past along, first on one side, then on the other, without ever moving his Head; and making fair with every Soul he saw in's way. He gave *one a Bow*; *t'other a Kiss*; *Your most Humble Servant*, to a *third*; *Can I Serve you Sir*, to a *fourth*: But every Compliment was worse to the poor Creatures, than the Fire it self. Ah *Traytor!* says one: For Pity's sake, away with this new *Tormentor!* crys another: This Fellow is *Hell upon Hell*, says a third. As he trudg'd on, there was a Rabble of Rascals got together; and in the middle of the Crowd, a most Eminent *Knight of the Post*, (a great Master of his Trade) *that was reading a Lecture to that Venerable Assembly, of the Noble Mystery of Swearing and Lying*; and would have taught any Man in one quarter of an Hour, to prove any thing upon Oath, that he never saw, nor heard of in his Life. This Doctor had no sooner cast his Eye upon the *Intermedler*, but up he started in a Fright. How now? says he, *Is that Devil here?* I came hither on purpose to avoid him; and if I could but have dreamt he'd have been in *Hell*, beyond all dispute, I'd have gone my self to *Paradise*.

As he was speaking, we heard a great, and a confused Noise of *Arms*, *Blows*, and *Out-cryes*; and presently we discover'd several Persons falling one upon another like Lightning, and in short, with such a Fury, that 'tis not for any Tongue or Pen to describe the Battel. One of them appear'd to be an *Emperor*; for he was *Crown'd* with *Laurel*, and surrounded with a grave sort of People, that lookt like *Counsellors* or *Senators*; and had all the *Old Statutes*, and *Records* at their Fingers end: By which they endeavour'd to make it out; *That a King might be kill'd in his Personal Capacity, and his Politick Capacity never the worse for't*. And upon this Point, were they at *Daggers-drawn* with the *Emperor*. *Lucifer* came then roundly up to him, and with a Voice that made Hell quake; What are you, Sir, (says he) that take upon you thus in my Dominions? I am the Great *Julius Cæsar*, (quoth he) that in this general Tumult thought to have reveng'd my self upon *Brutus* and *Cassius*, for Munthering me in the *Senate*; under colour (forsooth)

(forsooth) of asserting the *Common Liberty*; whereas these Traytors did it meerly out of *Envy*, *Avarice* and *Ambition*. It was the *Emperor*, not the *Empire* they hated. They pretended to destroy *Me*, for introducing a *Monarchy*; but did *They* overthrow the *Monarchy* it self? No, but on the contrary, they confirm'd it; and did more Mischief in taking away *My Life*, than I did in dissolving *their Republick*. However, *I dy'd an Emperor; and these Villains carry'd only the Infamy, and Brand of Regicides to their Graves; and the World has ever since ador'd My Memory, and abhorr'd Theirs. Tell me* (quoth he) *ye cursed Blood-Hounds,* (turning towards them) *whether was your Government better think ye, in the Hands of your Senators, a Company of talking Gown-men, that knew not how to keep it, or in the Hands of a Soldier, that won it by his Merit? It is not the Drawing of a Charge, or the making of a fine Oration, that fits People for Government; nor will a Crown sit well upon the Head of a Pedant*; but let him wear it that deserves it. *He is the true Patriot that advances the Glory of his Country, by Actions of Bravery and Honour. Which has more right to Rule think ye, he that only* Knows *the Laws, or he that* Maintains *them? The one only* Studies *the Government, the other* Protects *it. Wretched Republick! Thou call'st it Freedom to obey a divided Multitude, and Slavery to serve a single Person; and when a Company of covetous little Fellows are got together, they must be stil'd* Fathers of their Country, *forsooth; and shall one Generous Person take up with the Name of* Tyrant: *Oh! How much better had it been for* Rome *to have preserv'd that one Son that made her Mistress of the World, than that Multitude of Fathers, who by so many Intestine Wars, render'd her but a Step-Mother to her own Children. Barbarous and cruel that you are! So much as to mention the Name of a Commonwealth; considering that since the People tasted of Monarchy, they have prefer'd even the worst of Princes, as* Nero, Tiberius, Caligula, Heliogabalus, *&c. before your Tribe of Senators.*

This Discourse of *Cæsar*'s struck *Brutus* with exceeding *Shame* and *Confusion*; but at length, with a feeble and trembling Voice, he deliver'd himself to this effect. 'Gentlemen of the Senate, (*says he*) do ye not hear *Cæsar*? Or will you add Sin to Sin, and suffer all the 'Blame to be cast upon the *Instruments*, when you your 'selves were the *Contrivers* of the Villany? Why do ye not 'answer? For *Cæsar* speaks to you, as well as to us. '*Cassius* and my *self*, were but your *Bravos*, and govern'd 'by *your Persuasions* and *Advice*, little dreaming of that in'satiable Ambition that lay lurking under the Gravity 'of your long Beards and Robes. But 'tis the practice 'of you all, to Arraign that Tyranny in the Prince, 'which you would Exercise your selves: in effect, when 'you have gotten Power, and the colour of Authority

'in your Hands, it is more dangerous for a Prince not to 'comply with you, than for a Vassal to rebel against his 'Prince. To what end serv'd your perfidious and ungrateful Treason? Make answer to *Cæsar*. But for our 'parts, in the Conscience of our Sin, we feel the Severity of our Punishment.

At these words a *Hollow-Ey'd Supercilious Senator*, (that had been of the Conspiracy, and was then *blazing* like a *Pitch-Barrel*) rais'd himself, and with a faint Voice, ask'd *Cæsar* what reason he had to complain? 'For *Prince*, (*says* '*he*) if King *Ptolomy* Murther'd *Pompey the Great*, upon 'whose score he held his Kingdom: Why might not the '*Senate* as well *kill you*, to recover what you had taken 'from them? And in the case betwixt *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, 'let the Devils themselves be Judges. As for *Achillas* '(*who was one of the Murtherers*) what he did, was by *Ptolomy's* 'Command, and then he was but a *Free-booter* neither, a 'Fellow that got his Living by Rapine and Spoil: But '*Cæsar* was undoubtedly the more infamous of the Two. ''Tis true, you wept at the sight of *Pompey's Head*, but 'such Tears as were more treacherous than the Steel 'that kill'd him. Ah Cruel Compassion, and Revengeful Pity! that made Thee a more Barbarous Enemy to '*Pompey*, *dead* than *living*. Oh that ever two Hypocrite 'Eyes should creep into the first Head of the World! To 'conclude, the Death of *Cæsar* had been the *Recovery* of 'our *Republick*, if the Multitude had not call'd in others 'of his Race to the Government; which render'd *thy fall* 'the very *Hydra* of the Empire.

We had had another Skirmish upon these words, if *Lucifer* had not commanded *Cæsar* to his Cell again, upon pain of Death; and there to abide such Correction as belong'd to him, for slighting the Warnings he had of his Disaster. *Brutus* and *Cassius* too were turn'd over to the *Politick Fools*: And the *Senators* were dispatch'd away to *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*, and to sit as *Assistants in the Devil's Bench*.

After this I heard a Murmuring Noise as of People talking at a distance, and by degrees I made it out that they were wrangling and disputing still lowder and lowder, till at length it was but a Word and a Blow; and the nearer I came, the greater was the Clamour. This made me mend my pace; but before I could reach them, they were all together by the Ears in a *bloody Fray*: They were Persons of great Quality all of them; as *Emperors*, *Magistrates*, *Generals of Armies*. *Lucifer*, to take up the Quarrel, commanded them *Peace* and *Silence*, and they all obey'd; but it vext them to the Hearts, to be so taken off in the full *career* of their *Fury* and *Revenge*. The first that

that open'd his Mouth, was a Fellow so Martyr'd with Wounds and Scars, that I took him at first for an *indigent Officer*; but it prov'd to be *Clitus* (as he said himself.) And one at his Elbow told him, he was a saucy Companion, for presuming to speak before his time; and so desir'd Audience of *Lucifer*, for *the high and mighty* Alexander *the Son of* Jupiter, *and the Emperor and Terror of the World*: He was going on with his *Qualities* and *Titles*; but an Officer gave the word, *Silence*, and bad *Clitus* begin; which he took very kindly, and told his Story.

'If it may please Your Majesty (*says he*) I was the first 'Favourite of this Emperor; who was then Lord of the 'known World, bare the Title of *the King of Kings*, and 'boasted himself for the *Son* of *Jupiter Hammon*; and yet 'after all this Glory and Conquest, he was himself a 'Slave to his Passions; he was Rash, and Cruel, and 'consequently incapable either of Counsel or Friendship. 'While I liv'd, I was near him, and serv'd him faithfully; but it seems, he did not entertain me, so much for 'my Fidelity, as to augment the Number of his Flatterers: But I found my self too honest for a Base Office; 'and still as he ran into any foul Excesses, I took a Freedom with all possible Modesty, to shew him his Mistakes. 'One Day, as he was talking slightly of his Father *Philip* '(*that brave Prince*, from whom he receiv'd as well his Honour, as his Being,) I told him frankly what I thought 'of that *Ingratitude*, and *Vanity*; and desired him to treat 'his *dead Father* with more *Reverence*, as a Prince worthy 'of Eternal Honour and Respect. This Commendation 'of *Philip*, so enflam'd him, that presently he took a Partisan, and struck me Dead in the place with his own 'Hand. After this, pray'e where was his Divinity, 'when he gave *Abdolominus*, (a poor Garden-weeder) the 'Kingdom of *Sidonia*? Which was not, as the World 'would have it, out of any Consideration of his Virtue, 'but to mortify and take down the Pride and Insolence 'of the *Persians*. Meeting him here just now in *Hell*, I 'ask'd him what was become of *his Father Jupiter* that he 'lay so long by't; and whether he were not yet convinc'd that all Flatterers were a Company of Rascals, 'who with their *Incense*, and *Altars*, would persuade him, 'that he was of *Divine Extraction*, and *Heir Apparent to the Throne and Thunder of Jupiter*. This now was the ground 'of our Quarrel. But Invectives apart; who but a *Tyrant* would have put *a Loyal Subject* to *Death*, only for his '*Affection*, and *Regards* to the *Memory* of his Dead Father? '*How* barbarously did he treat his Favourites, Parmenio, *Philotas*, *Calisthenes*, *Amintas*, *&c.* So that good or bad is

all

'all a case; for 'tis Crime enough to be the Favourite of 'a Tyrant: As in the Course of Human Life, every 'Man *dies* because he is *Mortal*; and the *Disease* is rather 'the *Pretext* of his *Death*, than the *Cause* of it. You'll find now (says *Satan*) that *Tyrants* will shew their *People* many a *Dog-trick* when the Humour takes them. The *Good* they *hate*, for not being *wicked*; and the *Bad*, because they are no *worse*. How many *Favourites* have you ever seen come to a *fair* and *timely End*? Remember the *Emblem* of the *Sponge*, and that's the use that *Princes* make of their *Favourites*, *They let them suck and fill, and then squeese them for their own Profit.*

At that word there was heard a lamentable Cry; and at the same time a venerable *Old Man*, as pale as if he had no Blood in his Veins, came up to *Lucifer*, and told him, That his *Emblem* of the *Sponge* came very pat to his *Case*; For (says he) *I was a great* Favourite, *and a great* Hoarder of Treasure: *A* Spaniard *by* Birth; *the* Tutor *and* Confident *of* Nero; *and my* Name *is* Seneca. *Indeed his Bounties were to Excess; he* gave *me without asking, and in* taking *I was never* Covetous, *but* Obedient. *It is in the Nature of Princes, and it besits their Quality, to be* liberal where they take a liking, both of *Honour* and *Fortunes*: *And 'tis hard for a Subject to refuse, without some Reflection upon the Generosity or Discretion of his Master.* For 'tis not the *Merit*, or *Modesty* of the *Vassal*, but the *Glory* of the *Prince* that is in Question: And he is the *best Subject*, that contributes the most to the *Splendor*, and *Reputation* of his *Sovereign*. *Nero* indeed gave me as much as such a Prince could bestow; and I manag'd his Liberalities with all the Moderation imaginable: Yet all too little, to preserve me from the Strokes of Envious and Malicious Tongues; which would have it, that my *Philosophizing* upon the *Contempt of the World*, was nothing else but a meer *Imposture*, that with less *danger* and *notice*, I might feed and entertain my *Avarice*, and with the fewer *Competitors*. Finding my Credit with my Master declining, it stood me upon to provide some way or other for my Quiet; and to withdraw my self from being the *mark* of a *Publick Envy*, So I went directly to *Nero*, and with all possible Respect and Humility, made him a *Present* back again of his own *Bounties*. The Truth is, I had so great a *Passion* for his *Service*, that neither the *Severity* of his *Nature*, nor the *Debauchery* of his *Manners*, could ever deter me from exhorting him to nobler Courses, and paying him all the Duties of a *Loyal Subject*. Especially in cases of *Cruelty* and *Blood*: I laid it perpetually home to his Conscience, but all to little purpose; for *he put his Mother to Death; laid the City of* Rome *in Ashes; and indeed, depopulated the Empire, of honest Men.* And this drew on *Piso's Conspiracy*, which was better

laid

laid than *executed:* For upon the Discovery, the prime Instruments lost their Lives? and by divine Providence this Prince was preserv'd, in order (as one would have thought) to his Repentance and change of Life. But upon the Issue, the *Conspiracy* was *prevented*, and *Nero* never the *better*. At the same time he put *Lucan* to *Death*, only *for being a better Poet than himself*. And if he gave me my *Choice* what Death to die, it was rather *Cruelty* than *Pity:* For in *the very Deliberation, which Death to Chuse, I suffer'd all even in the Terror and Apprehension that made me refuse the rest.* The Election I made was to *bleed to Death* in a *Bath*, and I finish'd my own dispatches hither; where to my farther Affliction, I have again encountred this Infamous Prince, studying new Cruelties, and instructing the very Devils themselves in the Art of Tormenting.

At that word *Nero* advanc'd, with his *Ill-favour'd Face, and shrill Voice.* 'It is very well (*says he*) for a Prince's 'Favourite, or Tutor, to be wiser than his Master: but 'let him manage that Advantage then with Respect, and 'not like a rash and insolent Fool, make Proclamation 'presently to the World, that he's the wiser of the Two. 'While *Seneca* kept himself within those Bounds, I lodg'd 'him in my Bosom, and the Love I had for that Man was 'the Glory of my Government; but when he came to 'publish once (what he should have dissembled or conceal'd) that it was not *Nero*, but *Seneca*, that rul'd the 'Empire, nothing less than his Blood could make satisfaction for so intolerable a Scandal; and from that Hour 'I resolv'd his Ruin. And I had rather suffer what I do 'a hundred times over, than entertain a Favourite that 'should raise His Credit upon My Dishonour. Whether 'I have reason on my side or no, I appeal to all this Princely Assembly: Draw near, I beseech ye, as many as are 'here, and speak freely, my Royal Brethren; Did you 'ever suffer any Favourite to 'scape unpunish'd, that had 'the Impudence to write, *I and my King*; to make a *Stale* 'of *Majesty*, and to publish himself a better *States-man* than 'his *Master?* No, no, (they cry'd out all with one Voice) it never was, and never shall be endured, while the World lasts: For we have left our Successors under an Oath, to have a care on't. 'Tis true, *a wise Counsellor at a Prince's Elbow, is a Treasure, and ought to be so esteemed,* while he makes it his Business to cry up the Abilities and Justice of his Sovereign: But in the instant that his Vanity transports him to the contrary; *away with him to the Dogs,* and *down with him,* for there's no enduring of it.

'All this (*cry'd Sejanus*) does not yet concern me; for 'though I had indeed more Brains than Tiberius; yet I so

'order

'order'd it, that he had the Credit in publick, of all
'my private Advices, and so sensible he was of my Ser-
'vices, that he made me his Partner, and Companion in
'the Empire: He caus'd my Statues to be Erected.
'and Invested them with sacred Privileges. *Let Sejanus
Live*, was the daily Cry of the People; and in Truth
'my well-being was the joy of the Empire; and far and
'near there were publick Prayers and Vows offer'd up
'for my Health. But what was the End of all? When
'I thought my self surest in my Master's Arms and Fa-
'vour, he let me fall; nay, he threw me down, caus'd
'me to be cut in pieces; delivering me up to the Fury
'of a Barbarous and Enrag'd Multitude, that drag'd me
'along the Streets, and happy was he that could get a
'piece of my Flesh to carry upon a Javelins Point in Tri-
'umph. And it had been well this inhuman Cruelty
'had stopt here; but it extended to my poor *Children*;
'who, though unconcern'd in my *Crimes*, were yet to
'partake in my *Fate*. A Daughter I had, whom the ve-
'ry Law exempted from the Stroke of *Justice*, because of
'her *Virginity*; but to clear that Scruple, she was con-
'demn'd first to be *Ravish'd* by the *Hangman*, and then to
'be *Beheaded*, and treated as her Father. My first Failing
'was upon Temerity and Pride: I would out-run my
'Destiny, defy Fortune; and for *Divine Providence*, I look'd
'upon it as a *ridiculous thing*. When I was once out of the
'way, I thought doing worse was somewhat in order to
'being better; and then I began to fortify my self by
'Violence, against Craft and Malice. Some were put to
'*Death*, others *Banish'd*; till in fine, all the Powers of
'Heaven and Earth, declar'd themselves against me. I
'had recourse to all sorts of ill People, and Means. I had
'my *Physician* for *Poysoning*; my *Assassins* for *Revenge*; I had
'my *false Witnesses* and *corrupt Judges*; and in Truth, what
'Instrument of wickedness had I not? And all this not
'upon Choice or Inclination; but purely out of the Ne-
'cessity of my Condition. When ever I should come to
'fall, I was sure to be forsaken both of Good and Bad;
'and therefore I shun'd the *better sort*, as those that would
'only serve to accuse me; but the *lewd* and *vicious* I fre-
'quented, to increase the Number of my *Complices*, and
'make my *Party* the *stronger*. But after all, If *Tiberius* was
'a *Tyrant*, I'll swear he was never so by my Advice: But
'on the contrary; I have suffer'd more from him for
'*plain dealing* and dissuading him, than the very Subjects
'of his Severity have commonly suffer'd by him. I know,
''tis charg'd upon me, that I stirr'd him up to *Cruelty*,
'*to render him odious*, and to ingratiate my self to the Peo-

'ple

'ple. But who was his Adviser, I pray'e, in this Butch-
'erly Proceeding against me? Oh *Lucifer, Lucifer!* you
'know very well that 'tis the practice of Tyrants, when
'they do amiss themselves, and set their People a grumb-
'ling, to lay all the Blame (and Punishment too) upon
'the Instrument; and hang up the Minister for the
'Master's Fault. This is the End of all Favourites, *cries*
'*one*; Not a Half-penny matter if they were all serv'd so,
'*says another*. And every *Historian* has his *saying* upon this
'*Catastrophe*, and sets up a *Buoy* to warn After-ages of the
'Rock of *Court-favours*. The Greatness of a Favourite, *I*
'*must confess*, proclaims the Greatness of his Maker; and
'the Prince that maintains what he has once rais'd, does
'but justify the Prudence of his own Choice: And when
'ever he comes to undo what he has done, publishes
'himself to be light and unconstant, and does as good as
'declare himself (*even against himself*) of the Enemy's Party.

Up stept *Plantian* then, (*Severus's Favourite*) he that was toss'd out of a *Garret-Window*, to make the People sport. *My Condition in the World* (says he) *was perfectly like that of a* Rocket, *or* Fire-work: *I was carry'd up to a* Prodigious Height *in a moment, and all Peoples Eyes were upon me, as* a Star of the first Magnitude; *but my* Glory *was very* short-liv'd; and *down I fell into* Obscurity *and* Ashes. After him, appear'd a Number of *other Favourites*; and all of them hearkening to *Belisarius* the *Favourite* of *Justinian*; who Blind as he was, had already knockt twice with his Staff, and shaking his Head, with a weak and complaining Voice, desir'd *Audience*, which was at length granted him, *Silence* commanded; And he said, as follows.

'Princes (said he) before they destroy the Creatures
'they have rais'd and chosen, should do well to consider,
'that *Cruelty* and *Inconstancy* is much a greater *Infamy* to a
'*Prince*, than the *worst Effects* of it can be to a *Favourite*.
'For my own part, I serv'd an *Emperor*, that was both a
'*Christian*, and a great Lover and Promoter of *Justice*.
'And yet after all the Services I had done him, in seve-
'ral *Battels* and *Adventures*, (insomuch that He was actu-
'ally become my Debtor, for the very Glory of his Em-
'pire) My *Reward* in the End, was to have my *Eyes* put out,
'and (with a Dog and a Bell) to be turn'd a begging from
'Door to Door. Thus was that *Belisarius* treated, whose
'very *Name* formerly was worth an *Army*; and he was the
'*Soul* of his *Friends*, as well as the *Terror* of his *Enemies*. But
'a *Prince's Favour, is like Quick-silver, Restless, and Slippery, ne-
'ver to be fix'd; never secured. Force it, and it spends it self in
'Fumes: Sublime it, and 'tis a mortal Poison.* Handle it only, and
'*it works it self into the very Bones; and all* that have to do with
'*it, Live and Dye, Pale and Trembling.* A

At these Words the whole Band of *Favourites* set up a Hideous and a Heavy *Groan*, trembling like Aspen-leaves; and at the same time, reciting several Passages out of the Prophet *Habakkuk*, against *Careless* and *Wicked Governours*. By which Threatnings, is given to understand, *That the Almighty, when he has a Mind to destroy a Wicked Ruler, does not always Punish one Potentate by Another, and bring his Ends about by a Trial of Arms, or the Event of a Battel; but many times makes use of things the most Abject and Vile, to Confound the Vanity and Arrogance of the Mighty; and makes even Worms, Flies, Caterpillars, and Lice to serve him as the Ministers of his Terrible Justice:* Nay, *The Stone in the Wall, and the Beam in the House, shall rise in Judgment against them.*

This Discourse might have gone farther, but that the Company presently parted, to know the meaning of a sudden Noise and Clatter they heard, that half deafned the Auditory. And what was it at last, but a *Scuffle* between the *Gown-men*, and the *Brothers of the Blade?* and there were Persons of great *Honour*, and *Learning*, *young* and *old*, engag'd in the *Fray*. The *Men of War* were at it clashing with their *Swords*, and the *Gentlemen of the long Robe*, Fencing some with *Tostatus*; others with huge *Pandects*, that with their old *Wainscot-covers*, were as good as *Bucklers*; and would row and then give the Foe a heavy Rebuke, over and above. The *Combat* had certainly been very *bloody*, if one of *Lucifer*'s *Constables* had not *commanded* them *in the King's Name to keep the Peace*; which made a drawn Battel: And with that, one of the *Combatants*, with the best Face he had, said aloud; If ye knew (Gentlemen) either Us or our *Quarrel*, you'd say we had reason, and perhaps side with us. At that instant there appear'd, *Domitian*, *Commodus*, *Caracalla*, *Phalaris*, *Heliogabalus*, *Alcetes*, *Andronicus*, *Busiris*, and Old *Oliver*, with a World of great Personages more; which when *Lucifer* saw, he dispos'd himself to treat that Majestical Appearance, as much to their Satisfaction as was possible. And then came up a grave *Ancient Man*, with a great *Train* at his Heels, that were all *Bloody*, and full of the Marks they had receiv'd under the Persecution of these *Tyrants*.

'You have here before ye (quoth the Old Man) *Solon*; 'and these are the *Seven Sages*, Natives of *Greece*, but re'nown'd throughout the *Universe*. He there in the *Mor*'*tar*, is that *Anaxarchus* that was Pounded to Death by 'Command of *Nicrocon*; He with the *Flat Nose*, is *Socra*'*tes*; the little *Crump-shoulder'd Wretch*, was the Famous *A*'*ristotle*; and T'other there the *Divine Plato*. Those in the '*Corner*, are all of the same Profession too; Grave and '*Learned Philosophers*; that have displeas'd *Tyrants* with

'their

'their *Writings*: and in fine, the *World* is stor'd with their '*Works*, and *Hell* with the *Authors*. To come to the Point, 'most mighty *Lucifer*, we are all of us Dealers in *Politicks*; 'great *Writers*, and *Deep-read-men* in the Maxims of *State* 'and *Government*. We have digested *Policy* into a *Method*, 'and laid down certain *Rules*, by which Princes may 'make themselves *Great* and *Belov'd*. We have advis'd 'them, impartially to administer *Justice*; to reward *Virtue*, as well *Military* as *Civil*; to Employ *Able Men*, Banish '*Flatterers*; to put Men of *Wisdom* and *Integrity* in Places of '*Trust*. To reward or punish, without *Passion*, and according to the Merits of the Cause, as *God's Vicegerents*. And this now is our Offence. We name no body, 'we design no body; but '*tis Crime enough to wish well to the* '*Way, and to the Lovers of Virtue.* With that turning towards the *Tyrants*: 'Oh most unjust Princes, (said he) 'those Glorious *Kings* and *Emperors*, from whom we took 'the *Model* of our Laws and Instructions, are now in a 'state of *Rest* and *Comfort*, while *you* are *tormented*. *Numa* 'is now a *Star* in the *Firmament*, and *Tarquin* a *Fire-brand* 'in *Hell*. And the Memory of *Augustus* and *Trajan* is still 'fresh and fragrant, when the Names of *Nero* and *Sardanapalus* are more Putrid and Odious than their Bodies.

When *Dionisius* the *Tyrant* heard this, (with his Companions about him) Flesh and Blood could hold no longer; and he cry'd out in a Rage, '*That Rogue Philosopher has told* '*a Thousand Lyes. Legislators with a Pox!* Yes, yes, they are 'sweet *Legislators*, and Princes have many a fair Obligation to them. No, no Sirrah, (says he to *Solon*) you 'are all of you a Company of *Quacks*; Ye prate and speculate of things ye don't understand; and with your '*damn'd Moralities*, set the People agog upon *Liberty*; cry 'up the Doctrine of *Free-born Subjects*, and then our *Portion* 'is *Persecution* in *one World*, and *Infamy* in t'other.

'We shall have a fine Time on't, my most Gracious 'Prince, (cry'd *Julian the Apostate*, staring *Lucifer* in the 'Face) when these *Dunghil-Pedants*, a Company of *Cock-brain'd*, *Ridiculous*, *Mortifi'd*, *Ill-bred*, *Beggerly Tatterdemalions*, 'shall come to erect *a Committee for Politicks*, and pass *Sentence* upon *Governours*, and *Governments*; stiling themselves '(forsooth) the *Supporters* of both: without any more 'Skill than my Horse in what belongs to either. Tell 'me (says he) if a Brave Prince had not better be Damned, than subject himself to hear one of these *Turdy-Facy-Paty-Nasty-Lousy-Fartical Rascals*, with a *Scabb'd Head*, 'and a *Plantation* of *Lice* in his *Beard*; and his *Eyes* crept into the Nape of his *Neck*, pronouncing for an *Aphorism*; '*That a Prince that looks only to One, is a Tyrant*; and that *a*

'Tr

'*True King is the Shepherd, and Servant of his People.* Ah, rash
' and besotted Coxcombs! If *a King looks only to Others, who*
' *shall look to Him?* As if Princes had not Enemies enough
' abroad, without being so to themselves too. But you
' may Write your Hearts out, and never the nearer.
' Where's our *Sovereignty*, if we have not our *Subjects Lives*
' and *Estates* at our *Mercy?* And where's our absolute Pow-
' er, if we submit to the Counsels of our Vassals? If we
' have not to satisfie our Appetites, Avarice and Revenge,
' we want Power to discharge the Noblest Ends of Go-
' vernment. These *Contemplative Idiots* would have us make
' Choice of *Good Officers*, to keep the *Bad* in *Order*; which
' were a Madness, in our Condition. Let them be *Com-
' plaisant*, and no matter for any other Merit, or *Virtue*.
' *A Parcel of Good Offices, handsomly dispos'd among a Pack of
' Cheats and Atheists, will make us a Party another Day*; where-
' as all is lost, that's bestow'd upon honest Men; for
' they're our Enemies: Speak Truth then all of ye, and
' shame the Devil; for *the Butcher fats his Sheep only for the
' Shambles.*

I have said enough I suppose, to stop your Mouths; but here's an Orator will read you another-gates Lecture of *Politicks*, than any you have had yet, if you'll give him the Hearing. *Photinus*, advance, (said *Julian*) and speak your Mind. Whereupon, there appear'd a *Brazen-fac'd* Fellow, with a *Hanging-Look*, and twenty other Marks of a *Desperate Villain*; who with a *Hellish Tell*, and *three or four wry Mouths* for a *Prologue*, brake into this Discourse.

The Wicked Advice of one of Ptolomy's *Courtiers, about the Killing of* Pompey; *taken out of* Lucan's Pharsalia, *Lib.* 8.

'Methinks under Favour, (most Renown'd *Ptolomy*)
' we are now slipt into a Debate, a little beside the
' Business. The Question is, *Whether* Pompey *should be deli-
' ver'd up to* Cæsar *or no?* That is to say, whether in *Rea-
' son of State*, it *ought* to be done; and we are formalizing
' the Matter, whether in point of *Equity* and *Justice* it *may*
' be done. *Bodies Politick have no Souls*; *and never did any great
' Prince turn a Council of State into a Court of Conscience, but he
' repented it.* *Kingdoms* are to be govern'd by *Politicians*, not
' by *Casuists*; and there is nothing more contrary to the
' true Interest of *Crowns* and *Empires*, than in *Publick Cases*,
' to make a Scruple of *Private Duties*. The Argument is
' this; *Pompey* is in *Distress*, and *Ptolomy* under an *Obligation*;
' so that it were a violation of *Faith* and *Hospitality*, not to
' relieve him. Now give me leave to reason in the o-
' ther

other way. *Pompey* is forsaken, and *persecuted* by the *Gods*; *Cæsar* upon the Heels of him, with *Victory* and *Success*. Shall *Ptolomy* now *ruine himself*, to *protect a Fugitive*, against both *Heaven and Cæsar!* I must confess, where *Honesty* and *Profit* are both of a side, 'tis well; but where they disagree, the Prince that does not quit his *Religion* for his *Convenience*, falls into a direct Conspiracy against himself. He shall lose the *Hearts* of his *Soldiery*, and the *Reputation* of his *Power*. Whereas on the contrary, the most hateful Tyrant in the World shall be able to keep his Head above Water, let him but give a general Licence to commit all sorts of Wickedness: You'll say 'tis impious: But I say, what if it be? who shall call you to account? These Deliberations are only for *Subjects*, that are under *Command*; and not for *Sovereign Princes*, whose *Will* is a *Law*.

— Exeat Aulâ,
Qui volet esse pius. —

He was never cut out
For a Court, that's devout.

In fine, since either *Pompey* or *Ptolomy* must suffer, I am absolutely for the saving of *Ptolomy*, and the presenting of *Pompey's Head*, without any more ado, to *Cæsar*. *A Dead Dog will never Bite.*

Photinus had no sooner made an end, but *Domitian* appear'd in a monstrous *Rage*, and lugging of poor *Suetonius* after him, *like a Bear to the Stake*. 'There is not in Nature (says he) so damn'd a Generation of *Scribling Rogues*, as these *Historians*. We can neither be quiet for them, *Living nor Dead*; for they haunt us in our very *Graves*; and when they have vented the *Humour*, and *Caprice* of their own Brains, that forsooth must be called, *The Life of such an Emperor*. And for an Instance, I'll shew ye what this *Impertinent Chronicler* says of my self. *He had squander'd away his Treasure*, (says he) *in expensive Building, Comedies, and Donatives to the Soldiers.*

Now would I fain know which way it could have been better employ'd.

In another place he says, '*That* Domitian *had some thoughts of easing himself in his Military Charges, by reducing the Number; but that he durst not do, for fear some of his Neighbours should put an Affront upon him. So that to lick himself whole, he fell to raking and scraping whatever he could get, either from Dead or Living; and any Rascal's Testimony was Proof enough for a Confiscation; for there needed no more to undo an* Honest Man, than

to

'*to tell a Tale at Court, that such a one had spoken Ill of the Prince.*
'Is this the way of Treating *Majesty?* what could this
'*Impudent Pedant* have said worse, if he had been speaking
'of a *Pick-Pocket*, or a *Pirate?* But *Princes* and *Thieves* are all
'one to them.

He says farther, '*That* Domitian *made Seizure of several*
'*Estates, without any sort of Right whatsoever, and there was no*
'*more to his Title, than for a false Witness to depose, That he heard*
'*the Defunct declare, before he dy'd, that he made* Cæsar *his Heir.*
'*He set such a Tax upon the* Jews, *that many of them deny'd their*
'*Religion to avoid it. And I remember that when I was a young*
'*Fellow, I saw an old Man of Fourscore and Ten, taken upon suspicion by one of* Domitian's *Spies, and turn'd up in a publick*
'*Assembly, to see if he was Circumcised.*

'Be ye now, Judges, *Gentlemen of the Black Guard*, if this
'be not a most intolerable Indignity. Am I to answer
'for the Actions of my Inferior Officers? It amazes me,
'that my Successors should ever endure these scandalous
'Reports to be published, especially against a *Prince* that
'had laid out so much Money in Repairing the Libraries that were burnt.

It is very true, (said *Suetonius* in a doleful tone) and I have not forgotten to make mention of it to your Honour. But what will you say, if I shew you in a Warrant under your Hand, this *execrable* and *impious Blasphemy!* *It is the Command of your Lord and God.* And in fine, if I speak nothing but Truth, where's your cause of Complaint? I have written the Lives too of the Great *Julius Cæsar*, and the Divine *Augustus*; and the World will not say but I have done them right. But for your self, and such as you, that are effectually but so many *Incarnate* and *Crowned Plagues*; what fault have I committed in setting before your Eyes those *Tyrannies*, which Heaven and Earth cannot but look upon with *Dread* and *Horrour*,

This Discourse of *Suetonius* was interrupted by the *Babler*, or *Boutefou*, that rounded *Lucifer* in the Ear, and told him, 'Look ye Sir, (*says he pointing with his Finger*) that
'limping Devil there, that looks as if he were surbated
'with beating the Hoof, has been abroad in the World
'this Twenty Year, and is but just now come back a-
'gain. Come hither Sirrah, cryes *Lucifer*; and so the poop Cur went wrigling and glotting up towards his Prince. 'You are a fine Rogue to be sent of an Errand,
'are ye not? (says *Lucifer*) to stay Twenty Year out, and
'come back again e'en as wise as ye went? What Souls
'have ye brought now? Or what News from t'other
'World? *Ha!* Your Highness (quoth the Devil) has too much Honour and Justice, to condemn me unheard.

Wherefore

herefore be pleased to remember, that at my going t, you gave me charge of a certain Merchant: *It cost the first Ten Years of my time to make him a Thief, and Ten more keep him from turning honest again, and restoring what he had.* A fine Fetch for a Devil this, is it not? cry'd *Lucifer.* *Hell is no more the Hell it was when I knew it first, than Chalk heese: And the Devils now-adays are so damn'dly insipid and dry, 're hardly worth the roasting.* A senless Puppy! to come k to me *with a Story of* Waltham's *Calf, that went nine to suck a Bull.* Bet he's not Master of his Trade yet. d with that, *Lucifer* bad one of his Officers take him a-y, and put him to School again; for I perceive he's a cal, says he; and *he has e'en been roguing at a* Play-House, n *he should have been at* Church.

n that instant, from behind a little Hill, a great ma-*Men* came running as hard as they could drive, after ompany of *Women:* The *Men* crying out, *Stop, Stop;* the *Women* crying for *Help. Lucifer* commanded them o be seiz'd, and askt what was the matter. Alas, a-(cry'd one of the *Men,* quite out of breath) *these Car- have made us Fathers, though we never had Children.* Govern r Tongue, Sirrah, (cry'd *a Devil of Honour,* out of re- t to the Ladies) and speak Truth: For 'tis utterly ossible ye should be *Fathers* without *Children.* Pardon said the Fellow, we were *marry'd Men,* and *honest Men, good House-keepers,* and have born Offices in the *Parish,* have *Children* that call us *Fathers.* But 'tis a strange g, we have been *abroad* some of us by the *Seven Years er;* others, as long *Bed-rid,* and so impotent, that *Civilians* would have put us, *inter Frigidos & Maleficiatos:* yet our Wives have brought every Year a *Child,* ch we were such Fools as to keep and bring up, and our selves to the Devil at last to get them Estates, of a Charitable Persuasion, (forsooth) they might yet ur own; though for a Twelve-month together (per-) we never so much as examin'd, whether our *Wives* e *Fish* or *Flesh.* But now since the *Mothers* are *dead,* and *Children grown up,* we have found the Tools that made n. One has the *Coach-Man's Nose;* another, the *Gentle- Usher's Legs;* a third, a *Cosin-German's Eyes.* And some ure to presume, conceiv'd purely by strength of *I- nation;* or else by the *Ears,* like *Weazels.*

hereupon appear'd *a little Remnant of a Man;* a dapper *ard,* with a kind of a *Besom-Beard,* and a *Voice* not un- the *yapping* of a *foysting Cur.* As he came near the Com-, he set up his Throat, and call'd out: Ah Jade! be, I shall now *take you* to task, ye Whore you, for *ing me Father* my *Negro's Bastard;* and for the Estate I

settled upon him. I did ever misdoubt foul Play should never have dreamt of *that Ugly Toad*, when was such choice of *handsom lusty young Fellows* about us it may be she had them too. I curst the *Monks* man many a time, I remember, to the Pit of Hell, H forgive me for't: For the Strumpet would be pe ally gadding abroad, under colour of going to Co on; and in sooth, I was never any great Friend *nance* and *Mortification*. And then would I be easin Mind ever and anon to this *cursed Moor*. I cannot im (said I) where this Mistress of thine should comm the Sins that she goes every Hour of the Day to *Co* yonder *Monastery*. And then would this *Dog-Moor* a me: Alas good Lady! I would e'en venture my with hers, with all my Heart: she spends all her you see, in Holy Duties. I was at that time so inn that I suspected nothing more, than a pure Respe Civility to my *Wife*; but I have learnt better since that effectually his Soul and hers were commonly ve in the same Bottom; yes, and their Bodies too, as ceive by their *Magpy-Issue*; for the *Bastards* take afte *Father* and *Mother*.

So that at this rate, cry'd the *adopted Fathers*, th *band* of a *Whore* has a pleasant time on't. First he' jected to all the *Pukings*, *Longings*, and *peevish Impor* that a *breeding Woman* gives those about her, till she' and then comes the *squalling* of the *Child*, and the *tattle-Gossipings* of the *Nurse* and *Midwife*; that must b treated too, well lodg'd, and well paid. *A swe* (says one to the Jade the Mother on't) *'tis e'en as Father, as if he had spit it out on's Mouth*: it has th *Lips*, the very *Eyes* of him; when 'tis no more *like Him an Apple is like an Oyster*. And in conclusion, when w born all this, and twenty times more in t'other with a Christian Patience, we are hurry'd away t and here we lie a *Company of damn'd Cuckolds* of us here we are like to lie, for ought I see, in *Secula rum*: which is very hard, and in truth, out of all

I cut this Visit short, to see what News in a dee near at hand, where we heard a great *bustle* and *co* twixt divers *Souls* and the *Devils*. There were t *sumptuous*, the *Revengeful*, and the *Envious*; gaping ar ing out, as they would break their Hearts. *Oh tha but be born again!* says one; *Oh, that I might back into th again!* says another; *Oh, that I were but to die one* crys a third. Insomuch that they put the Devils all Patience, with their impertinent and unpr *Wishes* and *Exclamations*. Hang your selves, cry'

for a *Pack of cozening, bawling Rascals? You Live again! and be Born again!* and what if you might do't a thousand times over? You would only Die at last a thousand times greater Villains, than now you are; and there would be no clearing Hell of you with a Dog-whip. However, to try you, and make you know your selves; we have Commission to let you *Live again, and Return. Up then, ye Varlets, go, be Born again; Get ye into the World again. Away,* cry'd the Devils, with a lusty Lash at every Word; and thrust hard to have got them out. But *the poor Rogues hung an Arse*; and were struck with such a *Terror*, to hear of *Living again*, and *Returning*; that they slunk into a Corner, and lay as quiet upon't as Lambs.

At length, one of the Company that seem'd to have somewhat more Brain and Resolution than his Fellows, enter'd very gravely upon the *Debate, Whether they should go out, or no?* '*If I should now*, says he, *at my* Second Birth, '*come into the World a Bastard*; the *Shame* would be *mine*, 'though my *Parents* committed the *Fault*; and I should 'carry the *Scandal* and the *Infamy* of it to my *Grave*. Now 'put case, my *Mother* should be *honest*, (for that's not im'possible) and that I came into the World, *Legitimate*; how 'many *Follies, Vices*, and *Diseases* are there that run in a '*Blood*? Who knows but I should be *mad*, or *simple? swear*, '*lye, cheat, whore?* nay, if I came off with a little *Mortifica'tion* of my *Carcass*; as the *Stone*, the *Scurvey*, or the *Noble* '*Pox*; I were a happy Man. But Oh! the *Lodging*, the *Di'et*, and the *Cookery* that I am to expect for a matter of '*Nine Months* in my *Mother's Belly*; and then the *Butter* and '*Beer*, that must be spent to sweeten me, when I change 'my Quarter. I must come *Crying* into the *World*, and 'live in ignorance even of what Life is, till I Dye; and 'then as ignorant of Death too, till 'tis past. I fancy my '*Swadling-clouts* and *Blankets* to be worse than my *Winding'sheet*; my *Cradle* represents my *Tomb*. And then who 'knows whether my *Nurse* shall be *sound*, or no? She'll 'overlay me perhaps; leave me some four and twenty 'Hours, it may be, without clean Clouts, and a Pin or 'two all the while perchance, up to the Hilts in my Back'side. And then follows *Breeding* of *Teeth* and *Worms*; with 'all the *Gripes* and *Disorders* that are caus'd by *Unwholsom* '*Milk*. These Miseries are *certain*; and why should I run 'them over again?

'If it happen that I pass the state of *Infancy* without 'the *Pox* or *Meazils*, I must be then packt away to *School* 'to get the *Itch*, a *Scal'd-Head*, or a pair of *Kib'd-Heels*. In 'Winter, 'tis ten to one you find me with a Snotty'*Nose*; and perpetually under the Lash, if I either miss

 'my

' the *Shoemaker's-stocks*, and choak my self over
' *streight Doublet*; only to have the Ladies say, .
' *a delicate Shape and Foot that Gentleman has.* An
' take as little pleasure to spend six Hours of th
' twenty, in picking Grey Hairs out of my Head
' or turning White into Black. To stand half-
' the contemplation of my own Shadow: To
' and go to *Church* only to see handsom *Ladies:*
' the Midnight-Air with Ardent Sighs and Eja
' and to keep company with Owls and Batts, l
' of *Ill-Omen:* To walk the round of a Mistress
' and play at *Bo-peep* at the Corner of every Str
' dore her Imperfections, (or as the Song says,
' *Vglinesś, and for her want of Coyn;*) to make Brace
' Locks, and truck a Pearl-Necklace for a Sh
' At this rate, I say, Cursed again and again be I
' part, that would Live over again so Wretche

' Being come now to write *Full Man*, If
' *Estate*, how many *Cares, Suits* and *Wrangles* go a
' it! If I have *None*, what *Murmuring* and *Regr*
' *Misfortunes!* By this time, the Sins of my
' gotten into my Bones; I grow Sowre and Mo
' nothing pleases me; I curse *Old-Age* to ten tho
' vils; and the *Youth* which I can never reco
' *Veins*, I endeavour to fetch out of the *Barbers-Sh*
' *Peruques, Razors*, and *Patches*, to conceal, or at
' guise, all the Marks and Evidences of Natu
' Decay. Nay, when I shall have never an *Eye* t

usand other Fooleries of the like nature. But all this othing to the Misery of an *Old Fellow* in *Love*; espe-ly if he be put to *Gallant* it against a Company of g *Gamesters*. Oh! the inward Shame and Vexation, e himself scarce so much as neglected. It happens etimes that a *Jolly Lady*, for want of better Enter-ment, may content her self with one of these *Reve-Fornicators*, instead of a *Whetstone*: But alack, alack! *poor Man is weak, though willing*; and after a whole ht spent in cold and frivolous Pretences and Excu-away he goes with Torments of *Rage* and *Confusion* a-him, not to be exprest; and *many a heavy Curse is fter him, for keeping a poor Lady from her natural Rest, to le purpose*. How often must I be put to the Blush when every *Old Toast* shall be calling me *Old Acquain-*; and telling me, *Oh Sir, 'tis many a fair Day, since you knew one another first: I think 'twas in the Four and Thir-f the Queen, that we were School-Fellows. How the World's l since!* &c. And then must my Head be turn'd to *mento Mori*; my *Flesh* dissolv'd into *Rheums*; my *Skin r'd* and *wrinkled*; with a *Staff* in my *Hand*; knocking Earth at every trembling step, as if I call'd upon *Grave* to receive me. *Walking*, like a moving *Phan-* my *Life* little more than a *Dream*; my *Reins* and *r* turn'd into a perfect *Quarry*; and the *Urinal* or *et*, my whole *Study*. My next Heir watching eve-inute, for the long-lookt-for, and happy Hour of Departure: And in the mean time, I'm become the *ian's Revenue*, and the *Surgeon's Practice*, with an *Apo-r's Shop* in my Guts; and every *Old Jade* calling me *sire*. No no; I'll no more Living again, I thank *One Hell*, rather than *two Mothers*.

t us now consider the Comforts of *Life*; the *Hu-*, and the *Manners*. He that would be *Rich*, must the *Thief* or the *Cheat*; *he that would Rise in the World, urn Parasite, Informer*, or *Projector*. He that *Marries*, ires fair for the *Horn*, either before or after. There *Valour*, without *Swearing*, *Quarrelling*, or *Hectoring*; are *Poor, no body owns ye*; if *Rich, you'll know no body*; u dye *Young, What pity it was* (they'll say) *that he should off thus in the Prime*; if *Old, He was e'en past his Best, no great Miss of him*; if you are *Religious*, and fre-the *Church* and the *Sacrament*, you're an *Hypocrite*; *without this*, you're an *Atheist*, or an *Heretick*. If you y and *pleasant*, you pass presently for a *Buffoon*; and ive and *reserv'd*, you are taken to be *sowre* and *censo-* *Courtesy* is call'd *Colloguing* and *Currying* of *Favour*: *right Honesty*, and *Plain-dealing*, is interpreted to be

' *Pride* and *Ill manners. This is the World*; and for all that's
' in't, I would not have it to go over again. If any of
' ye, my Masters, (said he to his *Camerades*) be of another
' Opinion, hold up your Hands. No, no; (they cry'd all
' unanimously) *No more Generation-Work*, I beseech ye: *Bet-*
' *ter the Devils, than the Midwives.*

After this, came a *Testator*, Cursing and Raving like a *Bedlam*, that he had made his *Last Will and Testament*. ' Ah
' *Villain!* (said he) *for a Man to Murther himself, as I have*
' *done!* If I had not *Seal'd*, I had not *Dy'd*. Of all things,
' next a *Physician*, Deliver me from a *Testament!* it has
' kill'd more than the *Pestilence*. Oh miserable Mortals;
' let the *Living* take warning by the *Dead*, and make no
' *Testaments*. It was my hard Luck, first to put my *Life*
' into the *Physician's Power*; and then by making my *Will*,
' to Sign the Sentence of *Death* upon my self; *and my own*
' *Execution. Put your Soul, and your Estate in Order*, (says
' the Doctor) *for there's no hope of Life:* And the word was
' no sooner out, but I was so wise and devout (forsooth)
' as to fall immediately upon the Prologue of my *Will*,
' with an *In Nomine Domine, Amen*, &c. And when I came
' to dispose of my *Goods* and *Chattels*, I pronounc'd these
' Bloody *Words*; (*I would I had been tongue-ty'd when I did it*) I
' make and constitute my *Son*, my *Sole Executor*. *Item*,
' To my *Dear Wife* I give and bequeath all my *Plays* and
' *Romances*; and all the *Furniture* in the *Rooms* upon the *Se-*
' *cond Story*. To *my very good Friend*, T. B. my large *Tan-*
' *kard*, for a *Remembrance*. To my *Foot-boy Robin*, *Five Pound*
' to bind him *Prentice*, To *Betty*, that tended me in my
' Sickness, *my little Caudle-Cup*. To Mr. *Doctor*, my fair
' *Table-Diamond*, for his Care of me in my Illness. After
' *Signing*, and *Sealing*, the *Ink was scarce dry upon the Paper, but*
' *methought the Earth open'd, as if it had been hungry to devour me.*
' My *Son* and my *Legatees* were presently casting it up,
' how many Hours I might yet hold out. If I call'd for
' the *Cordial Julep*, or a little of Dr. *Gilbert's Water*; my *Son*
' was taking *Possession* of my *Estate:* My *Wife* so busy about
' the *Beds* and *Hangings*, that she could not intend it: The
' *Boy* and the *Wench* could understand nothing, but about
' their *Legacies*. My very good Friend's *Mind* was wholly
' upon his *Tankard:* My kind *Doctor*, I must confess, took
' occasion now and then to handle my *Pulse*, and see *whe-*
' *ther the Diamond were of the right black-water, or no*; If I ask'd
' him what I might *Eat*, his answer was, *any thing, any*
' *thing, e'en what you please your self.* At every *Groan* I fetch'd
' they were calling for their *Legacies*, which they could
' not have, till I was Dead.

Now

But if I were to begin the World again, I think I should make another kind of *Testament*: I would say; '*A Curse upon him that shall have my Estate when I am Dead*, '*and may the first bit of Bread he eats out on't, choak him. The* '*Devil in Hell take what I cannot carry away; and him too, that* '*struggles for't, if he can catch him. If I dye, let my Boy* Robin '*have the Strappado three hours a day, to be duly paid him during* '*Life. Let my Wife dye of the Pip or the Mother*; (not a half-'penny matter which) *but let her first live long enough to* '*plague* the damn'd Doctor, *and indite him for Poysoning her poor* '*Husband.* To speak sincerely, I can never forgive that *Dog-Leech.* Was it not enough to make me *Sick*, when I was *Well*, without making me *Dead*, when I was *Sick?* And not to rest there neither, but to persecute me in my *Grave* too. But to say the truth, this is only *Neighbours-Fare*; for all those Fools that trust in them, are serv'd with the same *Sauce.* A *Vomit*, or a *Purge*, is as good a *Pass-port* into *the other World*, as a Man would wish. And then when our Heads are laid; 'tis never to be endured, the *Scandals* they cast upon our *Bodies* and *Memories! Heaven rest his Soul* (crys one) *he kill'd himself with a Debauch. How is't possible* (says another) *to cure a Man that keeps no Diet? He was a Mad-man* (crys a third) *a meer Sot, and would not be govern'd by his Physician. His Body was as Rotten as a Pear: He had as many Diseases as a Horse, and it was not in the Power of Man to save him.* And *truly t'was well that his Hour was come, for he had better a great deal Dye well than live on as he did.* Thieves and Murtherers that ye are! *You your Selves are that Hour ye talk of.* The *Physician* is only *Death* in a *Disguise*, and brings his Patient's *Hour* along with him. Cruel People! Is it not enough to take away a Man's *Life*, and like *Common Hangmen* to be paid for't when ye have done; but you must blast the *Honour* too of those ye have dispatcht, to excuse your *Ignorance? Let but the Living follow my Counsel*, and write *their Testaments* after *this Copy*, they shall live long and happily, and not go out of the World at last, *like a Rat with a Straw in his Arse*, (as a Learned Author has it) or be cut off in the Flower of their Days, by these *Counterfeit Doctors of the Faculty of the* Close-stool.

The *dead Man* ply'd his Discourse with so much *Gravity* and *Earnestness*, that *Lucifer* began to believe what he said. But because *all Truths are not to be spoken*, especially among the *Devils*, where hardly any are admitted: And for fear of Mischief, if the *Doctors* should come to hear what hath been said, *Lucifer* presently order'd the Fellow to be *Gagg'd*, *or put in Security for his good Behaviour.*

His Mouth was no ſooner ſtopt, but another was o-pen'd, and one of the Damn'd came running croſs the Company, and ſo up and down, back and forward, (like a Cur that had loſt his Maſter) bawling as if he had been out of his Wits, and crying out: 'Oh! Where am I? Where am I? I am abus'd, I am chous'd: What's the meaning of all this? Here are *damning Devils*, *tempting Devils*, and *tormenting Devils*; but the Devil a Devil can I find of the *Devils* that brought me hither: They have gotten away my *Devils*: Where are they? Give me my Devils again.

It might well make the Company ſtare, to ſee a Fellow hunting for *Devils* in *Hell*, where they ſwarm in *Legions*. But as he was in his *Hurry*, a *Gouvernante* caught him by the Arm, and gave him a *half-turn*, and ſtopt him. Old *Lucky Bird*, (ſays ſhe) if thou wanteſt *Devils* here, where do'ſt expect to find them? He knew her as ſoon as he ſaw her. 'And art thou here, Old *Beelzebub* in a Petticoat? (*ſaid he*) the very Picture of *Satan*; the Coupler of Male and Female; the Buckler and Thong of Lechery; the Multiplier of Sin, and the Guide of Sinners; the Seaſoner of Rotten Mutton; the Interpre-teſs betwixt Whores and Knaves; the Preface to the Remedy of *Love*, and the Prologue to the Critical Minute. *Speak and without more ado, tell me*; Where are the Devils and their Dams, that brought me hither? Theſe are none of them. *No, no*; I am not ſuch an Awſe as to be *trepan'd* and *ſpirited-away* by *Devils* with *Tails*, *Horns*, *Briſtles*, *Wings*; that ſmell as if they had been ſmoakt in a *Chimney-Corner*. The *Devils* that I look for are worſe than theſe. Where are the *Mothers* that play the *Bawds* to their *own Daughters?* and the *Aunts* that do as much for their *Nieces*, and make them caper and ſparkle like Wildfire? The *Black-Ey'd Girls*, that carry Fire in their Eyes, and ſtrike as ſure as a *Lance* from the *Reſt* of a Cavalier? Where are the *Flatterers*, that ſpeak nothing but *pleaſing things?* The *Makebates* and *Incendiaries*, that are the very *Canker* of *Human Society?* Where are the *Story-mongers*, the *Maſters* of the Faculty of *Lying*; that *Report* more than they *Hear*, *Affirm* more than they *Know*, and *Swear* more than they *Believe?* Thoſe ſlanderous *Back-biters*, that like *Vultures* prey only upon *Carrion?* Where are the *Hypocrites*, that turn *Devotion* into *Intereſt*, and make a *Revenue* of a *Commandment?* that pretend *Extaſies* when they are *Drunk*, and utter the *Fumes* and *Dreams* of their *Luxury* and *Tipple* for *Revelations?* That make *Chapels* of their *Parlours*, *Preachments* of their ordinary *Entertainment*; and every thing they do, is a Miracle: They

'can Divine all that's told them; and raise People to 'Life again, that counterfeit Sick, when they should 'Work; and give an Honest Man to the Devil with a '*Deo Gratias.* These are the Devils I would be at; 'these are they that have Damn'd me; Look them out, 'and find them for me, ye impudent Hag, or I shall be 'so bold as to search your French-Hood for them. And with that word, he fell on upon the poor *Gouvernante,* tore off her Head-Geer, and laid about him so furiously, that there would have been no getting him off, if *Lucifer* had not made use of his *Absolute Authority* to quiet him.

Immediately upon the composing of this Fray, we heard the shooting of *Bars* and *Bolts,* the opening of *Doors* and *Hinges,* that creak't for want of Grease; and a strange Humming of a great Number of *People.* The first that appear'd were a Company of *bold, talkative,* and *painted Old Women;* but as *bonny* and *gamesom,* tickling and toying with one another, as if they had never seen *Thirteen;* and carrying it out with an Air of much Satisfaction and Content. The *Babler* was somewhat scandaliz'd at their Behaviour, and told them how ill they did to be merry in *Hell:* And several others admir'd it as much, and askt them the reason of it, considering their *Condition.* With that, one of the Gang, that was wretchedly *thin* and *pale,* and rais'd upon a Pair of Heels that made her Legs longer than her Body, told *Lucifer,* with great Respect; that *at their first coming, they were as Sad as it was possible for a Company of damn'd Old Jades to be:* But (says she) we were a little comforted, when we heard of no other Punishments here, than *Weeping and Gnashing of Teeth;* and in some hope to come off upon reasonable Terms: For we have not among us so much as a *Drop* of *Moisture* in our *Bodies,* nor a *Tooth* in our *Heads.* Search them presently (cry'd the *Intermedler*) squeeze the *Balls* of their *Eyes,* and let their *Gums* be examined; you'll find *Snags, Stumps* or *Roots;* or enough of somewhat or other there to spoil the Jest. Upon the *Scrutiny,* they were found so dry, that they were good for nothing in the World, but to serve for *Tinder* or *Matches;* and so they were dispos'd of into the Devil's *Tinder-Boxes.*

While they were casing up the *Old Women,* there came on a number of People of several *Sorts* and *Qualities,* that call'd out to the first they saw; *Pray'e Gentlemen* (said they) *before we go any farther, will ye direct us to the* Court of Rewards? How's that (cry'd one of the Company) *I was afraid we had been in Hell;* but since you talk of *Rewards, I hope 'tis but Purgatory:* Good, good, (said the

whole Multitude) you'll quickly find where you are. *Purgatory!* (cry'd the *Intermedler*) you have left that up the Hill there, upon the *right hand.* This is *Hell*, and a Place of *Punishment*; here's no *Registry* of *Rewards*. Then we are mistaken, (said he that spake first.) How so? (cry'd the *Intermedler*.) You shall hear (said the other.) We were in the other World intitled to the *Order of the Squires of the Pad*; and borrow'd now and then a small Sum upon the *King's Highway*; we understood somewhat too of the *Cross-bite*, and the use of the *Frail Dye*. Some of our conscientious and charitable Friends, would fain have drawn us off from the Course we were in; and to give them their due, bestow'd a great deal of good Counsel upon us, to very little purpose; for we were in a pretty way of Thriving, and had gotten a Habit, and could not leave it. We askt them, *What would you have us do?* Money *we have* none, *and* without it there's no living: *Should we stay till it were* brought, *or* came alone? *How would ye have a poor* Individuum Vagum *to live? That has neither* Estate, Office, Master, *nor* Friend *to maintain him; and is quite out of his Element, unless he be either in a* Tavern, *a* Bawdy-House, *or a* Gaming-Ordinary. *Now, that's the Man, that* Providence *has appointed to* Live by his Wits. Our *Advisers* saw there was no good to be done, and went their way; telling us, that, *In the other World we should meet with our Reward.*

They would tell us sometimes, how *base* a thing it was to defame the *House*, and abuse the *Bed* of a *Friend*. Our *Answer* was ready: 'Well! and had we not better do it 'there where the House is open to us, the Master and 'Lady kind, the Occasion fair and easy; than to run a '*catterwawling* into a Family, where every Servant in the 'House is a Spy; and (perhaps) a Fellow behind every 'Door in the House, with a Dagger or a Pistol in his 'Hand to entertain us? Upon this, our Grave *Counsellors* finding us so resolute, e'en gave us over; and told us as before, that, *In the other World we should meet with our Reward.* Now taking *This* to be the other *World* these honest Men told us of, we are inquiring after the *Rewards* they promis'd us.

Abominable Scoundrels! said an *Officer of Justice*, there at hand; how many of your reprobated Companions have squander'd away their Fortunes upon *Whores* and *Dice*, exposing not only their *Wives* and *Children*, but many a *Noble Family*, to a *shameful* and *irreparable Ruin*. And let any Man put in a Word of wholesom Advice, their Answer is, 'Tush, tush, our Wives and Children are in the '*Hands of Providence*, and let him provide for the Rooks.

'that feeds the Ravens. Then was it told ye, *You shall find your Reward in the other World*; and the time is now come, wherein ye shall receive it. *Up, up then, ye cursed Spirits, and away with them.* At which word, a Legion of Devils fell on upon the miserable Caitiffs, with *Whips* and *Firebrands*, and gave them their long-expected *Reward*; and at every Lash, a Voice was heard to say, *In the other World you shall receive your Reward.* These Wretches in the mean while, *Damning* and *Sinking themselves to the Pit of Hell*, still, as if they had been upon *Earth*; and vomiting their *Customary* and *Execrable Blasphemies.*

Just as this Storm blew over, there drew near a multitude of *Bayliffs, Serjeants, Catchpoles*, and other Officers of Prey; with the *Thieves* Devil, bound Hand and Foot, and a foul Accusation against him. Whereupon *Lucifer*, with a fell Countenance, took his Seat in a flaming Chair, and call'd his Officers about him. So soon as the Prince had taken his Place, a certain Officer began his Report. 'Here is before thee (quoth he) a Devil, (most mighty *Lucifer*) that stands charg'd with Ignorance in his Trade, and the Shame of his Quality and Profession; instead of *Damning* Men, he has made it his Business to *Save* them. The Word *Save*, put the Court in such a Rage, that they bit their Lips till the Blood started; and the Fire sparkled at their Eyes: And *Lucifer* turning about to his *Atturney*, *Who would ever have imagin'd*, (said he) *that so treacherous a Rascal could have been harbour'd in my Dominions*? It is most certain, my Gracious Lord (reply'd the *Atturney*) that this Devil has been very diligent in drawing People into *Thefts* and *Pilferies*; and then when they come to be discover'd, they are clapt up and hang'd, or some Mischief or other. But still before *Execution*, the *Ordinary* calls them to *Shrift*; and many times the Toy takes them in the Head, to *Confess* and *Repent*; and so they are *Sav'd*. Now this silly Devil thinks, that when he has brought them to *Steal, Murther, Coin*, and the like, he has done his Part, and so he leaves them: Whereas he should stick close to them in the Prison, and be tempting of them to Despair, and make away Themselves. But when they are once left to the *Priest*, He commonly brings them to a Sight of their *Sins*, and they 'scape. Now this *simple Devil* was not aware, it seems, that *Many a Soul goes to Heaven from the Gallows*, the *Wheel*, and the *Faggot*: And this Failing has lost your Highness many a fair Purchase. Here's enough, (cry'd the *President*) and there needs no more Charge against him. The poor *Devil* thought it was high time to speak now, when

they were just upon the point of passing his Sentence; and so he cry'd out: 'My Lord (said he) I beseech you 'hear me; for though they say the Devil is deaf, it is 'not meant of your Greatness. So there was a general Silence, and thus he proceeded.

'I cannot deny, (my Lord) but *Tyburn is the way to* '*Paradise*, *and many a Man goes to Heaven from the Gallows.* 'But if you will set those that are *Damn'd for Condemning* '*others*, against *those that are Sav'd from the Gallows, Hell* 'will be found no loser by me at the Foot of the Ac-'compt. How many *Marshal's-Men*, *Turn-Keys*, and *Keep-*'*ers* have I sent ye, for letting a *Coiner* give them the slip 'now and then with his *false Money*; (always provided, 'they leave *better Money* instead on't.) How many *False* '*Witnesses*, and *Knights of the Post*, that would set their 'Consciences like *Clocks*, to go faster or slower, accor-'ding as they had *more* or *less Weight*; and Swear *ex-tem-*'*pore*, at all *Rates* and *Prices!* How many *Soliciters*, *Attur-*'*neys*, and *Clerks*; that would draw ye up a *Declaration* 'or an *Indictment* so slily, that I my self could hardly dis-'cover any *Error* in't: And yet when it came to the *Test*; 'it was as plain as the Nose on a Man's Face; (that is to 'say again, provided they were well Paid for the Fa-'shion.) How many *Jaylers* that would wink at an *E-*'*scape* for a *lusty Bribe!* And how many *Atturneys*, that 'would give you *Dispatch* or *Delay*, thereafter as they 'were Greas'd. Now after all this, what does it signify 'if *One Thief of a Thousand comes to the Gallows?* he only 'suffers because he was *Poor*, that there may be the bet-'ter Trading for the *Rich*; and without any Design in 'the World to suppress Stealing. Nay, *It often falls out*, 'that *they that bring the Malefactor to the Gibbet are the worse* '*Criminals of the two.* But they are never lookt after; or, 'if they should be, they have Tricks and Fetches enough 'to bring themselves off: So that it fares in this case, 'as it did with him that had his House troubled with '*Rats*, and would needs take in a Company of *Cats* to de-'stroy them; the *Rats* would be nibling at his *Cheese*, 'his *Bacon*, *a Crust of Bread*, and now and then a *Candles-end*; but 'when the *Cats* came, down went a *Milk-bowl*, and away 'goes a brace of *Partridges*, or a couple of *Pigeons*; and the 'poor Man must content himself to go Supperless to 'Bed. In conclusion, the *Rats* were troublesome, but 'the *Cats* were intolerable. *And then there's this in't*; 'Suppose *one poor Fellow hangs, and goes to Heaven, I do but give* '*him in truck for two hundred at least, that deserve to be hang'd, but* '*'scape, and go to Hell at last.* Besides, a *Thief* upon a *Gibbet*, 'is as good as a *roasted Dog* in a *Pigeon-House*; for ye shall

'imme-

'immediately have two or three thousand *Witches* about 'him, for snips of his *Halter*, an *Eye*, *Teeth*, or a *Collop* of 'his *Fat*; which is of sovereign use in many of their 'Charms. But in fine, let me do what I will, my Ser-'vices are not understood. My Successor, it may be, 'will discharge his Duty better: And indeed I am very 'well content to lay down my *Commission*: for (to say the 'truth) I am in years, and would gladly have a little 'Rest now in my old-age; which I rather propose to 'my self in the Service of some *Pretender*, than where 'I am.

Lucifer heard him with great Patience, and in the end gave him all the Satisfaction imaginable; strictly charging the *Evil-Spirits* that had abus'd him, to do so no more, upon hazard of *Pain Corporal* and *Spiritual*; and they desir'd him too, that he would not lay down his Employment; for he was strong enough yet to do very good Service in it. But to think of *Easing Himself*, by going to a *Pretender*, he'd find himself mistaken; for 'twas a Duty he'd never be able to endure. Well! (says he) e'en what your Highness pleases. But truly I thought a Devil might have liv'd very comfortably in that Condition: For he has no more to do, that I can see, than to *keep his Ears Open*, and *Learn his Trade*. For put case it should be some *Pretender* to a *Good Office* or a *Fat Bishoprick*, (though the *Fathers* and *Councils* are against *Pretenders* in *this Case*) I fancy to my self all the Pleasure and Divertisement that may be. It is as good as going to School; for *these People teach the Devils their* ABC; and all that we have to do, is to *sit still* and *Learn*.

The *Vision* that follow'd this, was the *Dæmon* of *Tobacco*; which I must confess, did not a little surprize me. I have indeed often *said* to my self, *Certainly these Smoakers are possest*; but I could never *swear* it till now. I have (said the Devil) by bringing this *Weed* into *Spain*, reveng'd the *Indians* upon the *Spaniards*, for all the Massacres and Butcheries they committed there; and done them more Mischief, than ever *Colon*, *Cortes*, *Almero*, *Pizarro* did in the *Indies*. By how much it is more Honourable to dye upon a *Swords-point*, by *Gun-shot*, or *at the Mouth of a Cannon*; than for a Man to *snivel* and *sneeze* himself into another World; or to go away in a *Meagrim*, or a *Spotted-Fever*, perchance; which is the *Ordinary Effect* of this *poisonous Tobacco*. It is with *Tobacconists*, as 'tis with *Demoniacs* under an *Exorcism*, they *fume* and *vapour*, but the *Devil sticks to them still*. Many there are that make a very *Idol* of it; they admire, they adore it, tempting and persecuting all People to take it; and the bare mention of it, puts

them into an Extasy. In the *Smoak*, it is a *Probation* for *Hell*, where another day they must endure *Smoaking*; taken in *Powder*, at the *Nose*, it draws upon *Youth* the *Inconveniences* of *Old Age*, in the perpetual *Annoyance* of *Rheum* and *Drivel*.

The Devil of *Subornation* came next, which was a good complexion'd, and a well-timber'd *Devil*; to my great amazement, I must acknowledge; for I had never seen any *Devils* till now, but what were extream ugly: The air of his Face was so familiar to me, that methought I had seen it in a thousand several places; sometime under a Veil, sometime open; now under one shape, and then under another. One while he call'd himself *Childs-Play*; another while, *Kind Entertainment*; here *Payment*; there *Restitution*; and in a third place, *Alms*. But in fine, I could never learn his right Name. I remember in some places I have heard him call'd *Inheritance*; *Profit*; *Good-cheap*; *Patrimony*; *Gratitude*. Here he was call'd *Doctor*; there, *Batchelor*; with the *Lawyers*, *Solicitors*, and *Attorneys*, he past under the Name of *Right*; and the *Confessors* call'd him *Charity*.

He was well-accompany'd, and styl'd himself *Satan's Lieutenant*: But there was a *Devil of Consequence*, that oppos'd him might and main; and made this Proclamation of himself: *Be it known*, (says he) *that I am the great Embroyler, and Politick Entangler of Affairs: The Deluder of Princes, the Pretext of the Unworthy, and the Excuse of Tyrants. I can make Black White; and give what Colour I please to the foulest Actions in Nature. If I had a mind to overturn the World, and put all in a general Confusion, I could do it: For I have it in my Power, to Banish* Order *and* Reason *out of it. To turn* Sawciness *and* Importunity *into* Merit; Example *into* Necessity: *To give* Law *to* Success; Authority *to* Infamy; *and* Credit *to* Insolence. *I have the* Tongues *of all* Counsellors *at my Girdle; and they shall speak neither more nor less, than just as I please.* In short: *That's Easy to me, which others account Impossible; and while I live, ye need neither fear either* Virtue, Justice, *or good Government in the World.* This Devil of *Subornation*, that talks of his *Lieutenancy*, what could he ever have done without me? He's a Rascal that no Person of Quality would admit into his Company, if I did not fit him with *Vizors* and *Disguises*. Let him hold his Tongue then, and know himself; and let me hear no more of those Disputes about the *Lieutenancy* of *Hell*; for *I have* Lucifer's *Broad-Seal, to shew for my Title to't*.

For my part, (cry'd another Mutinous Spirit) I am one of those *humble-minded Devils*, that can content my self to *Hold the Door*, upon a good Occasion; or *Knock under the Table*.

d *Play at Small Game, rather than stand out.* But *Few among Friends are best*; and when I have spoken three r, let him come up that lists. I am then (says he) *vil-Interpreter*, and my Business is, to *Gloss* upon the n which Case the *Cuckolds* are exceedingly beholden ; for I have much to say for the Honour of the *How should a poor Fellow that has a handsom Wench to hu nd never a penny to live on, hold up his Head in the World, ere not for that Quality?* I have a pretty Faculty in *Good Offices* for *Distressed Ladies*, at a time of *Need*; and e the whole Sex sensible, how great a Folly and ss it is, to *neglect* those *Sweet Opportunities.* Among Secrets, I have found out a way to establish an or *Thievery*; where the *Officers* shall be *Thieves*, and t when they have done. Here he stopt.

re was a short Silence, and then there appear'd ano- evil, of about a *Foot and a half long.* I am (says he) l but of a small size, and perhaps one of the least ; and yet the Door opens to me, as well as to ano- for I never come *empty-handed. Why, what have you then?* (says the *Intermedler*, and came up to him.) *ave I brought?* (quoth he) *I have brought an* Eternal , *and a* Finical Flatterer: *They are two Pieces that were steem in the Cabinets of two great Princes; and I have brought a Present to* Lucifer. With that, *Lucifer* cast his Eye hem, and with a *damn'd Verjuyce-Face*, as if he had a *Crab: You do well*, (says he) *to say ye had them at Court*; think you should do well, to carry them thither for, *I had as live have their Room, as their Company.*

r him, follow'd another *Dwarf-Devil*; complaining, e had been a matter of Six Years about so infamous al, that there was no good to be done with him; : *Bad*, as well as the *Better sort*, were scandaliz'd at nversation. *A mighty piece of Business!* (cry'd the *Gen- t,*) *And could you not have gotten him a handsom Office or ment?* That would have made him good for some- and you might have done his Business.

e mean time, the *Babler* went *whispering* up and down, *ling Faults*; till at length, he came to a huge Bundle of *Devils*, in a Corner, that were *fagotted-up*, and all *moul-* full of *Cobwebs*; which he immediately gave notice of, ey cut the Band to give them *Air*. With much ado, raked them, and askt, *What Devils they were? What there?* and, *Why they were not upon Duty?* They fell a g, and said, that they were the *Devils of Luxury*. But he *Women* have taken a Fancy to prefer *Guinea's* and s before their *Modesty* and *Honour*, there has been t of a Devil in the Case to tempt them. For 'tis

but

but shewing them the *merry Spankers*, they'll *Dare* like *Larks*, and fall down before ye; and then you may e'en do what you will with them, and take them up in a *Purse-Net*. *Gold supplies all Imperfections*; it makes an *Angel* of a *Crocodile*, turns a *Fool* into a *Philosopher*; and, *A Dressing-Box well-lin'd, is worth twenty thousand Devils*. So that there is no *Tempation* like a *Present*: And, *Take them from top to bottom, the whole Race of Women is frail*; and, *one Thread of Pearl will do more with them, than a Milion of fine Stories*,

Just as this *Devil* made an end, we heard *another* snorting; and 'twas well he did so, for we had trod upon his Belly else. He was laid hold of, upon suspicion that he slept *Dog-sleep*; or rather the *Sleep of a contented Cuckold, that would spoil no sport, where he made none*. I am (says he) the *Nun's Devil*; and for want of other Employment, I have been three Days asleep here, as you found me. My *Mistresses* are now chusing an *Abbess*; and always when they are at that *Work*, I make *Holy-day*: For they are all *Devils themselves then*; there is such *Canvassing, Flattering, Importuning, Cajoling, Making of Parties*; and in a word, so general a *Confusion*, that a *Devil* among them would do more hurt than good. Nay the *Ambitious* make it a Point of *Honour* upon such an Occasion, to shew that they can out-wit the Devil. *And if ever Hell should be in danger of a Peace, it is my Advice, that you presently call in a Convention of Nuns, to the Election of an Abbess*; which would most certainly reduce it to its ancient state of *Sedition, Mutiny*, and *Confusion*; and bring us all in effect to such a pass, that we should hardly know one another.

Lucifer was very well pleas'd with the *Advice*, and order'd it to be entred upon the *Register*, as a sure Expedient to suppress any Disorders that might happen for the future, to the Disturbance of his Government. After which, he commanded the Issuing-out of a *Summons* to all his *Company* and *Livery-Men*, who forthwith appear'd in prodigious Multitudes; and *Lucifer*, with a Hideous Yell, deliver'd himself most graciously as follows.

The Decree of Lucifer.

TO our *Trusty* and *Despairing Legions*, and *Well-beloved Subjects*, lying under the Condemnation of *Perpetual Darkness*, that liv'd *Pensioners* to *Sin*, and had *Death* for their *Pay-Master*, Greeting.

This is to let you understand, That there are *Two Devils*, who pretend a *Claim* to the Honour of our *Lieutenancy* but we have absolutely refus'd to gratify either the one or the other in that Point: out of a singular Affection

a

espect to *Our Right Trusty and Well-beloved Cousin*; a cer-
n-Devil, that deserves it before all others.

his, the whole Assembly fell to *Whispering* and *Mur-*
and *Staring* one upon another; till at last *Lucifer* ob-
g it, bad them never trouble themselves to guess
might be; but fetch *Good-Fortune* to him, known
wise by the Name of *Madam Prosperity*; who present-
ear'd in the Tail of the Assembly, and with a proud
sdainful Air, march'd up, and planted her self be-
he *degraded Seraphim*; who lookt her wistly in the
and then went on in the Tone he first began.

our *Will, Pleasure*, and *Command*, that next and im-
ely under *Our Proper Person*, you Pay all Honour and
t to the *Lady Prosperity*, and *Obey* her as the most
and *Supreme Governess of these our Dominions*. Which
and Qualities, we have conferr'd upon her, as
her Merit; for, *She hath Damn'd more Souls, than all*
ther. She it is that makes Men cast off all *Fear of*
d *Love of their Neighbour*. She it is, that makes Men
heir *Sovereign Good* in *Riches*: That *Engages* and *Entan-*
n's *Minds* in *Vanity*; strikes them *Blind* in their *Plea-*
Loads them with *Treasure*, and *Buries* them in *Sin*.
's the *Tragedy*, that she has not play'd her Part in't?
's the *Stability* and *Wisdom*, that she has not *stagger'd*?
's the *Folly*, that she has not *improv'd* and *augmented*?
kes no *Counsel*, and fears no *Punishment*. She it is
rnishes *Matter* for *Scandal*, *Experience* for *Story*; that
ins the *Cruelty* of *Tyrants*, and bathes the *Executioners*
ent Blood. How many *Souls*, that liv'd *Innocent* while
ere *Poor*, have fallen into *Impiety* and *Reprobation*, so
s ever they came to drink of the *Inchanted Cup of*
ty! Go to then, be *obedient* to *Her*, we charge ye all,
our Self; and know, that, *They that stand their Ground*
Prosperity, are none of your Quarry. Let them e'en a-
for 'tis but Time lost, to attempt them. Take
le from that *Impertinent Devil*, that got leave to
Job; he persecuted him, begger'd him, cover'd
over with *Scabs* and *Ulcers*. Sot that he was! if he
derstood his Business, he would have gone ano-
ay to work, and begg'd leave to have multiply'd
pon him; and to have possest him of *Health* and
s. That's the Trial! And how many are there
hen they thrive in the World, turn their Backs
leaven, and never so much as *name* their *Creator* but
, and then too without thinking on him? Their
rse is all of *Jollities, Banquets, Comedies, Purchases*, and
e. Whereas the *Poor Man* has GOD perpetually
his *Mouth* and *Heart*. *LORD*, (says he) *be mindful*
of

of me, and have Mercy upon me; for all my Trust is
Wherefore (says *Lucifer*, redoubling his accursed C
let it be publisht forthwith throughout all our T
ties, That *Calamities, Troubles*, and *Persecutions* are ou
Enemies; for so we have found them upon Expe
They are the *Dispensations* of *Providence*, the *Blessing*
Almighty, to fit Sinners for himself, and they tha
them, are enrolled in the *Militia* of *Heaven*.

Item: For the better Administration of our C
ment, it is our *Will* and *Pleasure*, and *We do strict*
and command, that our Devils give constant *Atten*
Courts of *Judicature*; and they are hereby totally c
ged from any farther Care of *little Petty-Foggers*, F
and *Envious Persons*; for they are so well acquainte
Hell-road, that they'll guide one another, with
help of a Devil to bring them hither,

Item: We do *Ordain* and *Command*, that no *Devil* p
for the future to entertain any *Confident* but *Proj*
that's the *Harbinger* that provides *Vice* the most *Con*
Quarter, even in the *Straitest Consciences*.

Item: We do *Ordain*, as a Matter of great Imp
to the Conservation of our Empire, That in wh
soever of our Dominions, *the Devil of Money* shall
safe to appear, all other *Devils* there present shall r
with a *low Reverence*, present him the *Chair*, in te
their *Submission* to his *Power* and *Authority*.

Item: We do most expresly *Charge* and *Command*
Officers, as well *Civil* as *Military*. To employ their
Diligence and *Industry*, for the Establishing a *Gener*
throughout the World. For that's the time for *W*
to *thrive* in, and all sorts of *Vices* to *prosper* and *flou*
Luxury, Gluttony, Idleness, Lying, Slandering, Gamin
Whoring; And in a word, *Sin* is upon the *Encreas*
Goodness in the *Wane*. Whereas in a state of *War*, M
upon the Exercise of *Valour* and *Virtue*; calling ofte
Heaven, in the *Morning*, for *fear* of being *Knockt on t*
after Dinner: And *Honest Men* and *Actions* are *rewarded*

Item: We do from this time forward discharge
Officers and *Agents* whatsoever, from giving ther
any farther trouble of *tempting Men* and *Women* to *Si*
continence: For as much as we find upon Experience
Adultery and *Fornication* will never be left, till the
man scratches the *Stool* for her *Back-side*. And t
there may be several *Intervals* of *Repentance*, and son
Purposes of giving it over; yet the Humour returns
with the next Tide of *Blood*; and *Concupiscence*, is as
a Subject to us, as any we have in our Dominions.

Item: In Consideration of the *Exemption* aforesaid, by which means several poor *Devils* are left without present Employment: And, *Forasmuch as there are many Merchants and Tradesmen in* London, Paris, Madrid, Amsterdam, *and elsewhere; up and down the World, that are very Charitably dispos'd to relieve People in Want; especially* Young Heirs *newly at Age*, *and* Spend-thrifts, *that come to borrow* Money *of them. But the Times being dead, and little* Money *stirring, all they can do, is to furnish them with what the House affords; and if a Hundred Pound or two in* Commodity *will do them any good, 'tis at their Service*, (they say.) *This the* Gallant *takes up at excessive Rate, to Sell again immediately for what he can get; and the Merchant has his Friend to take it off under-hand, at a* third part *of the* Value. (Which is the Way of Helping Men in Distress.) *Now out of a singular* Respect *to the said* Merchants *and* Trades-Men, *and for their better Encouragement; as also to the end that the* Devils *aforesaid may not run into Lewd Courses, for want of Business: We Will and Require, That a* Legion *of the said* Devils *shall from time to time be continually aiding and assisting to the said* Merchants *and* Tradesmen, *in the Quality of* Factors; *to be reliev'd Monthly by a fresh Legion, or oftener, if occasion shall require.*

Item: We do *Will and Command*, *That all our* Devils, *of what Degree or Quality soever, do henceforth entertain a Strict Amity and Correspondence, with* Our Trusty and Well-beloved *the* Usurers, *the* Revengeful, *the* Envious, *and all* Pretenders to Great Places *and* Dignities: *And above all others, with the* Hypocrites; *who are the most powerful* Impostors *in* Nature, *and so excellently skill'd in their Trade: That they steal away People's* Hearts *and* Souls, *at the* Eyes *and* Ears, *insensibly; and draw to themselves*, Adoration *and* Reward.

Item: We do farther *Order* and *Command*, That all Care possible be taken for the Maintaining of *Blabs*, *Informers*, *Incendiaries*, and *Parasites*, in all *Courts* and *Palaces*; for thence comes *Our Harvest*.

Item: That the *Bablers*, *Tale-beares*, *Makebates*, and *Instruments of Divorces* and *Quarrels*, be no longer call'd *Fans*, but *Bellows*; in regard that they *Draw*, and *Inflame*, without giving any *Allay*, or *Refreshment*.

Item: *That the* Intermedlers *be hereafter call'd and reputed, the* Devil's Body-Lice; *because they fetch Blood of those that feed and nourish them.*

Lucifer then casting a sowre Look over his Shoulder, and spying the *Gouvernante*; I'm of his Mind, (*quoth he*) that said, *Let God dispose of the* Douegna's, (*or* Gouvernantes) *as he pleases; for I'm in no little Trouble, how to dispose of these Confounded Carrions.* Whereupon the *Damn'd* cry'd out with one Voice: *Oh* Lucifer! *let it never be said, that it rain'd* Douegna's *in thy* Dominions. *Are we not miserable enough, without*

this

this new Plague of being Batted by Hags? *Ah,* (cry'd every one to himself) *stow them any wh* *not near me. And with that, they all clapt their T* *Legs, and drew in their Horns, for fear of this new* *cifer,* finding how the *Dread* of the *Old Women* v the *Devils,* contented himself at the pres pass only *In Terrorem: But withal,* he Swore, *of his Imperial Crown, and as he hop'd to be Sav'd,* vil, Devil's Dam, *or* Reprobate *soever, should* *be found wanting to his Duty; and in the least deg* *his Laws, and Ordinances: All, and every the said* vils, *their* Dams *or* Reprobates *so offending, sho* *up to the Torture of the* Douegna, *and ty'd* Muzzl *so to remain,* In Sæcula Sæculorum, *without* R peal; *any* Law, Statute, *or* Usage *to the contrary* *ing.* But in the mean time, cast them into th (*says he*) that they may be ready for use up casion.

Immediately upon the Pronouncing of this *eree, Lucifer* retir'd to his *Cell*; the *Weather* clear the *Company* dispers'd in a *Fright,* at so horrible and so went about their Business: When a V heard out of the *Clouds,* as the Voice of an Angel *He that rightly Comprehends the Morality of this Discourse* *ver repent the Reading of it.*

THE END.



Respublica Literaria:

OR, THE

REPUBLICK

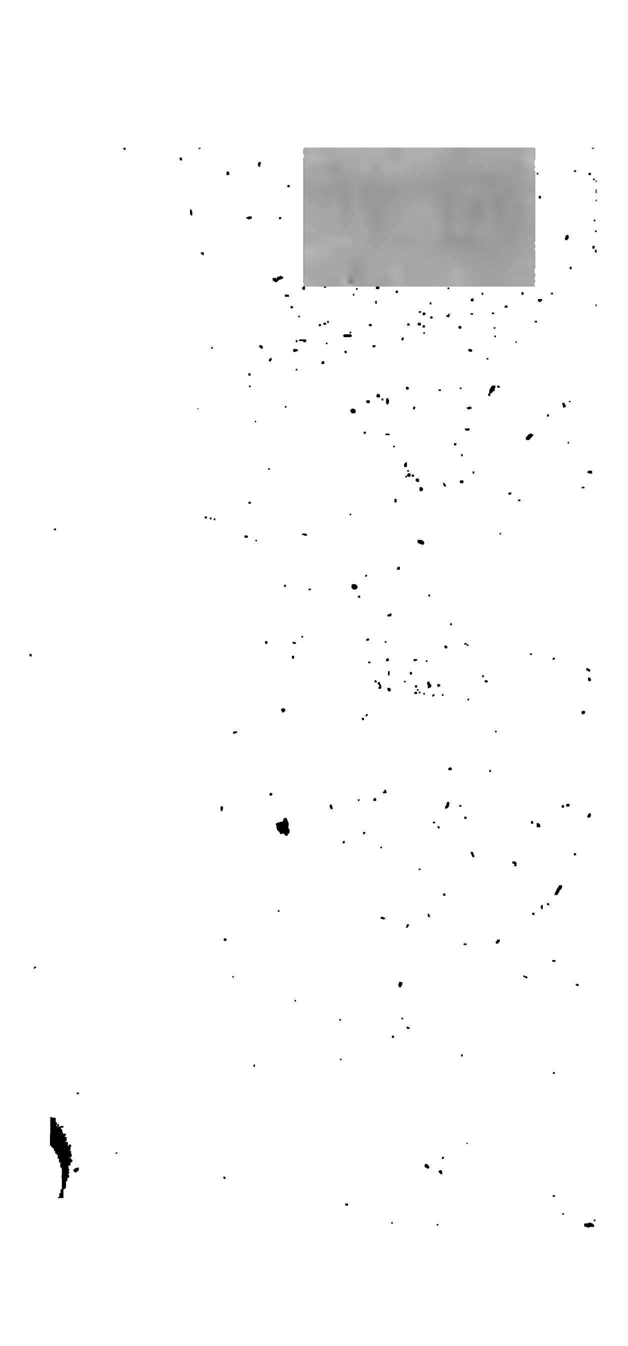
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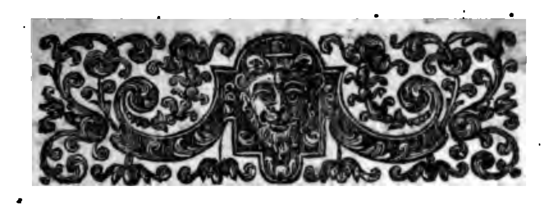
LETTERS;

BEING A

VISION.

Wrote in Spanish *by* DON DIEGO DE SAAVEDRA, *Knight of the* St. James.





To his Excellency

JOHN *Lord Carteret*,

Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, and one of his Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy-Council.

My Lord,



F, as my Author ſomewhere obſerves, to let him ſpeak for himſelf, *Que*

los libros se han de dedicar a El, a Quien por rason del Argomento se le deve la obra, the Subject then of this Trifle, which was what flattered me into the Presumption of laying it here, makes it no more than a just Debt brought home to your Excellency; who, by your extensive and un-

unbounded Munificence to Men of Letters and Merit, are the Support of this Republick; and by your own tranſcendant Endowments and Acquiſitions, do make it even rival its antient Splendor and Dignity.

I AM ſenſible, my Lord, how ready the World will be to ex-

pect a juſt and regular Tranſlation, when they ſee your Illuſtrious Name at the Head of it; but as Things of this Nature are not to be ſuppoſed to carry any Proportion to the Greatneſs of the Receiver, I preſume it to be no Deminution of the Compliment, if though a becoming

coming Miſtruſt, or rather Conſciouſneſs of the contrary, I anticipate the Cenſure of others in owning its Defaults. *W*as this a perfect Tranſlation, it might then pretend to do even Honour to your Excellency, as being the firſt of that Kind that ever was: But as it is, I hope it a no

impardonable Piece of Ambition, in that I presume to ſhelter it under the Umbrage of your Great Name.

It is a Digreſſion, I muſt own, very conſiſtent with the uſual Pomp of Dedications to run out in a long Panegyrick of the Prudence, Conduct,

Conduct, and other ſhining Qualifications of the Patron; but your Excellency, who has riſen above the ordinary Pitch in all of theſe, lies out of the Reach of an ordinary Pen; and therefore it would be to act inconſiſtently with the Senſe I have of my own Weakneſs, to attempt any

any Thing of that Kind here.

I am, My Lord,

Your Excellency's

Most obliged,

Most devoted, and

Humble Servant,

J. E.



PREFACE.

THE Author of this Vision, DON DIEGO DE SAAVEDRA, has ſufficiently enough recommended himſelf to the World, not to want any Thing of mine to be added in his

his Behalf; his Hiſtory of
Goths, and *Political Emble*
have left but few, I]
ſume, who are any thing c
verſant with the *Spaniſh* V
ters, unacquainted with
Character. And as a pr
minary Account of this Pie
is what, I rather imagi
the Reader will be moſt
to expect; I chooſe to
perſede the Trouble of
forn

former, as well for his ſake as my own, and to detain him with as few Words as I can concerning the latter.

Don Francisco Ignacio de Porres, who writ the *Preface* to the Original, has this remarkable in the Commendations he gives it; That tho' it was the firſt Flower of

of our Author's Wit, yet it might juſtly rival his more mature Performances, both in its Delicateneſs and Ripeneſs. His Words are as follow; *Eſte Eſcrito fue la primera flor del ingenio de D. DIEGO DE SAAVEDRA; Por ſu ternura y por ſu fragancia puede competir a los frutos de ſu Iſtoria Gotica, y de ſus Empreſas Politicas la*

Sazon

Sazon. In which Words, I can't but hint at a very palpable Miſtake, which the above mention'd D. IGNACIO has committed, in making this the firſt Production of our Author; ſince I have no further to go than D. DIEGO's own Words to contradict it; for Page 45. of this Viſion, where he tells us, the hard Fate which all Books of Politicks unex-

unexceptionably almoſt met with in this Republick, he expreſly mentions his *Political Emblems*, and the great Concern he was in for them. Which, as it ſuppoſes him to have writ his *Emblems* ſome time before, ſo it plainly, I think, proves D. IGNACIO to have erred. But however, thus far I may ſafely venture to join in with D. IGNACIO, that this

is Vifion, whenfoever it was
·it, is nothing inferior to any
the Author's, whether la-
r or earlier Works. The
eat Reading, Judgment, and
fcernment that run through-
it the Whole, befides the
ne and pertinent Reflections,
herewith he has occafionally
liven'd and diverfify'd it,
› difcover a lively Genius,
nd extenfive Learning: His
Lan-

Language is easy and elegant and such as was reckon'd a good Standard in the Age he lived in: His Invention, indeed, which I think the *Spaniards* are not over-valued for, in that they never confine nor lay any Restraint upon it, runs sometimes low, and leaves him to grovel; which obliged me here and there

t

to except ſome few Lines, taken Notice of in the Margin; a Liberty, I hope, not altogether inexcuſable, if not unjuſtly taken: Which, whether it be, or no, I muſt leave thoſe read in *Spaniſh* to judge. Upon the Whole, for I would not be tedious, it may paſs for a pleaſant Deſcription, a ſhort, but crowded Landskip, of

of this imaginary Rep
lick.

THE Sketches he gives
the Characters of the m
eminent *Historians*, *Poets*, a
other Authors, are likely
afford the Reader a not-
pleasing Entertainment :
likewise his tracing up t
Progress and Advancement
Poesy in *Spain* and *Ital*

wh

where he takes Occasion to mention the most celebrated *Poets* of both Nations, and to point out their several Excellencies and Perfections.

But not to anticipate the Reader's Pleasure any further, I now take my Leave of him, with this Petition, That the Faults which have crept into the Press, as I fear

fear there are some, he wou[ld]
not impute to me, who a[m]
at too great a Distance
supervise and correct them.





NAMES

Of the

AUTHORS.

Who are mentioned, and censured in this Book.

A

MIguel *Alvarez*,
Anguilara,
Anaxarchus,
Aristotle,
Apuleius,

Ariosto,
Juan de Arjona.

B.

L*Uis de Baraona,*
Boscan,
Sanchez Brocensis.

C.

C*Omoes,*
Cartagena,
J. Cæsar,
Cicero,
Claudian,
Comenes,
Costana.

D.

D*Ante.*

E.

E *Rasmus,*
Alonso de Ercilla.

G.

G *Arcilaso,*
Galen,
Garces,
Aul. Gellius,
Luis de Gongora,
Guicciardin,

H.

H *Orace.*

I.

P *Aul. Jovius,*
Juvenal.

L.

L *Ivy,*
Lucan,
Raim. Lully.

M.

AUsias March,
Ausias Marino,
Mariana,
Juan de Mena.
Diego de Mendoza,
Marcial.

N.

ANton. de Nebrija.

O.

OVid.

P.

PAtercules,
Persius,
Plautus,
Platon,
Pliny,
Propertius,

Plutarch,

Plutarch,
Pythagoras.

S.

M*Arg. de Santellana,*
Saluſt,
J. Caſ. Scaliger,
Schioppius,
Silius Italicus,
Seneca,
Socrates,
Statius,
Suetonius,

T.

T*Acitus,*
Tibullus,
T. Taſſo,
Terence,
Trithemius.

V.

V.

L*Opez de Vega,*
Virgil.

X.

X*Enophon,*
Xenocrates.

Z.

Z*Urita.*



THE



THE

REPUBLICK

OF

LETTERS.



WAS running over in my Mind the prodigious Number, and continual Increase of Books, thro' the Liberty of the Press, and the Presumption of Writers, who make a downright Trade of it; when,

falling asleep, a Veil was drawn over those Images which my Thoughts, while awake, had been employ'd about; and I found myself in Sight of a City, whose Capitals of Silver and radiant Gold dazzled me with their Lustre, and that carried their aspiring Tops even above the Clouds. I was captivated with its Beauty, and had a longing Desire to approach it; when, on a sudden, I discovered an elderly Man that was making towards it; whom, as I came up, and entered into Discourse with him, I immediately perceiv'd to be *Marcus Varro*, by the Description I was well acquainted with, that *Cicero* and others give of that universal Scholar. Upon Enquiry what City that was, he, with an engaging Air of Complaisance, told me it was the *Republick of Letters*, and offer'd his Company to conduct me to

a

a Sight of what was moſt curious therein; which I readily accepted, and placed myſelf under his Direction. —— In our Way, which his Converſation agreeably deceived, I could not but take Notice, that the Fields on all Sides of us were covered almoſt over with Hellebore; and, as my Curioſity led me to ask him the Reaſon of it, he anſwered me, That as divine Providence did always place the Remedy near the Evil, ſo it had put this Herb near at Hand for the Good of the Inhabitants, who were by their hard Studies and Lucubrations grievouſly ſubject to Diſtempers in the Brain. Vaſt Multitudes of the People there were gathering this Herb, as being a * Specifick to improve the Memory; but not without impair-

 ing

* Nacardina, *the Word expreſt here by Specifick, is properly the Name of an Herb in* Spain, *that is of great Help to the Memory.* Vid. Steph. Spaniſh Dict.

ing the Judgment. They were but ſmall Gainers by it, methought, ſince what they acquired to the one, they loſt in the other. The Memory, 'tis true, is the Store-Houſe to Knowledge; but then it takes in Good and Bad alike. Happy would it be for Man, were he as able to forget, as he is to remember: The Remembrance of Good paſt does but grieve us, as the Senſe of preſent Evil makes us uneaſy.

WE were by this Time arrived at the City, where the Trenches about it, I obſerved, were full of a black Liquor, the Walls high, and planted all along with Gooſe and Swan Quills, which diſcharged whole Bales of Paper. There were white Towers that ſerved as Bulwarks; in the Inſide of which were wooden

* Peſtles,

* Peſtles, raiſed by Water, that falling with their Ends down into Stone Mortars, pounded great Heaps of Rags to a very Pulp; which being ſpread over ſquare copper-wired Sieves, and put to dry between Blankets, became Sheets of Paper. A Commodity eaſily enough made, but what coſts dear to Mankind. How fruitful, thought I with myſelf, are we of Invention, in finding out Things to our Hurt! Gold and Silver, the Bane of human Tranquility, were providently hid from us by Nature, cloſe within the Bowels of the Earth: She, wiſely conſulting our Quiet, lodg'd them in Places far remote, entrenching them with the Ocean, and immuring them within high and craggy Mountains. But the reſtleſs Induſtry of Man found out

* Viga's, *or Beams of Wood, as the Author calls 'em; but they are uſually called* Nic knockers.

out Arts and Means to make Seas navigable, and to force a Way through Mountains to get at thoſe Metals which occaſion ſuch Diſturbances, Wars, and Deſtruction in the World. And in like Manner, worthleſs Rags, that lie upon the very Dunghils buried in Filth, are by us with Diligence ſought for and fetch'd out from their Ordure, to be converted into Paper: Upon which we conſume our Reſt and Labour; by which Malice often gets the better of Innocence; and which has filled the World with endleſs Diſputes, the various Differences and Sects in Religion.

THE Frontiſpiece of the City Gate was diverſify'd with beautiful Columns of ſeveral Sorts of Marble and Jaſper; the Structure whereof, methought, was chargeable with a Default, as I only perceived

ceived the Dorick Order, that rough Emblem of Labour and Fatigue, to run throughout the whole. In Niches between the Columns ſtood the Statues of the nine Muſes, with muſical Inſtruments in their Hands, ſo exquiſitely wrought, and touch'd with ſuch vigorous Strokes of Art, as in a Manner ſoften'd the rude Marble into Life. My Mind, in the pleaſing Rapture it was affected with, ſeem'd ſenſible of the Preſence of thoſe Intelligences and their Muſick, ſo celebrated by Antiquity, that dwell in the Spheres. *Clio*, as it were, fired the Breaſt with Emulation by the noble Exploits of renowned Heroes: *Terpſichore* raiſed the Soul with the ſweet Harmony of her Muſick: **Erato* warm'd the

* *The Author repreſents this Muſe as holding forth Numbers, and a Pair of Compaſſes; but as neither of theſe are the Simbols of* Erato, *I have taken the Liberty to repreſent her as the Etymolgy of her Name directs me*, Vid. Pere Mountf.uc dans les Antiq. Tom. 1.

the Affections with the kindly Influences of Love : *Polyhymnia* quicken'd the Memory ; and by her Assistance, *Urania* endeavoured to excite Men to the Study of the Stars : *Calliope* exalted the Mind, and set it upon glorious Enterprizes. The Frontispiece was terminated by *Apollo*, who, with his golden Locks flowing down his Shoulders like Streams of Light, held a Lyre in one Hand, and his Plectrum in the other.

ENTRING the Suburbs, I saw Men busied in those Arts that are but the Habits of the Body ; merely Handicraft, in which the Understanding bears little or no Part. These are the spurious Issue of the Sciences, from whence they derive their Being and the Laws they are upheld by, altho' not sensible of it,

and

and operate without being able to account for their own Operations.

As very little occurr'd amongſt theſe Mechanical Arts worthy to engage our Attention, except * *Dedalus* the *Athenian*, who was making Oſtentation of the Saw, Augre, and other Inſtruments, he pretended the Invention of. We walked haſtily through them, and came to thoſe Arts wherein the Underſtanding takes Place, and the Hands ſerve but as Inſtruments to it: The which are ſubaltern to, and have their Dependance upon the ſeven Liberal Sciences, which are only converſant about Words and Quantities. Between theſe and the Mechanical Arts, a River glided gently along, that parted them; over which was a Bridge built of Marble, and upon

 it

* *A famous Blackſmith of* Athens.

it a beautiful Gate raiſed on Columns of Jaſper; about the Cornices whereof there hung whole Trophies of the Inſtruments belonging to theſe Arts, as Pencils, Pallet-Boards, Squares, Compaſſes, and Chiſſels. On the Top of the Gate ſtood Architecture, repreſented by a fair Virgin in Alabaſter, diſplaying the Legs of a Pair of Compaſſes upon a Plan of Building; and beneath her, upon the Pedeſtal, were theſe Lines of *Michael Angelo* engraven in *Italian*;

Non ha l'ottimo Artiſta alcun Concetto
Che un Marmoſolo in ſe non circonſcriva.

She was join'd on her right Side, by *Painting*, who ſtood upon the Cornice of a Capital, with a Pallet full of Variety of Colours in one Hand, and a Pencil

in the other, having a Mask hanging down from her Neck: And at her left Side was Sculpture crown'd with Laurel, reclining herself upon old Fragments of Statues. When we had passed thro' the Gate a fine spacious Street open'd to our View, all along which were beautiful Portico's rising on each Side in Arches, inhabited by the several Professors in these Arts. The first were the Artichects, lead up by *Agatharus* the *Athenian*, who boasted the Invention of the Art. * *Sostratus* was drawing the Plan of his Watch-Tower of *Pharos*; as *Spintar* of *Corinth* was drawing that of his Temple

* *For a further Account of most of these Artists*, vid. Plin. Histor. lib. 35, 36. *as likewise* Pausaniæ Histor.

Temple at *Delphi.* * *Chares Lyndius* beheld with a kind of Surprize his own *Colossos* of *Rhodes:* † *Sugillas* was intent upon the ‡ *Mausolæum* of *Artemiscia*; and *Artemidorus* stood fix'd in Attention upon the || *ForumTrajanum.* Others were busily employ'd in perfecting Columns, Basis, Pedestals, Plinths, Cornices, Architraves, and Freezes; all which concur to compleat a Building: A Labour how much too great for the Short Span of Life! in which our first Tears are hardly dried up before our Death-bed Groans are heard. And a little further were *Stratonicus*

* *The Author and several others call this Artist* Chares Lydius, *but through Mistake; for he was born in a Town of* Rhodes, *by Name* Lyndus; *and from thence he was called* Chares Lyndius. Vid. Plin. lib. 34. Sect. 18. Edit. Harder.

† Vid. Car. Stephani Dict. Historicum.

‡ *A noble Monument erected to* Mausolus *by his Queen* Artemiscia.

|| *The* Forum Trajanum *was where the Treasury or* L'Epargne, *as the* French *call it, of* Trajan, *stood.* Vid. Hottman. Lexic.

tonicus, *Acragas*, *Mentor*, *Betus*, and *Antipater*, carving Figures upon Silver; among whom *Stratonicus* had artfully carved a Satyr ſo extreamly like the Life, that the Nymphs ſtood trembling at it for Fear. *Zopirus* was raiſing all the Extravagancies of *Oreſtes* in *Baſs Relief*, upon two Silver Goblets: *Pythias* had juſt given the finiſhing Strokes to that inimitable Piece of his, called * *Magiriſcia*.

In another Portico was the Royal *Attales* limning for his Diverſion Variety of Figures upon Canvaſs, not a little proud of this his Invention. And hard by there was a Company of *Trojans* employ'd in Embroidery and other fine Needle-work. There were likewiſe great Numbers of *Germans*, pur-

* *A famous Piece of Cookery.*

purchasing to themselves immortal Honour by curious Pieces of Tapestry; whereon they stamp'd such admirable Figures with such an Air of Life, as Painting, or even Nature herself might envy. But what gave me great occasion to wonder was, that they work'd those so beautiful and natural Figures, with their Tool underneath the Frame, not seeing what they did; for the wrong Side of the Work was towards them: which gave me further occasion to reflect, in how much the same Manner, but with a vastly different Degree of Success, do Princes, with their Instrument of State, sign and order to be done Things brought before them, of which they see but the wrong Side, and know little or nothing of. Among these Artists an *Egyptian*, I observed, was of

scatter'd

ſcattered Pieces of Marble forming a humane Body; which he ſo artfully diſpoſed and enliven'd with ſuch maſterly Touches, that the Pieces ſeemingly became under his Hands Muſcles and Arteries: An Artifice not unlike this, but too frequently comes in Play in the Politicks of theſe Times, whereby Potentates of looſe and diſunited Motives collected together, form a Pretext for undertaking an unjuſt War, or maintaining a cruel Uſurpation.

In the next Portico we advanced to, were *Alcamanes*, *Cricias*, *Neſtocles*, and *Agelades*, hewing out Statues in Marble; *Pyrgoteles* was engraving *Alexander* the Great upon Jewels, a Priviledge only allow'd to him; as to caſt him in Braſs was granted to *Lyſippus*; and as *Apelles*

Apelles was honoured with that to his Picture : An Immunity ascer to true Bravery, that no vulgar a: dinary Genius dare attempt its P: which the greatest Encomiums c: ver equal. *Phidias* held some Fis his Hand, so cut out to the Lif Water seem'd only wanting for to swim. On one Side of us the: just finished the Figure of * *Bellon* tain'd within the Round of he Buckler; which agreeably surpriz with a Conviction, in spite of Geor that a Part may be equal to the W not but we may daily see as m Treaties and Negotiations among P wherein the being but a Part, *ofte* *sways and proves more than equal to the*

A

* Colotes *made the Buckler, and it was* P *that painted the Goddess within it.* Vid. Plin. & 35.

Among the laſt, tho' juſtly to be ranked with the firſt of the Art, ſtood * *Vervin*, putting the laſt Hand to his *Daphne*, half transformed into a Laurel: It ſo impoſed upon the Eye, that I could not help being under a kind of Concern, leaſt the creeping Bark would cover her beautiful Limbs over: Her Hair was viſibly almoſt turned into Leaves, which the Wind, ruſtling between them, ſeem'd to ſhake.

We walked but a little farther, before we came to the Maſters in that Painting, that Rival of Nature, and that ſometimes even improves upon her: The Invention of which was greatly conteſted. *Gigas* the *Lydian* made Pretenſions to it; which *Pyrrhus* diſputed with him. The *Corinthians* likewiſe, and

* *A* Spaniſh *Statuary*.

and * *Egyptians*, put in ſeverally t Claims to it; the laſt ridiculo affirming to have invented it, ſ ſix thouſand Years before ever *Grecians* came to make uſe of it Difficulty, I perceived, not eaſily t clear'd up, in as much that Arts inſenſibly almoſt carried on to fection, no one in particular bea the Honour of it, but the Glory dounding to All in general.

ALL luminous Bodies do natur project a Shade; and from thence all Probability, it was that Men, obſerving the Out-lines that boun the Shadow, took the firſt rude H that gave Birth to this Art. *Ar* and *Jeliſanus* were the firſt that mar

* *This pretended Claim of the* Egyptians *is* *Notice of by* Pliny in lib. 35.

out these Lines, and colour'd over the Figure comprehended between them: *Polignotus* and *Aglaophon* brought into Use the black and white Colours: *Philocles* the *Egyptian* invented Lines: *Apollodorus* the Pencil: And *Antonelus* Oil; whereby he procured Eternity to Painting.

HERE the Pleasure with which I survey'd the Objects about me, was disturbed by a Fray that broke out between the two great Rivals, *Zeuxes* and *Parrhasius*; and as Zeal in Matters of Judgment runs commonly very high, in that it touches Man in the noblest Part, so from Words, they threaten'd coming to Blows: * *Zeuxes* was greatly incensed at the Mistake he was deceived

* *This Contest between the two Painters is taken word for word almost out of* Pliny *in* lib. 35, 36.

ved into by the Picture of *Parrhaſius*, and to be even with his Adverſary, drew ſome Grapes ſo natural, with a Boy holding them in a Basket, that the Birds came and picked at them. It might have lower'd his Pride, methought, altho' the Grapes were ſo well imitated, that he had ſucceeded no better with the Boy, ſince he could not frighten away the Birds. But ſo near ally'd are the greateſt Beauties with the contrary Faults, that they both lie within the ſame Piece. We made Matters up between them, and proceeded on till we came to *Ariſtides*; who was giving with his Pencil ſuch Attitudes and lively Graces to his Figures, as diſcover'd the very Paſſions and Affections of the Soul. And *Protogenes* had now e'en almoſt finiſhed his Picture of * *Jalyſus*, which

* *The Portrait of a Hunter with his Dog.*

which he had been ſeven Years about; living all that Time upon nothing but moiſten'd Pulſe; for other Food, he was afraid would clog and ſully his Fancy. This Work was deſign'd a Place in the Temple of Peace, and therefore his utmoſt Skill had been employ'd upon it; and to compleat the Piece, there was now only wanting to expreſs the Foam of a Dog; which after ſeveral ſucceſsleſs Attempts, he deſpairing ever to ſatisfy himſelf in, daſh'd a Sponge againſt it, with an Intent to blot out the whole. I was greatly ſurprized at the Paſſion I ſaw him in, to go to ſpoil what had ſtood him in ſo much Time and Labour; but I was much more ſo, when I found that the inconſiderate Daſh of the Sponge, directed by Chance, had happily effected what he in vain pretended to with

with Art; which furniſhed me with this Hint, that Chance very frequently hits right, where the greateſt Heed and Carefulneſs happen to miſcarry; and that ſometimes we ought to follow the firſt Impulſes Nature ſtirs us on to Action by, as being, perhaps, the Influences of ſome ſuperior Power: And beſides, it may ſerve to ſhew that all Succeſs in human Affairs is not to be aſcribed to the Prudence of Man, but rather to the Providence of God, by whoſe Aſſiſtance we come at it. My Attention was here drawn off by the *Spaniſh* Air and Dreſs of *Navarette* the Dumb; from whom Nature, to be even with him for his other excellent Faculties, had kept back that of Speech; ſhe foreſeeing that his Works, which were ſo many perfect Copies of hers, would ſpeak

 loudly

loudly enough of themſelves: And behind him was *Diego Velaſquez*, with his Picture of *Philip* IV. to which he had given ſucn an Air of Life, and ſo admirably expreſs'd all the natural Greatneſs and Majeſty of his Mein, that it awed me into a kind of Reſpect and Reverence.

In this rich Repaſt of Painting, while I was feaſting my Eyes, I drew near to a Circle of Men, who were diſputing the Precedency of Painting and Sculpture. *Lyſippus* aſſerted it to the latter; for in this, ſaid he, a more exact Knowledge of Symmetry is required, and a greater Skill in expreſſing the Lineaments; wherein a Fault, if once committed, could not be rectified: Beſides, that Sculpture lay open to the Judgment of more Senſes

Senſes than one, as the Touch as w
as Sight, the Perfection of which c
ſiſted in all Sides alike: And that a
the Matter of this, it was both m
precious and durable than Canv
or what Painting was done on; t
it much longer preſerv'd and *pe*
tuated down the Memory of gr
Men, and was more apt to ſtr
and affect the Mind. *Apelles*, on
other Hand, produced ſeveral Reaſ
and Arguments to ſecure the Pre
rence to Painting: This, replied
is a ſilent Hiſtory, that preſents
our View a great Variety of Acti
together, diſcovers the Nature a
Greatneſs of them: The Place li
wiſe, and the very Motion Things
done in which it gives the Mind
pleaſing Satisfaction to know, t
Pencil never fails to deſcribe; l
th

they commonly eſcape the Chiſſel: And if Sculpture, by its Bulk, diſcover'd the Largeneſs of Bodies, ſo likewiſe did Painting too, although upon a plain Superficies, by rightly diſpoſing the Lights and Shades. In Sculpture Bodies kept a determinate Diſtance; but Painting could widen or contract, enlarge or leſſen the Diſtance, ſo as to deceive the Sight. And, continued he, not to mention the Advantage it has from Colours, which *in a Manner* give the utmoſt Perfection to Things, and open to the View the very inmoſt Motions of the Soul. The Noiſe and Heat they diſputed with on both Sides, would in all likelihood, have broke out into a Rupture, had not *Michael Angelo*, that great Maſter in both Arts, ſtept in between, and compoſed Matters, by de-

monſtrating to them, with three
cles interſecting each other, that Sc
ture, Painting, and Architecture, v
all three equal, and mutually aſſi
one the other.

WITHDRAWING from this Bu
we made towards the City G
which was adorned with a beau
Arch, whereon the ſeven Lib
Sciences, Grammar, Logick, Rheto
Arithmetick, Muſick, Geometry,
Aſtronomy, ſtood join'd hand-in-h
The Gates were of that Braſs, or *C*
thian Metal, ſo famed by the Antie
all fraught with Figures in a bea
ful Relief; which put me upon en
ring of *Polydore Virgil*, for he was juſ
me, who the Artiſt was, and what
tory was meant by them. Upon
Gate, ſaid he, is engraved the In

1

ion of Printing, done by a *Floren-tine*, whose Chissel has left no Part of the World a Stranger to its Fame. Don't you see, continued he, pointing up with his Hand, that Set of Men whose stern and austere Countenances shew a Contempt of all the Opinions and Goods of Mankind? how disrespectfully they cast their Eyes upon that Virgin there, with a Crown of Gold upon her Head, and a Trumpet in her Hand, who makes a Motion to fly away, being incensed at their Scoffs and insolent Jeers, and to bend her Course up towards that craggy Mountain? She, then, is Glory; and those Men, said he, are the Stoicks, who make but a Jest of her, and deny her to have a Place among the Real Goods of Mankind, as being a Felicity foreign to the Nature of the Soul, and quite

out of its Reach, and that depen
upon the Opinion others entertain
us. She is highly provok'd at this Usa
of theirs, and takes her Flight, as y
see, being accompanied only with
few noble Spirits to the Top of th
Mountain; where, prostrate at the Fe
of her Mother Virtue, who inhabi
those rude Desarts, in Company wi
Vigilance, *Labour*, and *Art*, her thr
constant Attendants, she complains
her of the Disregards and ill Trea
ment of those Philosophers. *Virtue* e
deavours to comfort her, by remindin
her of the good Effects of her Fam
continued down in the Feats of An
tient Heroes, and to be carried on t
future Ages by those, who shall ope
new Ways and Tracts in the Ocean, t
the Discovery of other Worlds, th
known one being of too narrow Limit
fo

or the Mind of Man. Alas! replies *Glory*, you always offer at removing my Uneasiness, with what rather aggravates it: What, tho' my Fame be great, yet you know how empty and perishable it is, since that it relies upon the Tongues of others, and is form'd of nothing but Words, the Daughters of the Wind, into which again it is resolv'd; affording Occasion of Triumph to my most mortal Enemy *Oblivion*. These Words of *Glory*, being follow'd with Tears, as you may easily discern by her Countenance, prevail upon *Virtue* to give Orders to *Art*, that Damsel you see her leaning upon, to procure some Remedy for the making *Fame* immortal. *Art* obeys her; and if you carry your Eye a little farther that Way, said he, you'll see her consulting with *Night*, that Virgin whose Mantle, all bespangled with

Stars, half covers her Face over; who tells her, that as the great Architect of the Universe had ſtamp'd his Eternal Decrees upon a dark Fold of his Garment in Characters of Light, ſo it would be practicable to expreſs, and to give a Body to the Conceptions of the Mind, with ſome black Dye upon white Paper; which, in ſpite of *Oblivion*, would make Words the Vehicle of *Fame*, equally laſting with *Obſcurity* herſelf, into which *Oblivion* endeavoured to ſink *Fame*.

ART is highly pleas'd with this Suggeſtion of *Night*; and, as ſhe is preparing to make *Ink*, the Gods that ſit in yonder Clouds with, their Eyes intent upon the Affair, foreſeeing that this Invention would advance *Glory* into the Number of the Gods, they ſtrive who

who ſhall applaud her Deſign firſt, and help to bring it to Perfection. *Bacchus* ſupplies her with Wine, *Jupiter* with Galls, *Pomona* with Gum-Arabick, *Veſta* with Vitriol, *Phœbus* with Heat; which, together with the other Materials, make Ink; of which thoſe Bottles you ſee there are full, as likewiſe the Trenches you muſt have taken Notice of at your Entrance: And this is what has procured Immortality to *Glory*, and is the main Support of this Republick.

UPON the other Gate proceeded *Polydore*, a *Spaniard*, that received his Birth upon the Banks of *Segura*, *who purchaſed rather Envy than Wealth to himſelf by his Abilities*, has engraved the Invention of Printing. There you may ſee how Religion, after

ter the ſeveral Countries ſhe has traverſed over in the World, and the Ignorance and profane Abuſe ſhe has met with, at length arrives at *Spain*; where the *Tagus* with Adoration receives her, and pays the true Worſhip to her, erecting to her Temples, and acknowledging but one ſupreme Being the firſt Cauſe of all Things. *Religion*, pleas'd with theſe Demonſtrations of Kindneſs ſhewn her by the *Tagus*, does in a full Council of the Gods repreſent the Obligations ſhe lies under to the infinite Majeſty of *Jove*; through whom the reſt act, not as diſtinct from him, but as Parts derived from his eternal Eſſence. The Council, after ſome Deliberation upon the important Service done to *Religion*, unanimouſly almoſt agreed, that the leaſt they can do is to enlarge the Dominion of the *Tagus*

to

to the utmoſt Bounds of *Europe*, quite to the Coaſts of *Africa*. But *Oceanus*, the Father of the Gods, thinking this too mean a Return for ſuch a Nation, propoſes to the reſt that other Diviſion of the World, which either was never known, or elſe has been forgot by Men ſince the profound Depths and mountanous Heaps of Waters have disjoin'd it from the *Triple Continent*. The Diſcovery and Conqueſt of this new World, ſays the God, is but a juſt Reward for ſo brave and pious a People as the *Spaniards*. All the Gods concur with him in his Opinion; and, as it is too difficult a Deſign to be brought about by ordinary Means, it being next to an Impoſſibility almoſt to reduce to Obedience, and civilize ſuch vaſt Nations, and at ſuch a Diſtance from one another, with a ſmall

Number of Men; the Celeſtial Conclave diſpenſes, out of their infinite Wiſdom, the convenient Means for effecting it. *Nereus* facilitating the Voyage thither by the Help of the Loadſtone; *Mars* inventing Gunpowder; *Vulcan* furniſhing them with Artillery, wherewith the *Spaniards*, as if arm'd with Thunder, may ſubdue the Barbarians by Multitudes; and the better to propagate *Religion* by the Help of Books, *Mercury*, to excuſe them not only from the immenſe Labour of Scribes, but their Ignorance and Errors too, inventing Types; which *Vulcan* there is caſting in Lead and other hard Metal; and * *Phiton*, he who ſtands a little behind *Vulcan*, is blending

* *Who this* Phiton *was, I no where find; nor do I think likely that he was the Inventor of Printing Ink for* Polydore Virgil, *whom our Author has chiefly follow'd*

ing together Soot with Linſeed Oil; with which ſlimy Matter the Types being ſmeared over, and afterwards preſs'd, leave their Impreſſion upon the Paper; ſo that now one ever ſo ignorant, may draw off almoſt infinite Numbers of Sheets in a Day's Time, altho' not able to write a Word.

SUCH Maſterly Art ran through the Work of the Gates, that I could not but imagine *Ingenuity* herſelf to reſide there: And as I advanced further in, I caſt my Eyes upon the Portraits of the Inventors of Letters diſpoſed in ſeveral Niches: The firſt were

low'd, mentions a Gentleman, by Name Joannes Cuthenbergus, *as the Inventor both of Printing and of this Sort of Ink: His Words are theſe,* —Imprimendarum literarum artem excogitavit (Joannes Cuthenbergus.) —non minore induſtria reperto ab eodem, prout ferunt Auctore (Joanne videlicet ſupra dicto) novo Atramenti genere, quo nunc Literar. Impreſſores tantum utuntur. Vid. Polydor. Virg. de rerum Invent. lib. 2. cap. 7.

were the *Chaldeans*, next the *Assyrians* and *Phœnicians*; and among them were more eminently conspicuous, *Palamedes*, the Inventor of four Letters; *Simonides* who found out as many more; and *Cadmus* the Inventor of Sixteen. * *Claudius Cæsar* likewise was honoured with his Picture there, for the Addition he made to the *Greek* Language of four Letters. Two supercilious Grammarians in an old-fashon'd Dress, with Beards down to their very Girdles, loaded with Satchels, and great Bunches of Keys, were the Porters to these Gates: So intolerable was their Arrogance, and so insolently proud were they of their Charge, that would my Curiosity have permitted me, I should cer-

* Claudius *invented only three Letters*; Vid. Taciti Annal. lib. 11. *and* Suetonius *in* Vita Claudii sub. finem.

certainly have turn'd back, rather than be obliged to them for Entrance. I no ſooner paſs'd through the Gate, but a fine Edifice, with a large Area, or quadrangle Opening before it, ſo alarm'd my Curioſity, that it immediately put me upon asking *Polydore* what it was; who anſwered, That it was the Cuſtom-Houſe, or Probation-Office, where all the Books ſent to the Repub-lick, from all Parts of the World, were brought. The whole Place was cover'd over with Loads of Books. Some Carriages, it was remarkable, were ſadly put to it, to drag only one Book at a Time, the Beaſts, panting and dropping with Sweat: So inſupportable a Load is Stupidity, as to make the very Sides of a Mule crack to bear it. Theſe Loads of Books were put under the Examination of ſeveral grave Cenſors, each

each recognizing those Books that fell under his Profession; who, after a strict Perusal, only admitted such for the Service of the Republick, as were the genuine Issue of their Authors, and well done; such as might improve the Understanding, and be of Use to Mankind. But as for the rest, not to lose the Paper, though the Work was good for nothing, they very prudently, designed them for the domestick Services and Occasions of the Republick, laughing at the vain Appetite the Authors of them thirsted with after Glory. I drew up to one of the Censors, who had, I perceived, under his Inspection all the Law-Books; and he being quite surfeited with the immense Heaps of Codes, Tracts, Decisions, and Councils, made this Exclamation; O *Jupiter!* if thou hast any Regard for

Things

Things below, why doſt thou not favour us every hundred Years, at leaſt, with a *Juſtinian*; or elſe let looſe upon us whole Swarms of *Goths*, who may put a Stop to this Inundation, as it were, of Books. And without opening any more, he gave them by the Groſs to light Fires with, and to put Fiſh or Hog's Lard in.

The Cenſor of the Books of Poetry had whole Waggon-Loads of Poems, Comedies, Tragedies, Satires, Eclogues both Paſtoral and Piſcatorial, brought to him.

The amorous Pieces the old Gentleman very pleaſantly devoted to be made Patch-Papers of for the Ladies, to wind Worſted upon, or wrap up Sweet-Meats or *Kentiſh Cherries* in. The Satiri-

cal

cal, he ordered to be made Needle and Pin-Paper of, to fold up Pepper and Snuff, or to weigh Things in: But very few of theſe, when examin'd, proved worthy the being acquainted with. Much the ſame Succeſs had the Books of Aſtronomy, Aſtrology, Necromancy, Sortileges, Divinations, and Chymiſtry; for even almoſt all of them were ſent to be made Sky-Rockets, and other Fire-Works of.

THE Cenſor that received all the Philological Books ſhewed great Uneaſineſs in his Face, being up to the Head and Ears in Commentaries, Quæries, *Annotationes*, *Scholia*, *Obſervationes*, *Caſtigationes*, *Centuriæ*, and *Lucubrations*: But every now and then he would break out into great Fits of Laughter at the *Greek* Titles, *Latin* Books, or others in the

Vulgar

ılgar Tongue, were decorated with; ıereby the Authors ſottiſhly imagi-d to give Authority to their Works: ſt as Fathers out of the ſame Kind of ınity, are apt to give their Children Names of *Charles* and *Pompey*, inking that the Names will infuſe to them the Bravery and Greatneſs thoſe renown'd Men. Some of ſe Books the Cenſor kept; but moſt them he ordered for the Apothecaries entitle their Pots with, which are ıally entitled with *Greek*, altho' the nples contain'd in 'em be of the owth of ſeveral Nations. I ſmiled the Application he made of them, d could not but admire the pleaſant anner he puniſhed in the Vanity of oſe too, who ſcattered up and down eir Works Scraps of *Greek*.

MOST

MOST of the Hiſtorical Books were excluded the *Cuſtom-Houſe*; and order'd to be cut into Triumphal-Arches, Feſtoons, and other Paper Figures; as thoſe of Phyſick, were converted into Wads for Guns, as mortal to the full as Ball; and thoſe of natural Philoſophy, were to be cut into Paper Cats and Dogs.

AT this Juncture there arrived from ſeveral Parts in the North, from *France* and *Italy*, Mules laden with Books of Politicks, and other State Matters, numberleſs Aphoriſms and Commentaries upon *Tacitus*, the Republicks of *Plato* and *Ariſtotle*. This noiſome and pernicious Baggage fell under the Cenſure of a vene-

venerable Elder, whoſe grave Countenance beſpoke the Wiſdom and Candour of his Mind; who, when he beheld thoſe Loads, cry'd out; "O you "Books! that are openly acknowledg'd "to be dangerous, in which Religion "and Truth are made to ſerve a Turn "and a Conveniency? what Tyrannies have you ſet up in the World? "and how many Kingdoms and Commonwealths have your Councils overturn'd? Upon Deceit and Malice it "is, that you pretend to ground the "Preſervation and Security of States "upon, little conſidering how ſhort of "Duration ſuch muſt be, that ſtand "upon ſuch falſe Bottoms: Whereas "Religion and Truth only eſtabliſh "Government upon fix'd and immoveable Foundations. Happy therefore

"alone

" alone is that Prince, who, by the " Strength of his own Genius, learns " bleſſedly to reign with Prudence." I very conſiderately weigh'd theſe important Reflections, and concluded from the Scope of them, that he would condemn theſe Books to be made Paper-Mills of, to be carried away by every Wind, or elſe into Vizor-Masks; ſince that the whole Study of Politicians, is to gloſs over Falſhood, and to make it reſemble Truth; and, with an artful Diſſimulation of their Knavery, to diſguiſe their Deſigns. But, however, he order'd them directly for the Fire, giving this for his Reaſon, That the Paper of them carried ſo much Venom in it, that to ſuffer them to go about in Shops only by Pieces, would be to endanger the publick Peace;

eace; and therefore it was much the
ſeſt Way, to commit them to the
lames. This rigorous Procedure of
is, made me ſhrink up my Shoulders
or fear of my *Political Emblems*, al-
ho' I had compoſed them with the
reateſt Regard to Religion, Reaſon,
nd Juſtice. It affected me with ſo
reat a Concern to ſee the Labour of
o many Men quite flung away, that I
ould no longer attend to the ſevere
Examination, but enter'd forthwith in-
to the Cuſtom-Houſe; where I was
diverted in a four-ſquare Hall, at the
Hurly-burly there was in weighing of
Authors Talents, and ſettling to each
their true Worth. Upon the Roof of
the Hall, was drawn all the Brightneſs
of the eighth Sphere with the ſeveral
Conſtellations, the Zodiack, adorn'd
with its twelve Signs, interſecting the
Sphere

Sphere, and from the four Corners, upon which this Circle was drawn, there rush'd forth the four Winds; the East Wind came forth wrapt in white Clouds; the West, ruddy and turbulent; the South Wind breathed out Flowers; and the North shook out of his gloomy Mantle, Snow and Hail. Upon the four Sides were described the Seasons of the Year; the Spring was crown'd with Roses; the Summer shew'd herself deck'd with Ears of Corn; Autumn with Vine-leaves; and Winter appear'd cover'd over with dry and parch'd up Brambles. In the Middle of the Hall, there hung up a *Roman* Balance, with a small Weight hard by it; at which Mens Talents were weigh'd by the Pound and Ounce; but their Judgments only by

Drams.

Drams and Scruples. And hard by, at the Light of a Window, ſtood *Hernando de Herrera*,* ſumming up with cloſe Attention the ſeveral Weights, and comparing the Talents of one Author with thoſe of another by a Touch-ſtone; wherein he was, methought, very liable to ſome Miſtakes, inaſmuch that Wits are not always what they ſeem to be; ſome being at firſt Sight lively, and to Appearance very ſprightly, although of little or no Sterling worth. Others again without making the leaſt Oſtentation or outward Shew, poſſeſs great Shares of it. However, I was deſirous (as

* *An Eminent* Spaniſh *Writer.* Vid. Antonii Biblioth. Hiſpan.

(as he was one greatly converſant i both the *Italian* and *Spaniſh* moder Poets) to enquire of him the Eſteer he held them in; to which, as I very c villy asked him, he as civilly made Aı ſwer, When the *Roman* Empire fell, ſai he, it carried along with it into Ruin, is uſual, the Arts and Sciences; but whe that Bulk of Greatneſs became divide and cantoned out into particular Dom nions and Governments over *Italy*, Pea again lifted up her Head, and tl Arts and Sciences began to flouriſh new.

PETRARCHA was the firſt, who, i that dark Confuſion of Ignorance, ſtruc out from his own Genius, as from a ric Flint, Sparks that gave Light to th *Italian* Poetry. His Spirit, Eleganc Beauty, and Erudition, equal him t th

the moſt diſtinguiſhed among the ancient Poets.

DANTE, in ſtudying to ſhew the Scholar, ceaſed to be the Poet; and, in ſhewing the Poet, appear'd leaſt the Scholar; for he ſoars above ordinary Underſtandings, miſſing his Aim to inſtruct with Delight, which is the Life of Poetry, nor imitating well, which is the Form of it.

LEWIS ARIOSTO, through the Richneſs of his Vein, and the Fertility of his Invention, broke the ſacred Laws of an Epic Poem in the Unity of it; who not confining himſelf to one Heroe, celebrates a great many in one entertaining and ingenious Diſcourſe; but the Thread of it is often interrupted, and not fine enough: And

Marino, in his *Adonis*, followed him in t
Licence, being more intent to please th
instruct, whose Invention and Elegan
form a beautiful Parterre with seve
Beds of Flowers in it.

TORQUATO TASSO observes wit
more religious Awe the Precepts of t
Art in his Poem, which ought not to
approach'd but with Respect and Re
rence.

AND what happen'd to the *Itali*
fell out in common to the *Spaniar*
for, while their Necks lay under t
African Yoke, they were so haras
with cruel Serpents coming over
mong them from the several P
vinces of *Africa*, that their Muses w
frighten'd away into their Retirem
upon the Mountains, to tune their I
struments; till *Juan de Mena* remov
th

heir Fear; and amidst the Noise and Din of Arms, drew them forth from their Solitude, to raise the agreeable Harmony of their Voices: In him there is a great deal to be learn'd and admired, altho' not the best to be imitated; for so horrid were their Laws of Consonants that sprang up in the Midst of Ignorance, as that they were contented with putting their Conceptions into Couplets, tho' ever so ordinary. After him flourished the Marquis *de Santillana*, *Gorci*, *Sanchez Costana*, *Cartagena*, and others, who came by little and little to apply the File to their Works.

AUSIAS MARCH writ in the Dialect of *Lemosina*, and shews himself a Master in the Theory or speculative Part of Love; who gave Hints to *Petrarcha*, which he, with his more elegrant Pen,

improved, and in a Manner mad
own.

WHEN the Times grew more p
Garcilaſſo aroſe, who, by the Str
and natural Efficacy of his Genius
the Aſſiſtance he had from Forei
carried Poetry to a more exalted
He was the Chief in the Lyrick
who, with his Sweetneſs, Signific
and well-choſen Words, unveil'
Sentiments of the Mind; which
preſs, as it more properly belon
Songs and Elegies; he in them
out-did himſelf, elegantly diſpl
the Affections, and carrying the
long with him wherever he ple
and, if in his Sonnets, he may
negligent and careleſs, it is to be
ged upon the Times he lived in
his Eclogues he, with great Dec

r

:es uſe of pleaſing and well-turn'd reſſions, that have the Air of the ntry, and ſavour of the Village, without the Booriſhneſs and Ran- of it; of which *Mantuana* and *ina*, in their Eclogues, are full. He pers the Ruſticity with the Ele- :e of his choiſe Words, after the Pat- of *Virgil.*

N *Portugal* flouriſhed *Camoes*, the our of that Kingdom. He was amorous, full of Conceits, and llent in both the Lyrick and Epick l of writing. And *Boſcan*, a Con- porary of *Garcilaſſo*, as he writ in a guage not his own, deſerves the ter Praiſe, and is the more excu- : for ſome Improprieties.

To theſe ſucceeded *Diego de Mendoza*, who is lively and ſurprizing in his Sentiments and Fancy, but ſlovenly and impolite. Much about the ſame Time flouriſhed *Cetina*, who is pompous and delicate, but wants Vigour and Nerves. And then appeared with greater Luſtre *Lewis de Baraona*, an excellent Scholar, and of a noble Spirit; but ſhar'd in common with *Auſonius* the Misfortune of having no one to conſult with; ſo that he gave looſe Reins to his luxuriant Fancy without either Reſtraint or Art. At that Time, likewiſe, lived *Juan de Arjona*, who ſet about the Tranſlation of *Statius*, animated with the very Spirit of the Author; but Death interrupted the Work, and left it only begun. In which he ſhews a great Vivacity

an

and Genius, confining himſelf to the Laws of Tranſlation, without deſcending to Trifles; as *Anguilara*, has done in his Tranſlation, or rather Paraphraſe of *Ovid's Metamorphoſes.*

DON ALONSO DE ERCILLA, altho' taken up in the Hurry and Occupation of Arms, which prevented his acquiring all the Learning neceſſary for ſuch a Work, does diſcover in his *Aracana* a great Spirit, accompanied with a rich and flowing Facility.

ABOUT our own Times there revived a *Marcial Cordues*, in the Perſon of *Lewis de Gongoza*, the Delight of the Muſes, and Favourite of the Graces; a great Maſter in the *Caſtillan* Language; who, when he delights himſelf in toying with it, and in diſ-

playing the Pleaſantry and pretty Turns of the Equivocal Words in it, he diſcovers an incomparable Sagacity. And in Things more ſerious, when he gives a Looſe to his Imagination, he is exact and clear, his Conceptions not being too ſubtle and refined to be underſtood; which indeed was his Caſe afterwards, when he withdrew himſelf from the Vulgar, and affected to be obſcure, a Fault, however pardonable in him, even in that he was noble and inimitable. His *Polyphemus* ſometimes ſtumbles for want of Light; but then he takes the larger Strides for it: If he ſometimes loſes himſelf in the Deſarts, he afterwards appears with the greater Pleaſure to thoſe who purſue him, and penetrate into the Author's Subtilties. *Bartholomy Leonardo de Argenſola*, his Contemporary, was the Pride of *Arragon*, and

and Oracle of *Apollo*; whoſe Eloquence, Erudition, and Solidity, attended with ſuch a noble and ſublime Fancy; ſo perſpicuous and judicious a Diſpoſition of his Words and Sentences, will be ever the Admiration of all, though to be imitated but by few. Too haſty a Pen ſully'd his Works with ſome Blemiſhes, which the Careleſneſs of the Preſs afterwards enlarged; a Misfortune which moſt Poſthumous Works are liable to.

LOPEZ DE VEGA is an illuſtrious Branch of *Parnaſſus*; of ſo redundant an Invention, that he was only at a Loſs what to chooſe. His Copiouſneſs, which he was too much enamoured with, made him deſpiſe the Scantineſs and Dryneſs of Art. His Works are like a rich Wardrobe, wherein one may

pick and cull Jewels in the great Variety to his Fancy.

AFTER the pleasing Account I was entertained with by him of these Authors, not being particular in the Order and Rank he disposed them in; I was going out of the Custom-House, when the confused Noise of numberless Voices that broke forth from the Schools on one Side of us, suspended my Attention for a while; till, by my Curiosity being carried into them, I found *Antonio de Nebrija*, *Miguel de Alvarez*, and others, instructing Youth in *Grammar*; without a thorough Knowledge of which none could be admitted a Denizen of the Republick. The tiresome and infinite Number of Grammar Rules, altho' greatly reduced by *Sanchez Brocensis*, in his Learned *Minerva*; which

which was, however, enlarged again by *Gasper Schiopius*; ſo burdened the Capacities of the Youth, that a great many through Impatience quitted their Studies, altho' of ſuitable Abilities for Learning; and, out of the great Averſion they bore to Grammar, choſe rather to apply themſelves to the Army, or ſome Trade, to the great Detriment of the Republick, of which they were thereby incapable ever to become Citizens. Others, likewiſe, in attaining to an ordinary Skill in the *Latin* Tongue, having conſumed four or five Years, the beſt Time of their Lives for them to improve in the Sciences, were at laſt entire Strangers to the uſeful Parts of Knowledge. It gave me great Uneaſineſs to think that ſo much Miſchief proceeded only from Ignorance; and, therefore, ſaid I to

Varro

pick and cull Jewels in the gre[...] riety to his Fancy.

AFTER the pleasing Account I [...] entertained with by him of the[...] thors, not being particular in th[...] der and Rank he dispofed them[...] I was going out of the Custom-H[...] when the confused Noise of num[...] less Voices that broke forth from [...] Schools on one Side of us, suspe[...] my Attention for a while; till, by [...] Curiosity being carried into them [...] found *Antonio de Nebrija*, *Miguel d[...] varez*, and others, instructing You[...] *Grammar*; without a thorough Kn[...] ledge of which none could be admi[...] a Denizen of the Republick. The [...] some and infinite Number of Gram[...] Rules, altho' greatly reduced by [...] *chez Brocensis*, in his Learned *Min[...]*

wh[...]

[illegible]

Varro, how is it that ſo much Time is flung away in teaching only a Language, which, without Rules, by Uſe and Practice, might as well as other Languages be learned in three or four Months? and why are not the Sciences taught, as the *Grecians* and old *Romans* were uſed to do, in the Mother Tongues; ſince that almoſt all of them are capable on't? To which his Anſwer was, That moſt People diſproved the received Method of Teaching Grammar, ſo there were certain Cuſtoms that all diſliked, yet all fell in with them: And in *Spain*, continued he, the worſt on't is, and that not ſo much owing to the *Method*, as to the Neglect in Parents, that they don't take Advantage of the younger Years of their Children, when they are apteſt and beſt diſpoſed by Nature for learning Languages: and the

the like holds good in other Nations; for no ſooner do Children begin to babble, but forthwith a *Latin Accidence*, or *Propia quæ Maribus*, is clapp'd into their Hands. Then, as to the Sciences, it would be altogether improper to expoſe and make them common in the Mother-Tongue; beſides, that ſince the *Roman* Empire was broke to Pieces the *Latin* Tongue, which was ſo univerſal came almoſt to be loſt, it was neceſſary to preſerve it, not only upon account of the many learn'd Books writ in it, but alſo that different Nations might enjoy the Benefit of one another's Studies, and Improvements, they being made publick in one common and general Language; which could not otherwiſe be brought about but by the endleſs Fatigue of Tranſlations; which disfigure

gure and greatly impair the Strength of their Originals.

BEHIND the Schools were all the moſt famous Univerſities in the World; as that of * *Berytus*, built firſt by *Diocleſian* and *Maximinian*, and rebuilt afterwards by the Emperor *Juſtinian*: That likewiſe built by *Theodoſius* in *Poland*: Thoſe of *Padua*, *Vienna*, *Ingolſtat*, *Salamanca*, *Alcala*, and others. The Students were all in a Confuſion, engaged in hot Diſputes, all the Blood of their Bodies being ſummon'd up into their Faces, and toſſing their Hands about in the greateſt Diſorder; all obſtinately aſſerting, but not one convinced: Which ſhew'd me how well adapted is the Hieroglyphick of the *Egyptians*, that repreſents Schools by a

* *A Univerſity very famous for Lawyers in the Time* Juſtinian *the Emperor.*

a Grashopper. The Advantages reaped in most of these Universities but little answered the Labour and Time spent in them; for their Arrogance far exceeded their Knowledge, and more was doubted amongst them, than really learned. Such a Space of Time, not their Aquirements advanced them to the Degrees of Batchelors and Doctors, nay, sometimes Money alone procured them their magnificent Diploma's, and dubb'd the *Ignoramus Professor*, authorizing him to read publick Lectures, and to retail the Sciences at so much *per* Quarter.

HERE I was fix'd in Attention at the solemn Procession the Historians of *Greece*, *Rome*, and other Nations, made by me in a most regular and decent Order; whom, as they passed me one by

by one, *Polydore*, at my Requeſt, was pleaſed to inform me of, giving me their Names and Characters. This, (ſaid he) that advances foremoſt with that Circumſpection, and moves ſo ſlowly on, is *Thucydides*; who, in Emulation of *Herodotus*, writ his ſententious Hiſtory of the *Peloponeſian* War: He that next comes ſo penſive, and with a down-caſt Countenance, is *Polybius*, who writ forty Books of the Punick Wars; but we have only five of them left; which have in a Manner eſcaped the Injury of Time, but not the Malice of *Sebaſtian Maccio*; who has thro' Ignorance treated him ill, not knowing that his Deſign was not to give a naked Relation only of Things, but likewiſe to inſtruct.

AND

And he that follows in the looſe and plain Dreſs, whoſe Countenance diſcovers an ingenuous and prudent Mind, that ſets free from the baſe Slavery of Flattery, is *Plutarch*; ſo great a Maſter in both the Arts Military and Political, that, as *Bodin* has obſerved of him, he may paſs for an Umpire in both.

The other that approaches with that eaſy and ſmiling Countenance that lively and engaging Air, is *Xenophon*, call'd by *Laertius*, the *Athenian*, *Muſe*, and by others more properly, the *Attic Bee*.

He in that ſhort, but neat and elegant Dreſs, is *Salluſt*, a profeſs'd Enemy to *Cicero*; whoſe conciſe Brevity comprehends more than the moſt verboſe

bofe Eloquence; which, however, was cenfured by *Afinius Pollio*, and * *Seneca*, who think him obfcure, bold in his Tranflations, and his Sentences unfinifhed, and left off.

HE with the thick Eye-brows, aquiline Nofe, and a large Pair of Spectacles, that draws up this Way with fhort but quicker Steps than the reft, and with an unaffected and genteel Air, is *Tacitus*, that great Favourite of the Emperour *Claudius*; who order'd his Picture to be put up in all Libraries, and his Works to be copied over ten times a

* *I wonder how the Author happen'd to charge* Seneca *in common with* Pollio, *as agreeing with the latter in the Judgment he made of* Salluft. Pollio, *indeed, writ a Book exprefly to fhew his Faults; but* Seneca, *does no where feem, that I remember, to concur with him in his Opinion, nay, fo far was* Seneca *from it, that he rather endeavoured to turn to the Praife of* Salluft, *what* Livy *would perverfely have look like mean and affected in him.* Vid. Voffi de Hiftor. Lat. & Senec. Controver, 25. lib. 5.

a Year. All this Diligence, however, could not reſcue from Oblivion the far greateſt Part of his Works; and thoſe we have continued down to us, lay many Years buried in Obſcurity before they came to be made publick by a *German*; who, with his Countryman the Inventor of Gun-Powder, makes it a Queſtion, which made the World the worſt Preſent. Such tyrannical Doctrines run through theſe Works, and ſuch deadly Poiſon has been imbibed from this Fountain, that *Budæus* calls him the moſt flagitious among Writers. But ſo great a Hazard do thoſe run that write under arbitrary Princes, that if they praiſe them, they are ſure to paſs for fawning Flatterers; if they reprove them, and pry narrowly into their Vices, they are then thought ſpightful and malicious. But, how-

however, this Calumny charged upon him by *Budæus* is wiped off, and made up to him by others, who as lavishly commend him, *Pliny* calling him Eloquent, *Vopiscus*, *Spartian*, and *Sidonius*, loading him with the greatest Encomiums.

MIND, mind, (said *Polydore*) that serene Countenance, those prominent Lips that distill very Honey; observe well his Dress, all embroider'd with Flowers. This is *Titus Livy*, of equal Glory to the *Romans*, with the Extent of their Empire. He shunn'd the Impiety of *Polybius*, but gave indeed into its opposite Superstition, which usually happens, that avoiding one Fault, we unluckily fall into another.

Now carry your Attention towards him that follows: Take Notice of his particular Garb, which in its Way is so perfect, that to pretend to alter, would be to spoil it: This is *Suetonius*. You may perfectly see by his Countenance the Uneasiness of his Mind, how scornfully he disdains the Sycophantry of Courts, or to connive at the Faults of Princes, tho' ever so small; if such may be call'd so, that those at the Helm commit; whose Actions being so conspicuous, the Vulgar blindly follow, either through Flattery, or some other base and servile Principle, not considering whether they be good or bad. For as some Jewels, tho' with Flaws in them, receive an additional Value, not their own, by the Opinion the Vulgar entertains of them, and are preferr'd to richer and more precious ones; so the

the Actions of Princes, tho' bad and vicious, pass for good and commendable ones among their Subjects, who, preferrably to all others, follow those Actions they have their Head a President for.

HE that shews himself next with a Sword in one Hand, and his Pen in the other, is *Julius Cæsar*, who is as unparalell'd for the Bravery of the one, as he is inimitable in the Elegancy of the other; upon whom Nature has employ'd her utmost Efforts, in finishing both the Soldier and Scholar, ennobling him with an exquisite Judgment, so that he shew his Perfections to the greatest Advantage, and his Weaknesses he most artfully dissembeld. But, indeed, who is so close an Adherent to the Truth, as to discover his own Imperfections? or can set so loose,

ıd at ſuch a Diſtance from himſelf as ɔ be able to diſcern them? For if re are ſo byaſs'd by Affection in repreſenting other Mens Actions, putting them n quite different Lights, how likely are we to be over-ſway'd by it when we ſpeak of ourſelves? and that eſpecially when our Abilities and Bravery are the Matters in queſtion?

THE genteel but plain Dreſs, handſome but not tawdry, of him that follows, continued *Polydore*, readily diſcover to you that this is *Philip de Camines*; whoſe unaffected Air and Countenance ſeem to intimate the Solidity of his Judgment. The other in a ſlovenly and impolite Habit, with his long Beard, is *Guiciardini*, that ſworn Enemy to the Houſe of *Urbin*. He in the thick Rug, which, as thick as it is, hardly keeps him warm, is *Paulus Jovius*, a Flat-

Flatterer of the Marquis *del Basto*, and the House of *Medices*, but a profest Enemy to the *Spaniards*, which are Faults that justly decry his History.

LASTLY came up *Zurita* in the Rear, covered with a large Garment trailing after him, and accompany'd by Don *Diego de Mendoza*, who was quick and lively in his Motions. To these follow'd Testy *Mariana*; who, to acquire the Reputation of a faithful and impartial Historian amongst other Nations, took care not to spare his own; nay, and often to condemn it in Matters quite doubtful: He affected Antiquity, and as others pull their Beards purposely to look the younger, he, on the contrary, did it to make himself appear the older.

WHEN

When the Procession was ended, we continued on our Way, till oneach Side, I took Notice, there were the most celebrated Libraries, both antient and modern. As that of *Ptolomy Philadelphus*, adorned with 600000 Volumes; the *Vatican*; that of St. *Ambrose* at *Milan* of 10000 Books; and several others. Among the endless Variety of Books we light upon, some the most Ancient were writ upon Palm-Tree Leaves finely stitched together, and likewise upon the Film peal'd off between the Bark and Trunk of Trees; which, as its called *Liber* in *Latin*, it gave the Name of *Liber* to a Book. Others, again, were writ on Sheets of Lead, and on Tables covered over with Wax, the Characters whereon were made by an Iron Pin, called *Stylus* among the *Romans*; from whence came the Expression *of a good or bad Style.* Others

we found done upon the inmost of a Rush, found in *Egypt* abou Time *Alexander* subdued it; tho' date the Invention of it much hi which is call'd *Papyrus*,) and from t arose the Name of Paper. Some writ on the Skins of Beasts, call' *gaminæ*, because first invented in *gamus*, at the Time that *Ptolemy delphus* made an Edict, no Paper f be carried out of his Kingdom; jealous of *Eumenes*, King of *Perg* his compiling a Library to vie his; even as now-a-days we see Princes, in the Trade and Com of their Subjects, do often emulat envy one another. The Books, served, were not bound, as the now; but rolled about wooden Ivory Rolls, with silver or golden at the End of them, whence they their Name of Volumes. All

ublick Buildings were ſo diſpoſed, as
hat they ſeem'd to terminate ſo ma-
y Streets; one of which, methought,
was juſt entering into, when I found
yſelf at the Top of an eaſy Aſcent,
at was divided into ſeveral riſing
ills; which were ſurrounded with
neſome Vales, that by the Solitude
hich reign'd throughout them, ſeem'd
eſign'd for Retirement and Contem-
lation. At certain Diſtances there
ere ſcatter'd up and down in theſe
ales, little Huts or Shades, ſo mean
nd naked of all Ornaments, that no-
ing more could be meant by them,
an as for Defences againſt the Incle-
encies of the Seaſons; wherein, how-
ver, as I afterwards found, no deſpi-
able a Part of this Republick took up
heir Abode.

THE firſt whereof that fell under my
bſervation, were the *Gymnoſophiſts*, ly-

ing along upon the Ground qui
ked, and busily employ'd in the
losophical Enquiries.

AND advancing a little fart
came to the *Druids*, who were cc
ting their sacred Mysteries to W

THE next I passed, were the
of *Persia*, the *Chaldeans*, the *Turd*
Spain, the *Indian Bracmans*, the
nists, *Cabbalists*, *Sadducees*, and o
who were all, with the greatest
tion, exploring into Nature's S
and carrying their Disquisition
her very inmost Recesses, to
rude and coarse Labours it is, w
the first Appearance of the Sci
And amongst them, I spy'd
thens, who for his insatiable Thirst
Knowledge, was said to have a
ture continually gnawing at his I

He made ſuch Diſcoveries in Arts, that till then had lain hid from the World, and by imparting them to Mankind, ſo mollify'd their Barbarity, poliſh'd and civilized their rude Manners and Cuſtoms, uniting them into Societies, that by a ſmall Figure he may be ſaid to have new formed them, by inſtilling noble Sentiments into their earthly and grovelling Bodies. *Endymion*, by the cloſe Attention, he kept his Eyes fix'd upon the Moon, obſerving her ſeveral Motions and different Phaſes, ſeem'd downright enamour'd with her. *Atlas* ſtood ſo intently gazing at the Stars, that to have ſeen him, one would have imagined he ſupported the whole Firmament upon his Shoulders. *Proteus*, by his nice Speculations upon the Riſe, Growth, and Tranſmutations of Things, worked

himſelf into a Belief, that he put on their ſeveral Forms and Natures.

IN a gloomy Shade, which the tufted Branches of ſeveral Trees lovingly conſpired to make, were ſeated the ſeven Wiſe Men, *that Conſtellation of Luminaries, which by their borrow'd Light from the Eaſt, ſhone ſo bright all over* Greece. They exhibited to us a convincing Demonſtration, that as Pride is the genuine Offspring of Ignorance, ſo that Modeſty is the undoubted one of Wiſdom: For ſome Fiſher-Men of *Ionia* having by Chance taken up in their Nets out of the Sea a Golden *Tripos*, made as it was thought, by *Vulcan*, they, to prevent all Diſputes about the true Owner, ſent to conſult the Oracle upon it; who return-

ed

ed Anſwer, it belonged to the *Wiſeſt*: Whereupon, it being brought to *Thales*, he, with a becoming Modeſty, offered it to another, who offered it to the next, and this to the fourth, till it came to *Solon*, who preſented it to God; for, ſaid he, in him alone true Wiſdom dwells. Which Action of his may ſerve to diſabuſe the Generality of Mankind of their vain Preſumption and Arrogance.

By the Side of a pleaſant Stream, were ſtanding *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Clitomachus*, *Carneades*, and other Philſophers of the Academick Sect, who were full of Doubts, never affirming any Thing for certain, always withholding their Aſſent from a Thing, 'till forced from them by Dint of Reaſons, and Strength

Arguments; and ever believing one Opinion ſtill more probable than another.

AND a little above them were the *Scepticks*, *Pyrrhus*, *Xenocrates*, and *Anaxarchas*. Theſe ſcrupulouſly doubted every Thing, neither affirming nor denying any Thing; and when any Queſtion was put to them, they ſhrunk up their Shoulders, giving to underſtand by that *Innuendo*, that they could not be ſure, or poſitively affirm any Thing. I could not diſcommend the Modeſty of theſe Philoſophers, nor think their Diffidence of human Knowledge altogether without Reaſon. Inaſmuch, that to the arriving at certain Knowledge; two Properties are abſolutely requiſite, the one in him who may be ſaid to know, and the other in

in the Thing which is the Object of our Knowledge. The Underſtanding, through which it is that we come at Knowledge, is furniſhed with its Ideas by the Senſes, both external and internal; which as they are apt to looſe their Tone and Energy, and do often vary and undergo ſeveral Alterations, by being differently affected; and from larger or fewer Supplies of Spirits; or, laſtly, from the Fineneſs of their Contexture, and Organization, no wonder ſuch Diverſity of Opinions are found amongſt Men; ſince every one conceives quite differently of what he hears or ſees, from another. And in the Things which we are ſuppoſed to know, the Uncertainty is no leſs; for in different Situations and Poſitions, they appear different with other Colours and Qualities; and

as they are placed farther or nearer to other Bodies, they put on various Forms and Appearances: Wherefore as they are ever variable, and there being no one pure ſimple and uncompounded Body, we can't ſafely affirm that ſuch and ſuch Things really are, but barely ſay that they ſeem to be ſo and ſo; which only amounts to an Opinion, and not to poſitive and certain Knowledge. Beſides, not to paſs over the greater Incertainty ſtill, that *Plato* obſerves in Things; the pure and and unmix'd Nature, ſays he, of Things being ſo ſully'd with Alloy, and concealed under ſuch different Modifications and Compoſitions, it quite eſcapes our Bodily Eyes: We only perceive the bare Reflections and Shadows, as it were, of the Things themſelves; and there-

therefore come vaſtly ſhort of real Knowledge.

In another Quarter were the Dogmatiſts, who maintained their Tenets to be certain and inconteſtable: They diſtinguiſhed all Things into Good and Bad, which neceſſarily kept their Minds in a very uneaſy and troubleſome Poſture, either in anxiouſly ſhunning the one, or purſuing the other. The Scepticks, methought, had viſibly the Advantage of theſe; for as they judged all Things to be indifferent, they were free from all Uneaſineſs, either in coveting the one, or in avoiding the other; ſo that their Felicity was entirely independent of both; but *Quot Philoſophi, tot Sententiæ:* And from the immenſe Variety of Mens Natures

Natures and Tempers, ſprung up numberleſs Sects and Schools.

THERE were up and down among the reſt, we obſerved, a Set of walking Philoſophers; whom by their *Ipſe dixit's*, I perceived to be the Peripateticks. The Stoicks next diſcovered themſelves, who were obtruding upon others with their Paradoxes and Chimæra's, reducing all Things under a Neceſſity and Fate, ſtripping themſelves of all Humanity in the Contempt they ſhewed for the Goods of Mankind; and depriving the Soul of its Paſſions and Affections.

ADVANCING forwards to another Set, called the *Pythagoreans*, I found them buried, as it were, in Silence: There every Thing was huſh'd and ſtill, but

but very few of them venturing to ſpeak, each ſolemnly obſerving the five Years of Taciturnity enjoined them: And preſently after we met the *Epicureans*, *Cynicks*, and *Heliacks*; and at a pretty good Diſtance from theſe was *Diogenes*, the moſt diſabuſed and clear-ſighted of them all: He uſually withdrew himſelf a-part into his Retirement, to employ the leiſure Hours allowed him from his Buſineſs, in the Study of the Principles of the *Stoicks*; the Rigour and Auſterity of which he wiſely tempered, diſowning himſelf to be dependent of any blind ſuperior Neceſſity; but not without natural Paſſions and Affections. He was repoſed upon the moſſy Banks of a gentle Stream, near the Head of it, and ſeem'd fix'd in Admiration at the ſlow but clear Advances of the Water

Waters, as they paſſed him; the Beauty and Serenity of which he had deſcrib'd upon the Bark of an Elm, in the following * Lines.

Riſa del monte; de las aves Lira,
Pompa del prado, eſpejo de la Aurora
Alma de Abril, Eſpiritu de Flora
Por quien la Roſa, y el jaſmin reſpira.
Aunque tu curſo en quantos paſos gira.
Tanta juriſdicion argenta y dora
Tu claro proceder, mas me enamora.
Que lo que en ti Naturaleza admira.
Quan ſin engaño tus entrañas puras
Dexan por tranſpariente vidriera

Las

* *The Reaſon I have not beſtow'd a Tranſlation upon theſe Verſes, or Epigram, as the Author calls it, is, that I thought them not to deſerve one, the Epithets given to the Stream being moſtly bumbaſtick, the Senſe in general of them very much ſtrain'd, and the Conceit or Turn in the Tail of the Epigram forced and unnatural.*

Las Guyjuelas al numero patentes;
Quan ſin malicia candida murmuras,
O ſenſillez de aquella edad primera
Huies del Hombre y vives en las fuentes.

AND on a Branch of the Elm he had hung up an oval Buckler; in the Inſide whereof was painted a large Sea-Shell; which, tho' brown and ſwarthy without, was of a beautiful Pearl or Silver-Colour within: And in the Heart or inmoſt Fold of the Shell, which by its Brightneſs ſeemed Dew congealed, was this of *Perſius* for its Motto.

—— *Nec te quæſiveris extra.*

Whereby the Philoſopher intimated his Unconcern at the invidious Reflections made on him by others; as likewiſe

wiſe the Satisfaction of his Mind, which aroſe from the Conſciouſneſs he had of the Diſcharge of his Duty.

IN the moſt loneſome and retired Part of theſe Deſarts, Nature had, unaſſiſted by Art, left open an Entrance into the very Inſide of a Mountain; about which there hung a diſmal Gloom; a faint Glimmering of Light only entering at certain Crevices, from the ſeveral Refractions of the Sun's Rays upon the Tops of the Precipice, which overſpread the Place with Horror. My Curioſity, not eaſily to be deterred, however, together with *Marcus Varro*, whom I knew to be well acquainted with the Place, ſoon prevail'd upon me to venture in. We had not advanced many Steps, treading very anxiouſly along, before I ſtumbled

tumbled, and fell upon two Men; whom my Surprize repreſented to me as dead: And I was not much miſtaken; for they were next Door to it, faſt aſleep. Being awaken'd by my Fall, they both got up; when perceiving the one to be *Artemidorus*, the other *Cardan*, I took the Liberty to tell the laſt, it was a Shame he, that by his Vigilancy and Lucubrations had been of ſuch known Service and Emolument to the Republick, ſhould thus ſluggiſhly give himſelf over to Sleep, which was the very Image of Death. How, reply'd he, the Image of Death! Rather of Eternity; in which, as in a Mirror, we behold both Time paſt and future. I could not forbear ſmiling at his Conceit, thinking him to be ſtill aſleep, which I had Reaſon to fear he took ill; for, continued he, don't make a Jeſt of

Dreams.

Dreams, which impart a kind of
vinity to Man, by letting him in
Proſpect of Futurity ; a View w
God has reſerved peculiar to himſ
They repreſent to us, as in a The
the Images of Things, not only
but that are to come, giving us a
vious Admonition to guard ourſe
againſt future Contingences ;
therefore Sleep is not idle, nor
Time flung away ; for, if ſo, then
ture had deprived us of the b
Half of Life : Beſides, how ag
able is it to Reaſon, as Man is
his Underſtanding a Reſemblanc
his Maker ; and as there are by
Times appointed for ſleeping and
king, that in one or other of t
Times Man ſhould exert that Like
eſpecially ſince ſo great a Portio
his Time he lies withdrawn and

tired from his Senſes and the outward Man? And as God has, to ſupply the Abſence of the Sun by Night, made the Moon and Stars to rule and ſhine with their borrow'd Light; ſo likewiſe has he contrived that the Mind and Faculties of Man ſhould not lie idle, while the Body and its Senſes are huſh'd and ceaſe from Action; for then the Soul, as it is immortal, perceives its ſelf free from the Incumbrances of the Body, and retires into herſelf, and acts with more exalted Views, looking forwards into Futurity, and acquiring a kind of Preſcience of Things to come. Theſe Extravagancies of his made me think it not ſafe to continue our Diſcourſe; ſo, without making a Reply I went on.

THE Way now grew inſenſibly eaſier, as the Horror of it began gradually to abate, by the Approaches we made to the Light of ſeveral Furnaces; whereby ſtood numberleſs Vials, Alembicks, and Crucibles: Here Thouſands, almoſt, of Men were employ'd with hardly a Rag to cover them: They were all in Tatters, quite ſcorched with the Fire, and horridly black'd and daub'd with the Smoak and Fumes of the Quinteſſences they extracted. The Buſineſs of theſe was to mix and compound Bodies, to cauſe Alterations, Corruptions, Sublimations, and Tranſmutations of Metals. And their Language, I think, was the ſtrangeſt I ever heard; for Lead they called *Saturn*, Tin *Jupiter*, Iron *Mars*, Gold *Sol*, Copper *Venus*, Quick-Silver *Mercury*, and by *Luna* they meant Silver. They were

were rich and abounding in Words, but in every Thing elſe poor and deſtitute; and all their greateſt Hopes vaniſh'd away in Smoke. I was at no Loſs to perceive they were Chymiſts; but I was indeed touched with ſome Concern, to ſee them ſo idly beſtow their Labour upon the vain Pretenſions to make Metals: A Buſineſs which even Nature herſelf is whole Ages in bringing about. And in order to make Gold, ſuch was their Folly, they flung away the little they had, being obſtinately bent upon their Purſuit, and by no Means taking into Conſideration, how impoſſible it is for Art to introduce any one new Form, or even, tho' aſſiſted by Nature, to exchange one Metal into another. But what ſeem'd ſtill more ſurprizing was, that Princes themſelves, out of the ſame Weakneſs with the

reſt, condeſcended to blow the Bellows and aſſiſt here, their Scepters lying neglected by. But the Stench that diffuſed its ſelf from their ſeveral Salts, grew ſo intolerably ſtrong, that I was forced to haſten away; and being now only directed by that doubtful Light we entered with, we came in Sight of the *Sybils*; as the *Delphick*, *Erythræan*, *Cumæan*, and the reſt: Of which ſome were leaning upon Statues of *Apollo*; and others ſtood in the hollow Mouths of Caves. They all ſeemed fired and ſeized with divine Inſpiration; ſo ſwelled and enraged with Extaſy, as if ready to burſt, and incapable to contain the Divinity inſtilled into them. They uttered their Oracles either in Words, or gave them written upon Tree-Leaves; and by Ænigmas unvailed future Events.

PRESENTLY

Presently after, we drew up to *[I]yarchus*; *Hermes* the *Egyptian*, *Zoroaster* [a]nd *Buda* the *Chaldean*; who were stu[d]iously making Enquiry into the Prin[c]iples and first Causes of Things; the [r]eciprocal Action of the Elements one [u]pon another; the Combinations, Gene[r]ation, and Corruption of all com[p]ounded Bodies; the Planetary Influ[e]nces, and their Motions; the Nature of [V]egetables and Animals: They, by [m]ysterious Circles, Characters, and Fi[g]ures, as if in Alliance with Nature, [p]roduced most wonderful Effects. To [t]hese succeeded the *Negromancers*, who [b]y solemn Murmurs call'd forth infer[n]al Spirits in the Bodies of deceas'd Men. The *Pyromancers* foretold Things, by flinging Pitch into a Fire, and observing the Noise it made, whether it burn'd

burn'd clear or otherwiſe; whether the Flames went up ſtrait or crooked. They likewiſe divined by the burning of Torches, taking Notice how the Characters made upon them conſumed away. The *Hydromancers* prognoſticated by hanging Rings in Tubs of Water, and minding the particular Motion of the Water. The *Aeromancers*, who were the next, forebode Good or Ill by the different Impreſſions of the Air, which they felt, in making or deſcribing in its empty void Variety of Figures. The *Sycomancers* divined by the Help of Fig-leaves, writing Names on them, and caſting them to the Wind. Others pretended to Divination, by turning over the Leaves of a *Homer*, or *Virgil*. The *Geomancers* grounded their Knowledge upon the even or odd Number of Dots they prick'd upon

upon the Earth, which they imagined to bear ſome Reference to the celeſtial Signs, and judged by them as by the Signs in the Zodiack. The Chiromancers divined by remarking the Lines in the Hand, viewing well the Colour of them, whether ruddy or pale, the Places they begun and ended at, and their different Turnings and Windings. Among theſe were likewiſe the Soothſayers, who judged of future Events by the direct or crooked Flight of Birds: Some by examining the Entrails of Beaſts, whether they were corrupted, or not, obſerving well the Colour of the Liver and the Heart, the regular or irregular Motion of the Blood, foretold Things accordingly. Others, again, took notice of the Neighing of Horſes, or the Clucking of Chickens, and ſuch like Things; whereon they made O-

 mens,

mens, and proceeded to conjecture predict future Succeſſes, whether g or bad. The Converſation of th People I could not but think dange and unſafe to enter into; for altho' Mind was ſatisfy'd of the Vanity Emptineſs of their Oracles or Pre tions, yet I was apprehenſive how ſily they might win upon that inqu tive Principle in Man, to enquire i Things future, by their ſpecious tences: This Inquiſitiveneſs is a k of Energy, or Spark of Divinity planted in the Soul of Man; which it is an Emanation of the divine dom, ſo it always with Eagerneſs pires more and more to reſemble Maker, by what chiefly evidences Divinity, and Preſcience. Whe it is that our Curioſity is not ſo great in looking backwards

to Things paſt, altho' the Difference is much the ſame between Things paſt, if we are ignorant of them, and thoſe to come, if we have no Knowledge of them.

UPON our going forth from theſe melancholy and diſmal Abodes, the Proſpect began to enliven and widen to the View; in the Midſt whereof aroſe a Hill with two towering Tops in Form of a Mitre, beſet all over with Mirtles and Laurels: And at the Bottom of it there flow'd a clear and pleaſant Stream, the abortive Stroke of *Pegaſus*'s Heel, whoſe Iron Shoe has afforded abundance of humourſome Conceits to the Poetical World. Upon the Banks of this Silver Stream were ſeated at their Eaſe *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Taſſo*, *Camues*, and *Milton*, with Laurel Crowns upon their Heads, and ſounding the Alarm

to Heroick Poetry with Silver Trumpets. *Lucan* likewiſe pretended to join the Conſort with his Braſs Trumpet, puffing and blowing; but could not reach the proper Notes. He was far exceeded by the Sweetneſs and Harmony that *Arioſto* made upon a Bag-Pipe: To theſe follow'd *Pindar*, *Horace*, *Catullus*, *Petrarcha*, and *Leonardo de Argenſola*, who made moſt raviſhing Muſick upon their golden Lires; and to their Muſick danced in regular and proper Movements; *Seneca* and *Euripides* in their Tragick Buskins; *Plautus*, *Terence*, and *Lopes de Vega*, likewiſe moving up with admirable Addreſs in their Socks, follow'd in the Rear.

IN the neighbouring Plains were *Theocritus*, *Sannazarius*, and *Guarini*, feeding their Flocks; and by alternate Modu-

Modulations of their Horns, Flutes, or Rural Pipes, making ſuch Harmonious Sounds, as held the Goats in Suſpence from their Paſture. And not far off ſtood *Juvenal*, *Perſius*, *Martial*, and Don *Luis de Gongora*; who made their Remarks upon all that paſſed, darting at every one, without Exception, Bits of Sticks pointed like the Bill of a Stork: Wherefore, to eſcape their virulent Tongues, we turned away on one Side of the Rivulet, and made up towards one of the Summits of the Hill, where we diſcovered *Alfonſus*, diſtinguiſhed from the other Kings of *Spain* by the Name of *the Wiſe*; who was taking with his Aſtrolabe, directed towards the South, the Latitude of the Conſtellation of *Ariadne's* Crown; being little aware that at the ſame Time his own Crown was

 taking

taking from off his Head. The Bu-ſineſs of a Kingdom will not admit the Prince to ſpend his Time upon nice Speculations and cloſe Studies; which by their Agreeableneſs are apt to draw off the Mind from publick Affairs, and quite enamour it with the Delightful-neſs of Retirement and Contempla-tion; ſowering and defaceing it by ri-gid Diſputes and Enquiries, which only dim and impair the Natu-ral Luſtre and Efficacy of it; which is of its ſelf able to point out to us thoſe Things that are to be followed or avoided. Princes, therefore, have ſomething elſe to do than idly to give up themſelves to philoſophical Studies.

I WAS carried from hence into the Body, and more habitable Part of the City; where, after a Short Survey, the Expectations I had raiſed at the En-trance

trance by the outward Appearance of it, were greatly leſſen'd; for I found nothing but mere Outſide and Shew: The Buildings were raiſed upon falſe Bottoms, and the Inhabitants diſcovered more Vanity than Judgment. Some ſeemingly new Houſes, were but old ones new done up, or built out of the Ruins of others; which made the City look like turned up Side down, and in a Confuſion, they vainly employing their Pains upon old Repairs, and refitting decay'd Buildings which did not enlarge or add to the Luſtre of the Republick; but rather leſſen'd and deprived it of thoſe Improvements, which it muſt have had, if the Members of it did ſet their Heads to work in projecting new Schemes, and Models for Palaces or publick Buildings. The People were of a very Melancholy Aſpect, thin-

jaw'd, and of very ftupid Looks. They were continually at Variance, envying and maligning one another. The Chief Citizens, indeed, as they that had carried the Arts and Sciences to the greateft Height, made a better Figure, and were held in great Honour and Efteem. But other inferior Sorts of Scholars added only to the Bulk of the Populace, and ferved to encreafe the Vulgar; each applying himfelf to that Calling or Bufinefs which beft fuited with his Profeffion. The Grammarians cry'd Greens and Walfleet-Oyfters about the Streets, fcolding and railing at one another like *Butter-Whores*, and fometimes at other People, without fparing any. They called *Plato* a confufed Fellow; *Ariftotle* obfcure, and like an Owl, that lov'd to hide his Conceits in Obfcurity; *Virgil* a Plagiary of

Homer's

Homer's Verſes; *Cicero*, they called timorous, full of Superfluities, that was languid and cold in his Turns, tedious in ſetting out, impertinent in his Digreſſions, ſometimes vehement and fired, but unſeaſonably: *Pliny* they compared to a diſturbed River, that overwhelm'd all Things in its Way: *Ovid* was, ſaid they, eaſy and profuſely copious; *Aulus Gellius* was too looſe and diffuſed; *Salluſt*, an affected Fellow; and *Seneca*, Mortar without Sand.

THE Criticks cry'd old Cloaths, and Shoes to mend.

THE Rhetoricians ſerved the Republick in Quality of Mountebanks, ſetting off and vending, with pompous Words, their Elixirs and Specificks.

THE Hiſtorians were Match-Makers, as being well acquainted with the different Intereſts and Genealogies of Families.

THE Poets ſold up and down the Streets Fly-Cages, Noſegays, ſweet Sugar-cakes, and hot Grey-Peas.

THE Phyſicians ſerved for Butchers, Undertakers, and Jackketches; for ſuch was the Wiſdom of the Republick, that no Apothecaries were ſuffer'd, but were obliged to make Guns, and other Pieces of Artillery; and their Place was ſupplied by *Dioſcorides*, who went about crying Plants, Simples, and Druggs.

THE Aſtrologers apply'd themſelves to Navigation and Agriculture.

THE

THE Opticians were the Glaziers to to the Republick; who diſpoſed the Lights and Windows in Tradeſmens Shops to the beſt Advantage.

THE Logicians were Brokers, and ſuch as ſold Bargains for others.

THE Philoſophers were for the moſt Part Gardeners.

THE Lawyers ſerved as Beadles, and other Officers of the Peace.

THE Miſcellany-Writers ſold inlaid Cabinets and Tables, after the *Moſaick* Faſhion.

THE Catalogue-Writers were Hackney-Porters, to be employ'd by the reſt.

IN

In this Republick, as in thoſ
Lacedæmon and *Egypt*, it was accou
praiſe-worthy to ſteal, under the
tence of Imitation. The Shopke
made ſuch frequent Robberies one
another, that as I was told it w
common Thing to ſee Men newl
up with only other People's G
But this Privilege was moſtly ab
by Lawyers and Poets; the firſ
ving the Advantage both of numb
Books and Manuſcripts; and the
going into Houſes to diſpoſe of
Ditties and Ballads, ſtole away the
Things they could lay their H
on.

The Government and Admini
tion of the Publick Weal, was
mitted to the Care of ſeveral ap

ved Senators; who, for their Age and Experience, were held in great Awe and Veneration by the People. *Plutarch*, *Livy*, *Dion*, and *Appian*, were entrusted with the Management of Affairs at Home. And *Cæsar*, *Paterculus*, *Ammianus*, and *Polybius*, discharged all the military Business. *Tacitus* had the Care of the Politicks. And the Censors were *Diodorus*, *Mela*, and *Strabo*. And as the Body Political, no more than the Natural, can't be thought well conditioned and firm, altho' the Head be good and sound, and the Members of it rightly organized and adapted, if the Stomach, which is the Secretary in civil Body, proves too weak well to digest Matters, or, for want of Use and Concoction, fails to supply the several Parts with their proper Nutriment: The Republick therefore had wisely made

made choice of *Suetonius*, who was a great Minister, bred up in Business, well versed in the Natures and Humours of Nations, jealous, prudent, and secret.

DOWN one of the Streets came *Mecænas*, lolling in a Litter, carried by eight Slaves dress'd after the *Roman* Manner; and by the Side of it follow'd *Virgil*, complaining to him of *Horace*; who, notwithstanding all the Favours and Honours he had conferr'd upon him, had dared to mutter against him, under the feign'd Name of *Malthinus*, for having his Robe to trail after him. I laugh'd a little at the Matter; but more at *Mecænas*, that he should squander away his Substance in countenancing a bold presumptuous Varlet, without any Regard to the Danger of encouraging such sheer and satyrical Wits, whom it is prudent to esteem,

esteem, but by all Means to keep at a Distance; for such an Ascendant does Vanity bear over them, that Gratitude has always the worst in the Struggle: They will not spare sometimes to put their best Friend to the Blush, disclosing his most secret Faults, rather than keep in a Jest, or a *bon Mot*.

APULEIUS passed thro' the City upon an Ass, with Hundreds of People flocking after him; some hissed him; and others cry'd out, Stop Thief; for it was said, he had stole the Ass. Oh! how easily, thought I, does the Vulgar receive as just all the Calumnies aspers'd upon Great Men; whom, tho' before they never vouchsafed to look at, or take Notice of, yet when once Envy has fasten'd her Teeth upon them, how readily they all turn their

their Eyes, and gaze upon them. And juſt ſo it happens, which may be of ſome Eaſe to Virtue, likewiſe to the Moon, that while ſhe labours under an Eclipſe, ſhe has the Eyes of all fix'd and intent upon her; tho' ſcarcely any one minds her, when in full Splendor ſhe irradiates the Horizon.

OVER-AGAINST a large and open Street ſtood confronting it a magnificent Edifice, which by its Grandeur I imagined to be ſome publick Structure; and upon Enquiry, they told me, it was *Bedlam*, deſign'd rather for the Diſtinction of Fools and Madmen, than for their Cure; for each was permitted the free Exerciſe of his Caprices and Maggots. Such a Separation was, methought, entirely needleſs in a Community, which might its ſelf paſs very well for ſuch a Place, as it conſiſted

isted of the greatest Wits, of which none was ever without some Mixture of Madness. The two Porters that kept the Door, were each in a brown Study aiming at Impossibilities; in a manner, and heedless of all that came and went. The one with a half-starved and drowzy Countenance, was endeavouring to square the Circle upon a Wall: The other flatter'd himself with having made an Instrument for finding out the Longitude.

VERY singular were the *Reveries* and Extravagancies that occurr'd to us in the different Apartments: In one Place were the Disciples of * *Raimond Lullius* turning a Parcel of Wheels about, as

* *An extraordinary and universal Scholar; who lived about the latter End of the 13th Century. He was for his prodigious Knowledge of Things, thought a Magician or Conjurer by the ignorant Age he lived in.* Vid. Charles Bouville's Life of Lullius.

as if diſtracted, whereby they pretended to be able in a ſhort Time to learn all the Sciences. *Trithemius* had a great Number of his Followers here, who were profoundly intent upon his Steganography; with which he was in Hopes to find out a Method, by the Help of four Spirits placed in the four Corners of the World, to make himſelf be underſtood, like an Angel, without ſpeaking: This Invention was look'd upon by the Vulgar as diabolical; altho' there was no more in it than in a Letter of the Chriſt-Croſs-Row. Others broke their Reſt in reading of old defac'd Monuments, Medals half eaten away with Ruſt, and in digging amongſt the Rubbiſh and Ruins of old Buildings, that had lain ſome Ages buried under Ground. Some ſpent their Time in making and compoſing Riddles, Ænigma's

ma's, Anagrams, and Almanacks, in stealing other Mens Verſes, gloſſing over and publiſhing Miſcellanies, which after all their Pains, were none of their own. Others again were collecting Florilegiums and Phraſeologies out of ſeveral Authors, for the Benefit of the ſlothful; who deſerved for their Pains rather to be well puniſhed than any Thing elſe, for mangling and ſpoiling Authors, by cutting out their Sentences and Phraſes; which out of their Place, are like ſo many Stones taken out of a Building, where they properly belong to; or, like a particular Sort of Money carried out from the Countries where it is coined, and goes current. Some walked up and down in a great Hurry, committing to Memory a Parcel of Sentences and Scraps out of Authors, to make themſelves paſs for great Scholars:

Scholars: As others were, out of
ſame Pride, turning over Title-Pa
and Indexes, juſt to get a ſmatter
Knowledge of Things; with wh
they peſter all the Companies t
light into, making a falſe Shew
Learning.

STEPPING into a large Hall, I
a great many Philoſophers all main
and frightful to behold; for ſuch
rible Apprehenſions had their Stu
put them under, that in their Pur
after Eaſe and true Felicity in I
they lived their Time the moſt wre
edly, and with the leaſt Share of
So enamour'd were they with t
Speculations upon Things, that to
ther and improve them the bet
ſome had plucked out their Eyes, ſo
had cut out their Tongues, and ot

abſtai

n'd from Meats, and whatever
could pleaſe or gratify the Senſes.
: Watchings had made them ſo
:d, and dried up their Brains,
they fell into ſtrange Extrava-
es; ſome hated Life, and were
e greateſt Deſpair: Other accus'd
re for the weak Condition and
of Miſery ſhe had put Men in,
ſorry that they ever had been
One diſallowed the prudent
uct of Nature in the Buſineſs of
ration: One fancy'd himſelf to
ge into various Shapes: An-
ſaid he was at firſt only a
: of Pitch, after that a Tree, and
y a Man. One, to ſhew his Con-
ot for Houſes choſe to live in a Tub:
was terribly afraid his Soul would
away from him; and another for
the Wind would carry away his

had

had put leaden Soles to the Bottom of his Shoes. Promising myself some Diversion I went up to them, and ask'd their Opinions of the Nature and Substance of the Soul? To which the Answer of some was, that the Soul was Fire; others said it was Air; others Harmony; others Number; some a Spirit. Some again, maintain'd it to be only a Breath, and mortal; others that it was at sometimes mortal, and at others immortal. And one, as if he had actually seen it, affirm'd that it flew down from some celestial Grove into the Body, laying down its Wings upon Entrance, and resuming them again at going out and parting with the Body. They so confounded me with their monstrous Follies, that I was glad to get rid of them; and as we were just got out, a Croud of People

stand

tanding in the Porch of a Houſe nvited my Curioſity to draw near hem; where I found *Galen* diſſecting f human Bodies; who was at that uncture juſt opening of a Prince's Head; in which, as he ſhew'd to *Vesalius*, *Farneſius*, and others that ſurrounded im, were the two Ventricles of the *Eſtimativa*, or Diſcernment wanting; whoſe Seat is juſt above that of Fancy and Memory, which lies in the hinder Part of the Head; and, proceeded he, theſe two laſt Powers or Faculties are ſubordinate, and put in Subjection to the Will, in which you ſee they are ſhut up. It was very ſtrange, methought, that there ſhould be ſuch a vaſt Difference in the Make and Structure of Princes Heads, from thoſe of others; and what a great Inconviency it was that thoſe two ſo neceſſary Faculties

culties were found either miſſing, elſe entirely under the Guidance the blind and raſh Will. I was j going to aſk the Reaſon of it ; l the ſudden Diſturbance that happe prevented me ; for the People ca running up and down from Place Place, being alarm'd with a Rep that the Emperor *Licinius*, a mor Enemy to the Republick, was comi down upon it with a great Army *Goths* and *Vandals*. Every Thing w in ſtrange Confuſion ; and thoſe wl before the Accident ſeemed able a fore-armed againſt it, were upon tl Emergency ſtruck all in a Hea and at a Loſs what to do. A Cou cil was aſſembled ; at which the S nators and four great Councellors (State, *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, *Xenophon*, and *Ta citus*, were preſent ; all able and di tinguiſhe

guiſhed Members of the Republick,
› had ſhewn in their Writing their
at Acuteneſs and ſettled Maxims;
ich, however, in this Juncture they
ld not tell how to put in Execu-
1; for they only confounded one
ither by their different Reſolutions,
: being of Judgment enough to fix
1 determine upon any in the great
riety ſuggeſted to them; like Men
t wanted Practice and Experience
ſuch Occaſions: And when they
ered at making ſome Defence, the
eans they propoſed, tho' ſubtle e-
ugh, were ſo impracticable, that it was
ſily to be ſeen how uſeleſs they
re; and how wrong Meaſures thoſe
e who entruſt the publick Concern
ſpeculative Men, that give them-
ves up to their Studies, and are ir-
olute and dubious in the Multi-

tude of their Opinions, obſtinately taken with the Livelineſs of their own Arguments, and dangerous in the Application they make of paſt Examples, which are but ſeldom well applied to the Caſe in hand, ſeeing that the Circumſtances of Things, at different Times, are various, and the Caſes themſelves as diſagreeing from one another, as are Mens Faces. The Confuſion they were in was luckily clear'd up by an Advice brought, that it was only a falſe Alarm; for that the Emperor was ſeveral Days Journey from the City: Which made all Things eaſy and quiet again, and gave me an Opportunity to paſs forward, 'till at the End of a Street I caſt my Eyes upon *Alexander de Ales* and *Scotus*, who were making moſt admirable Tryals of Skill upon a Cable-Rope; and *Eraſmus*, in endeavouring

deavouring to imitate them, as if to ſtalk along in the Buskins of divine Philoſophy, was no more than to tread the Socks of a Grammarian, had ſuch a wretched Fall down to the Ground, that ſet all the People a-laughing. In a By-corner of the Street ſtood withdrawn from the reſt, the Tyrant *Cricias*, *Epicurus*, *Diagoras*, and *Theodorus*, who by the Lowneſs of their Talk, and the Fear they betray'd of being overheard, made me the more deſirous to know what they were about: And planting myſelf pretty near, I heard *Cricias* utter with diſſolute and profane Lips, "That the firſt Law-"Givers of the World were profound "and great Politicians; who, as they "were aware how inſufficient the "Rigour of human Laws would be to "awe Men, and put a Check to "Vice, in that they could not bear

" any Sway over the Mind, or pre-
" vent by their Dread its contri-
" ving ill in Private, or where it
" had no Witnesses to its Actions; there-
" fore they had invented a God, who
" knew our most secret Thoughts, and
" that reserv'd eternal Rewards or Pu-
" nishments for Men after Life, accord-
" ing to their good or bad Actions." The
other three concurr'd with him, in dis-
owning their Creator; and especially *E-
picurus*, denied God to be any Thing but a
Fiction, and a mere humane Artifice ex-
cluding the suprem Being out of the U-
niverse, that he might the more securely
swive in worldly Delights, free from all
Remorse and inward Fear; "Not but I
" judge it (added he) highly expedient
" that the Cheat be kept up among the
" Vulgar; for without it we shall never
" be safe, either in our Lives or Fortunes."
I was shocked at the daring Impiety of

these stupid Atheists, and could not but look to see if they had anyEyes; for one with any, could never stumble upon such Ignorance; which put the *Egyptians* upon representing an Atheist by a Man with his Eyes in his Feet; which, was he to carry directed up towards Heaven, he would behold the Sun, that Father of Light leading up infinite Squadrons of the Stary Host, that incessant Motion of the Spheres, that divine Architecture and Oeconomy incomprehensible to Man, in which no human Power or Art could have bore any Part; he would forthwith confess a first Omnipotent Cause, and humbly adore the eternally wise and omnipotent Being. I was impatient to know of M. *Varro*, how the Republick came to tolerate such ignorant and irreligious People, that contradicted all the rest of the World. For,

whereas other Men endeavour'd to m
themſelves immortal, and to out-l
the Grave, they baſely maintain'd
Mortality of the Soul, and their be
but alike to other Creatures. Where l
putes, anſwer'd *Varro*, are encourag
it is neceſſary there ſhould be Vouch
of all Sorts of Opinions, howe
extravagant they be; and that amo
Atheiſts, it was rather Malice th
Ignorance that prevailed, whereby th
perverſely, in ſpite of all natu
Light, deceived and abuſed their o
Senſes.

BEING apprehenſive that the Co
pany I was in with theſe Philoſophe
might prove infectious, I did not care
ſtay longer in the ſame Street with the
notwithſtanding the great Variety
Objects that might otherwiſe have e
gaged me; but turned up anoth

whe

where I ſaw *Lucian* in Company with *Pliny*, *Aldobrand*, and *Geſner*, three Naturaliſts; whom he was carrying to hear the laſt Notes of a Swan that lay a dying; whoſe Muſick in its laſt tuneful Accents is ſo famous. We made after them, till hard by a Pool he ſhew'd them an Aſs juſt giving up the Ghoſt. I was pleaſed with the Jeſt, and could not but ſmile when *Lucian*, with his wonted Subtilty and Simulation, endeavour'd to make them believe that the Gods had deſignedly metamorphoſed it, to the End that no one ſhould preſume, for his being a Swan, that he may not chance to die an Aſs.

PRESENTLY afterwards I met with honeſt *Diogenes*; who carried about the Streets a Mirror of *Self-Knowledge*;

which impartially reflected both
Virtues and Vices of all that wo
look into it: He invited every
to take a View of himſelf; but n
cared to ſee, or however to know hi
ſelf, if he did look in. Which w
I thought, very odd in a Commun
whoſe Members ſeem'd to be ſuch w
and learned Men: But being deſir
to excuſe them, I fell to thinking a
diſcourſing with my ſelf; that if C
had been pleaſed, out of a particu
Providence, to have made Man
ſuch a Manner that he could
have ſeen his own Countenance,
the End that if he was beautiful,
ſhould not grow vain, or fall in Lo
with himſelf; nor that if he was
ly, he ſhould hate himſelf; the I
ficulty had then been ſtill greate
knowing his Faults and Defects, e

cia

cially those of the Understanding; which is what distinguishes him from other Animals, and gives him a kind of divine Superiority over them: He would then have lived free from Uneasiness and Dislike to himself, as not being sensible of his own Weakness; and the Consequence of that had been, that one and the same Happiness had equall'd all Mankind, altho' of different Excellencies and Abilities, arising from the Satisfaction and Opinion every one had of himself, no one yielding to another in Point of Sense and natural Endowments. *Diogenes* had scarcely passed me, when turning about, I saw *Archimedes* coming out from his House in a Night-Cap, and with only one Stocking on, so pensive and intent upon his Machines, that he walked along knitting his Brows, and

with his Eyes fix'd upon the Groun quite regardless of the Noise and Cl mour that the People made after hin which shew'd how unfit those are f any civil Employ, or to make Cou tiers of, who give themselves imm derately over to Study and Spec lation, out of which, when taker they look more like inanimate Log than Men.

AT the Door of a Barber's Sho was *Pythagoras*, convincing some othe Philosophers, of the Transmigration o Souls out of one Body into another and from thence he accounted for th different Instincts and Inclinations o Creatures. The Souls of Kings, as h said, were infused into Lions; which keep Watch even while they seem asleep. Those of Princes animate Elephants,

Elephants, which made thoſe Creatures ſo vain and meek, upon any the leaſt Title or Appearance of Grandeur beſtow'd upon them. Thoſe of Judges went into Dogs, which bite at the Poor, and fawn upon the Rich. The Souls of unmannerly and impolite People found Reception in Elks, Beaſts that never bend the Knee. Thoſe of Poets deſcended into Bears, which live upon the Moiſture of their own Nails. I was with great Pleaſure liſtening to his Diſcourſe; when a ſpiteful Fellow happening to fling a Handful of Beans amongſt the Company, it ſo provoked *Pythagoras*, that covering his Head with his Cloak, he withdrew into the Shop; leaving us to gueſs at the Occaſion of his Reſentment, each forming different Opinions of what could have moved him to prohibit the Uſe of that Pulſe;

ſom

ſome imagined that his Deſign was to perſuade Men to Chaſtity by the Bean, as repreſenting Laſciviouſneſs; others fancied he meant to make Men juſt and upright in giving their Votes, which was antiently done with Beans. But what I moſt thought upon was, how eaſily Men, that value themſelves as Scholars and learned, are interrupted and incenſed at every ſlight Occaſion, being commonly haughty, and afraid to loſe the Opinion the World has of them.

As we turned the Corner of a Street, we met *Scipio Africanus* and *Lelius* inſulting *Terence*, and going to take off his Socks, in which he ſtrided up and down the City with Honour; for they charged him with having robb'd them of 'em: And at laſt, as Might commonly overcomes Right, they

they forced them off. The Effects of Power in Princes, that not contented with their own natural Excellencies, they muſt aſſume thoſe of Ingenuity too, pluming and adorning themſelves with the Labours and Works of poor Authors.

ONE Street conſiſted of nothing but Barbers Shops on both Sides of the Way; which made me ask *Varro* what Occaſion the Republick had for ſo many of that Trade, eſpecially as the People affected to let their Hair and Beards grow: He anſwer'd me with a Smile; that they were not Barbers, but Criticks, or a Sort of Surgeons that patch'd and mended up old Authors, ſetting their broken Limbs together, putting falſe Hair on ſome, inſerting Teeth, and giving artificial Eyes

Eyes, Arms, and Legs, to others; but the worſt on't is, that under the Pretence of Authors having been maim'd by Miſtakes made in their ſeveral Copies before the Invention of Printing, they cut off the Fingers of a great many, nay, and often the Hands of ſome, as not being the natural ones, and clap on others, which quite disfigure them. They ſometimes carry their Preſumption ſo far as to deviſe a Meaning never thought of by the Author, altering and pairing his Words, and chequering the whole Work over with Conjectures. I did not think my Noſe very ſafe in this Quarter; ſo out I went as faſt as I could, obſerving to *Polydore*, that I had ſeen ſome of theſe Men before employ'd in other Buſineſſes: Why, ay, ſaid he, very pleaſantly, there are Criticks in all Buſineſſes.

UPON our Entrance into another Street, there appeared *Democritus* laughing ſo immoderately, that I wonder'd to ſee the Gravity of a Philoſopher ſo diſcompoſed, and took the Freedom to ask him the Reaſon of it; who, after he had pretty well overcome the merry Fit, reply'd, So many Things there are in this Republick, which would each make one, tho' ever ſo melancholy, die with Laughter, that it can only be excuſable in you as a Stranger, to ask ſuch a Queſtion, which I ſhall ſatisfy, by giving you in general ſome Reaſons that may plead in Behalf of the Commotion you ſaw me in.

AFTER the Travels I had made in the Purſuit of Knowledge among the

the *Indians*, *Persians*, *Chaldeans*, and *Ethiopians*, and had perceived the Vanity of Philosophy, the Troubles of this Republick, and the miserable Condition it is now reduced to by the Citizens, I fully resolved to laugh at every Thing; for to oppose myself against so many, and have bewailed the Want of Redress in such Evils, had been an extreme Folly in me, could I have been able to do it; and had I put on ever so great and real Grief, yet I could not possibly have forebore laughing among so many Things that provoke one to it: Nor do I think it likely, that the most zealous Bigot in the Republick, could be able to refrain Laughter; when he observed the indiscreet and ridiculous Regard and Respect that most Nations pay to this City, admitting no Truth but what

what flows from the Lips of this People, who to take Advantage of this Credulity in the World, and, as it were, in Emulation of the ſupreme Being, have created miſhapen airy Beings, and produced monſtrous Births, not ſo much as ever dream'd of by Nature, filling the Sea with *Tritons*, *Phocas*, *Nereids*; the Air, with flying Dragons and Horſes, Harpies and Sphinges; inhabiting the Mountains with Satyres, Pans, Silenus's, Silvans, Olcades, and Centaurs; the Woods with Dryads and Silphs; the Fountains with Nymphs. In ſhort, theſe Republicans it is that have introduced Idolatry into the World, erecting Altars, and paying Adoration to the Stars, Elements, and Creatures, both rational and irrational, down to the moſt Brutal and ſtupid Animals; and the better to colour their own Vices,

they

they have not left a River, Fountain, Isle, Mountain, Rock, Tree, or any Place, without a Metamorphosis, to continue down the shameful Stories of the Robberies, Whoredoms, and Adulteries of the Gods, whom they have dared to load with Infamies, making those bright Luminaries of the Firmament to act in Confederacy with Brutes and Birds in Lasciviousness and other beastly Crimes. How can you expect me not to laugh, when I see that Mankind take the moral Precepts of Life from these Citizens; as likewise their Esteem of Virtue and Composure of Mind from us, who are those that make the Soul the most rebellious, and are the most prone to Anger, the most abandon'd to our Passions, insensible to Affection, malicious, the most covetous, ambitious, inconstant, vain, insolent

ſolent Admirers of ourſelves, and that deſpiſe others. For my Part, I can't but laugh, to ſee the Pride and vain Glory of ſome of our greateſt Scholars, who ſtrut about like Peacocks, pluming themſelves, and paſſing for profound Doctors and Men of Penetration, tho' without one Grain of Self-Knowledge; whoſe Minds are as rude and uncultivated as Deſarts, and more ſavage and intractable than Brutes. 'Tis at ſuch as theſe, that I laugh. Him alone do I think truly valuable, who, although not skill'd in Science, knows how to govern his Paſſions and Affections, being ſatisfy'd that he can want nothing; ſince that all Things abound to him whoſe Felicity, although not equal to that of Heaven, yet ſeems to come nearly up to it.

ANO-

ANOTHER Piece of ridiculous Vanity is that of thoſe who, like *Appius* the Grammarian, think to render any one immortal by a Dedication of their Works to him: and, out of a kind of humble Pride, dedicate their Labours to great Men that know nothing of the Matter; pleading in Excuſe for their Boldneſs, the Motive of Neceſſity, that obliged them to look out for Protection againſt malicious Tongues; juſt as if Patrons could be able to defend what they underſtand nothing of; or as if in buying of Books we compounded not to have the Priviledge to find Fault with them. The Antients, indeed, were more diſcreet, and unbyaſſed by any baſe Principle in their Choice of a Friend, or ſome learned Perſon to dedicate their Works to; which

which by the Scope and Tendency of their Subject, carried a direct Claim to the Patron. And if we consider the Sciences, the best Revenue of this City, and their several Professors, what Abuses and Defaults shall we find in both, that will rather raise our Laughter than Pity? Only take Notice of the Vanity of Grammarians, who insolent with a little *Latin*, dare to talk freely of all Sciences and Professions. And then do but observe how conceited and full of herself is Rhetorick? who with her Paint and Varnish discolours the Truth, and is but a Sink of Flattery, an Art that tries to impose upon and allure the Senses with a pleasing Violence? She is such a Jilt, that she seems to be what she is not, and is what she seems not to be. This was the Harp of

of *Orpheus*, whereby he drew the Beasts after him; as likewise that of *Amphion*, who made Brutes and Stones move to to her Inchantment: And, therefore, the *Spartans* would not suffer her to come within their Walls. The *Romans* too banished her the City twice; and the *Stoicks* drove her out of the Schools, because she play'd upon the Affections, and took Advantage of the Weaknesses of the Mind, *Socrates* calls Orators publick Sycophants, and was sensible of the Danger of admitting them into Civil Offices; seeing that by their persuasive Eloquence, they might deceive the Populace, and carry them to what they would, tearing the State to Pieces, and embroiling it with Seditions; as Experience has shewn in the Persons of *Brutus*, *Cassius*, the *Gracchi*, *Cato's*, *Demosthenes*, and *Cicero*.

AND

AND Poetry, which is the Siſter of Rhetorick, how ſcornfully ſhe looks down upon other Sciences, and vainly imagines herſelf to be above them all, becauſe ſhe only had Temples built to her by Antiquity: She diſowns her Birth from Labour, the Parent of the other Arts, and perhaps of Heaven its ſelf. And what ſtill adds to her Pride is, that the *Scyths*, *Cretans*, and *Spaniards* writ their Laws, as the *Goths* did their Hiſtories, in Verſe. But it ought to humble her Airs, that ſhe is only an affected Dame, full of Vanity, and averſe to Truth; that ſubſiſts upon Imitation and Fiction, repreſenting nothing but Falſehood; and ſo wanton, that ſhe takes in the Gods for Accomplices to countenance her in her Extravagancies, Rapes, and Adulteries, making them the Inventers of ſuch Enor-

Enormities. And ſhe it is that enlivens and invigorates unchaſte Affections, feeding diſhoneſt Deſires, both in herſelf and others, with ſoft Endearments and amorous Careſſes, whoſe ſlandering Tongue has defam'd the Honour of others. Every one knows what poor Queen *Dido* has ſuffer'd by her; who was an exemplary Pattern for Matrons of Honeſty and chaſte Deportment; upon which, and other Accounts, Poetry was baniſhed out of ſeveral States.

No leſs pernicious to the World is Hiſtory; for as Men naturally deſire Immortality, which they can't arrive at but by a good or bad Fame; and as this is not to be perpetuated by Monuments or Statues, but down in Hiſtories, from hence it proceeds, that

as human Nature bears ſtronger Inclinations to Vice than Virtues, more ſeek to be taken Notice of by Hiſtorians, like *Eroſtratus*, for ſome ſignal Villainies, than for any Thing elſe. Moreover, as both the Virtues and Vices of Princes are related in Hiſtory, we are naturally more apt to excuſe our own Frailty by the Weakneſs of Great Men, than to imitate their Virtues. And then what can be more ridiculous than the Vanity of Hiſtorians, in aſſuming to themſelves, both the Theory and Practice of Politicks, and pretending the whole of both to be grounded upon the Diſcourſes and Events of their Hiſtories; which, in Prudence, no one can truſt to; for, what out of Self-Love, Flattery, Spite, or ſome other baſe Principle,

and Disregard to Veracity, there is scarcely one Historian to be found entirely impartial and faithful in his Narrations, who does not consult more the Reputation of his Ingenuity, than Sincerity, and regard more publick Example than the real Nature of the Fact he relates. The *Greeks* valued themselves for their Invention, not adhering to Matter of Fact; and the *Romans* imitated them. And, although in some Historians we may find a just Relation of Things, yet a prudent Politician cannot safely rely barely upon them, because he must have Occasion to pry into the secret Springs and Motives of Actions; which, notwithstanding they be mentioned by the Historian, yet they are uncertain and imaginary, or only pick'd up from common Hear-say, since but very few Wri-

ters

ters were present upon the Spot, when Things were transacted; nor, indeed, if they were present, could they possibly attend to all that past: Nor further, were they admitted into the Cabinets of Princes, to see the Incentives of their publick or private Actions; so that they are governed throughout their Relations, by just what every one says in Praise of, and to aggrandize his own Actions: And very often they infer the Motives of an Action, by the Success of it; wherein they are influenc'd by Passion, or Affection, or some other base Disposition, giving a sinister Interpretation of the Actions of Great Men: And as Vices are divided but by a thin Partition from Virtues, they frequently take occasion to call a Brave Man, Rash; a Generous one, Prodigal; the Prudent, Slothful; and the

Wary and Cautious, Cowards. Another Rock that most Historians split upon, is Interest; for which they flatter; and without it, they malign and lash Men: So *Paterculus* praises *Sejanus*, *Livia*, and *Tiberius*; whereas *Tacitus* adverts upon the Ambition of *Sejanus*, abhors the Adulteress *Livia*, and detects the Simulation of *Tiberius*; being rather too keen and malicious in the Meaning he gave his Words, which carry a different Sense from what they seem usually to intimate. And this is a dangerous Privilege for an Historian to take in his Language, which every Action is sure to fare the worse for. *Xenophon* does not tell us what *Cyrus* was, but what he ought to have been; and this kind of Flattery it was, that conferr'd Renown upon *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Hector*, *Theseus*, *Epaminondas*, *Lysander*, *Xerxes*, *Alexander*,

Alexander, *Pyrrhus*, *Hannibal*, *Scipio*, *Pompey*, and *Cæsar*, a Pack of famous Rogues, that over-run the World with Tyrannies.

CONSIDER next, continued *Democritus*, that Part of Philoſophy, call'd Logick; how envelop'd it is in Sophiſtry, Topicks, Words, and Confuſion of Terms, which it has invented to convey our Ideas in: She is ſo wholly taken up about Words, that ſhe never looks nor carries her Conſideration farther to explore into Nature's Secrets, as appears by the Proficieney of thoſe that firſt invented this Science. And as you have but juſt paſſed the Schools, and different Sects of Philoſophers, there's no Occaſion for me to enlarge much more, upon obſerving to you how artfully they all

diſſemble and diſguiſe their Vices, under the falſe Appearances of Virtues; the *Epicures* being Gluttons; the Peripateticks, covetous; the *Platonicks* and *Stoicks*, arrogant and vain-glorious. You might have ſeen, as you paſſed them, how widely they diſagree in what conſtitutes the Felicity of Man; *Epicurus* and *Ariſtippus* place it in Delights and Dainties; *Pythagoras* and *Socrates*, in Virtue; *Ariſtotle*, in Contemplation; *Theophraſtus*, in Fortitude; *Diodorus*, in feeling no Pain; *Periander* in Glory, Honour, and Wealth; and others ſtill place it elſewhere. Sure never were more extravagant *Deliriums* and Whims heard! But it is much that among all theſe, no one ever thought to place Man's Felicity in not writing; which is, I am ſure, one of the greateſt and moſt irkſome Bu-

finesses of Life. *Plato* alone, the most clear-sighted of them all, knew it to be a fruitless Search to look for true Felicity upon Earth; and therefore put it in the Union of the Soul with the Sovereign Good, when it returns to incorporate with its Ideas. For Man, while he continues here, is surrounded with Misery and natural Infirmities: He is only the Sport of Fortune, and a fleeting Shadow, sure to be swallow'd up in Death: The World, which is given for his Abode, is as fickle and inconstant as himself; but a Field of Battle, or a Tragical Theatre; wherefore, it is neither in the World, nor in Man, that the true and real Felicity can be found, but elsewhere, and in another kind of Being, that we must expect to meet with it. The Philosopher then turning himself

about with a chearful Countenance, went on; How uppish and vain too is *Arithmetick*, because *Pythagoras* dreamt, that in her Numbers were all the Sciences included: She was born at one Birth with *Gaming*, and bred up at the Breasts of *Avarice*; who by her magical Characters, draws up in a small Compass all the Riches of the Universe, and calculates the unwearied Steps of the Sun.

GEOMETRY likewise takes greatly upon her, because without her Help there's no Admission into *Plato*'s School, and because the *Egyptians* through her Assistance made Statues that could speak: *Archytas* of *Tarentum* too, contriv'd by her a Dove that could fly; and *Archimedes* large Adamantine Orbs, that moved correspondent with those in the Heaven.

She

She has forgot her firſt Riſe, which ſhe owes to the Inundations of the *Nile*, and is but a Siſter of thoſe imperfect Inſects ſpawned on her Bank. She has indeed this however to brag of more than the other Sciences, That her Principles are certain and conſtant, in which all agree, without that Variety of Opinions that are in *Aſtrnomy*, wherein the *Arabians*, *Egyptians*, and *Chaldeans*, did all diſagree, both as to the Number of the Heavens, and their Movements, Orbs, Differences, and Epicycles, each preſuming them to be juſt as he underſtood them, tho' ignorant whether they were ſo, or no. And this Confuſion, which aroſe from the various Courſes of the Stars, and the Motion of the Heavens, (they being ſo directly contrary and different one from the other,) made Aſtronomers imagine, as they

thought it, impoſſible for the different Movements to concenter in one Body ſuch a Number of Heavens, and in them ſo many Orbs, Equators, and Epicycles: And by this Salvo, the ſeeming Impoſſibilities vaniſh'd, as the Differences likewiſe were in a manner cleared up, and the ſeveral Motions were regulated and pretty exactly meaſured by this their imaginary Structure of the Heavens; which is the beſt and moſt uſeful Lye that ever was form'd, ſince that certain and true Effects proceed from it; for now they can foretel to a Minute the Eclipſes and future Aſpects of the Stars and Planets. But if ſo be that the Regularity of ſome is not yet exactly adjuſted, as that of *Mars*, and others ſince diſcover'd by Teleſcopes, whoſe Motions do ſtill want better to be aſcertain'd:

tain'd; and if a perfect Knowledge of All of them be required, for us to be able to make an exact Judgment of them, how then dares *Astrology* pretend to presage future Events by the Motion, Disposition, and Nature of the Stars, seeing that human Capacity is of too short a Tether, our Comprehension too feeble and disproportionate to the immense Distance between us and them, for us ever to arrive at the Knowledge of them, by the bare Direction of their Light and Rays; and therefore we soar too high in pretending to discover what is acting there. What tho' here below we are apt to infer and perceive the Causes by their Effects, yet in the Heavens that is impossible to be done; for since the Stars are infinite in Number, how will any

any one be able to diſtiguiſh the Influences of one Star from thoſe of another; eſpecially ſince each affects differently, according to its different Aſpect and Poſition? Nay, and though the Natures and Virtues of each were known, yet if they only diſpoſe or incline, not oblige us, how can we fail to make a raſh Judgment by them, ſince that our Liberty, Education, Diſcipline, Religion, Manners, the Place we are bred up in, Compliance with others, and many more ſuch like Accidents, do all change and alter our natural Diſpoſitions? Nor indeed do I leſs diſlike the Opinion of *Origen* and *Albertus Magnus*, That the Stars are not the Cauſe of future Contigencies, but *Signs* deſcribed by God in radiant Characters in the voluminous Scroll of the Heavens, whoſe

whoſe Motions point out and unfold to the World future Events. But this Opinion is erroneous too, ſeeing that Events ariſing both from Chance and our own Free-will, are infinite and numberleſs; in ſo many Ages rolling on, they can't poſſibly be foreboded by the Stars, which keep one conſtant and uniform Motion.

Those, however, that apply themſelves to this Science, may be excuſed by the noble Views they have, or the Divinity that they aſpire after, in prying into future Events: But what Excuſe, continued *Democritus*, can be given for Lawyers? who live upon other People, taken up wholly in the Quarrels and Concerns of others? whoſe Faculty is like an Elephant, carrying upon his Back

Back great Caſtles, or rather Mountains of Texts and Books? and their Profeſſion, like an Unicorn, continued down from Father to Son in Regiſters? in which Matters are all ſtudied to their Hand; whereby the Genius is crampt, being obliged to adhere to the Words and Meaning of the Legiſlator, juſt as if their Laws were always founded upon the moſt fixed and ſoundeſt Principles of Reaſon? And if Law be not ſo grounded, I don't ſee how it can be called a Science, being the Offspring of the frail and ſhort-ſighted Underſtanding of Man: Which the firſt Law-Givers of the World were very ſenſible of; and therefore they endeavoured to give a divine Sanction or Authority to them among the Vulgar, by perſwading Men they

they had them by the Inſpiration of ſome Deity: As *Mercury* pretended he had received his from *Oſiris*; *Minos* his Laws from *Jupiter*; *Charondas* his from *Saturn*; *Solon* his from *Minerva*; *Lycurgus* his from *Apollo*; and *Numa Pompilius* his from the Nymph *Egeria*. All which Laws, were we to take the Trouble to conſider, we ſhould find many of them to Swerve from Honeſty, Reaſon, and the Dictates of Nature, and that they carry a rank Savour of that Frailty and Malice which made them. And as for the Lawyers themſelves, they are ſuch that we muſt not only bribe them to ſpeak, but to hold their Tongue. And was it not to make Room for the Phyſicians, I ſhould certainly deem them the moſt pernicious

to

to Mankind; for as the one ruins our Eſtates, ſo the other our Lives: But Princes it is that ſuffer moſt by the laſt; for Phyſicians taking the Advantage of the natural Deſire in Man to live, and as they know their Intereſt to be beſt with ſickly and infirm People, they obſerve it as a ſettled Aphoriſm to impair the Health of their Prince, in order to keep him ſubject to them, and to aggrandize and enrich themſelves. Wherefore it looked like great Diſcretion in that King of *France*, who allowed his Phyſicians great Sallaries while he was well, but took them away again when he fell ill. The *Egyptians*, *Babylonians*, and *Arcadians*, kept themſelves free of this Evil; for they would not encourage this Faculty, or Military Art, that undoubtedly received

ved its Birth from Civil Wars, with which formerly they uſed to fight, as now-a-Days they do with Fire and Sword. *Greece* was ſo well verſed in it, that to diſpatch their Adverſaries the *Romans*, they ſent Phyſicians amongſt them; which the Republick being appriz'd of, immediately drove them back. Moreover, continued he, who does not ſee the great Incertainty of this Science? The Conſtitutions of Men being as different as their Faces, and ſo intricate, that a Man can but ſcarcely, after a long Experience know his own, nay, and even then he can't be ſure on't; for the Conſtitution daily alters, and is liable to change through a Multitude of Accidents, which makes it impoſible almoſt for a Phyſician to know them; how then is it likely for him

him to hit on the Cure ? But, to ſu
that Phyſicians could diſcover t
yet ſtill as Diſtempers are various
their Cauſes numberleſs, and paſt
ing out, how can they be able to a
ſuitable Remedies ? And although
were able to penetrate into the l
Cauſes of Diſtempers, yet even t
more exquiſite Knowledge ſtill wou
wanting ; as to know the ſeveral Vi
and Effects lodged in Things ; whic
ture has providently, in order to o
free Commerce and Correſpondenc
tween different Nations, conce
in Stones, Plants, and Animals, ſo
her Virtues and Powers do not lie
fined to one Thing, or to one P
but in ſeveral ; which put us under a
ceſſity to carry our Search after t
into other Nations, eſpecially a

t

those that we wanted in our own; and proved a Means to unite and cement different Countries in Love and Amity: But when, after all our Experience in exploring and discovering these secret Virtues, we happily light upon some, there is yet a remaining Danger in the Application of them; for what cures one Part, is often destructive, by some secret Quality or other, to the rest.

But there is no Occasion for any other Argument to shew the Insufficiency of this Art, than to observe how few Men die natural Deaths, which almost all would do, was Physick certain, and only to correct the Humours of the Body, keeping them up to such an Equality, as that they should

equally

equally decreaſe and wear out together. He was no Stranger to this Faculty, that ſaid, Art was long, and Life ſhort: Experience beſides is deceitful, and upon that Account the Doctor more dangerous than the Diſeaſe; which Nature by her own Strength is more likely to remove, than all his Glyſters, and poiſonous Potions.

THIS is the Perfection of the Sciences ſo much noiſed about here, which I have carefully conſidered in the ſeveral Profeſſors of them in this Republick; and theſe are the general Cauſes of my Laughter, though ſometimes it be rais'd by more particular ones, as it was at that Juncture you asked me the Reaſon of it; which was, to ſee a Poet running like a Mad-

Fellow

ellow to ſhew his Friends an Epi-
ram, before the Ink was ſcarcely
ry, in ſuch *prodigious* Haſte, as if
omebody had cut off his Noſe, and
e was going to get it clapt on again,
vhile the Blood ran warm.

MARCUS VARRO and I burſt out laughing at the Sage's Pleaſantry; when on a ſudden *Heraclitus*, who was on one Side of us, turning himſelf about in a Paſſion, with his Face all over in Tears, told us, He could not think it poſſible for any one to laugh in this Republick, that had but his right Senſes, or that could ſee the Calamities of the Place, and conſider how ſparing of her Benefits Nature had been towards the Citizens: For what tho', ſaid he, Logick, Rhetorick, Poetry,

Poetry, Philoſophy, and the other Sciences are born and bred amongſt us; yet they grow up in the Midſt of ſuch groſs Ignorance, as requires a great deal of Pains and Labour to brighten them up, and what we are our whole Life-time about; for juſt as Gold and Silver are found in the Mines encruſted with Droſs and Alloy, which if they are not refined in the Furnace, and worked with the Hammer, their hidden Worth lies uſeleſs; ſo by vaſt Labour and Fatigue it is, that we come to poliſh our Underſtandings, and to diſcover the Sciences lodged in them.

WHAT Tears and Trouble in our Youth, what Travels and Watchings does it afterwards in our advanced Age

ge coft us, in Reading, Writing, and ftudy, to acquire our fmall Stock of Knowledge? For which at laft, fo ill ire we dealt by, we are obliged to our Mafters, the Brutes with whom Nature has fhewn herfelf more generous and iberal. It is to them we in a great Meafure owe the Arts and Sciences. We learn'd our Politicks from the Bees; and Oeconomy from the Ant; the firft giving us the Notion of Monarchy, in the fole Government of one, as the laft gave us that of Ariftocracy, by their being govern'd by a few, and thofe the beft. The Cranes ointed to us Democracy, in that they ll reign by Turns. The Nile-Bird hew'd us Navigation, his Wings being he Oars, and his Tail the Rudder. We were taught to weave by the Spider;

Spider; to build, by the Swallow; to give a Glyster, by the Stork; to bleed, by the Hippopotamus; and by the Elephant, Surgery. And so likewise Man's laborious Observations in Astronomy, we may see experimented by Beasts: The Cynochephalus distinguishes Day, Night, and the Hours, like an animated Clock, by his Bark. The Solstices are known by the Bird of Paradice, his then shewing himself: And Dolphins, Ducks, and the King's Fisher foretel us the Seasons.

THE Philosopher was here interrupted, and we obliged to run into a Porch, to make Way for a Drove of Beasts, as Lions, Tygers, Wolves, Foxes, and several Insects, that followed a Fellow remarkably ugly and deformed,

formed, with a pointed Head, a wrinkled Forehead, his Eyes quite ſunk into his Head, a flat Noſe, blabber Lips, and a very ſwarthy Complexion; with a Hump both behind and before, an Iron Collar about his Neck, and mark'd upon the Cheek; whom the Philoſopher no ſooner perceived, but he reſumed his Diſcourſe, ſaying;

FOLLOW that Slave, by Name *Eſop*; and you ſhall ſee how in making Beaſts to ſpeak, he teaches, by their Means, this Republick the trueſt Philoſophy, both Moral and Political; for he follows the beſt and ſureſt Maſters. And now, continued he, O *Democritus*, how can a Philoſopher that attentively conſiders the Weakneſs of

human Nature, laugh in a Matter that ſo greatly deſerves his Pity.

THIS Reprimand of his, tho' followed with a Flood of Tears, could not put *Democritus* out of his merry Vein: So I e'en laugh'd at both, to ſee that the one laugh'd, becauſe the other would not; and the one grieve, becauſe the other would not weep. Altho' ſometime after, I could not but think both the one and the other to inveigh too maliciouſly againſt the Sciences; which are a Sort of Attributes annexed to the Divine Being: For what is Poetry but a Divine Spark, lighted up in but few? And Rhetorick, but an Inſpiration from Above, to influence us to Virtue? Hiſtory but the Looking-Glaſs of *Jove*, that ſhews

:ws Time paſt, preſent, and future ? Natural Philoſophy, but the Ener- of his Power? As *Moral* is nothing : the Richneſs of his Goodneſs, Aſtro- :ny is a Sample of his Greatneſs: d *Arithmetick*, what is it but his Diſ- ɪrſe bounded only by his Eſſence l Majeſty? *Geometry*, but the In- ɪment he made all Things by, in :ight, Number, and Meaſure? And *w*, but the Execution of his Juſtice? *Phyſick*, but a Demonſtration of Loving-Kindneſs? But what will *vy* ſpare? Even the Sun, who far paſſes all Things in Beauty, and ıld make the very Idolatry of his ɪrſhip excuſable, has had thoſe who, ' without Eagles Eyes, have preſumed ſet a Number to his Rays, and to ɪrge his Brightneſs with Blemiſhes l Spots.

TAKING Leave of the Philosophers, I turned the Corner of a Street, and met *Sapho* full-but, running, with her Coats in her Hand, from her Father: Who, as I ſtopp'd him, made ſad Complaints of his Daughter; that ſhe minded nothing but to make Verſes, without the leaſt Thoughts of the Buſineſs and Concerns of the Houſe, as to ſew and ſpin; which, ſaid he, are the fitteſt and moſt becoming for a Woman: 'Tis not for them to ſtudy and fling away their Time upon Books, which diſtract their Thoughts, and are apt to make them vain of the little they know, to enter into Diſputes, and to keep Company with Men; to the no ſmall Prejudice of their Character, as it makes them

them grow remiſs and neglectful of the Reſervedneſs and Decency of their Sex. I was greatly touched at the old Man's Caſe, whoſe Daughter, by her Study and Fricks, had made herſelf the Town-talk of the Place, and led the old Gentleman a very weariſome Life. Having pretty well appeaſed him, however, by the plauſible Excuſes I made in her Behalf, I took my Leave, and went up a Street, where I ſaw the famous Hiſtories of *Plantin's* Edition, with Flowers de Lis, Griffins and Salamanders in their Frontiſpiece: It would have ſurprized one to ſee the Number of Diſhes cooked out there; there were *Æneids* gilt on the Back, boil'd, baked, and curiouſly dreſs'd; *Faſti* and *Metamorphoſes* roaſted, toſs'd up in Pancakes and Fritters, ſteep'd

in Water, and difhed out after the fineft Fafhion; and fo coftly, that I was apt to imagine the Citizens owed their Ills, Indigeftion, Head-Aches, dejected and fodden Looks to them, becaufe they did not know when to be fatisfied in the rich Repaft. But no Difh there pleafed me fo much, as Poets well minced, and *Republicks* fricaffied; which made as good a Figure as the beft in *Plantin's* Shop: Wherein I was juft preparing to enter, had not *M. Varro* bid me defer it till I had feen the Seffions-Houfe, which ftood oppofite againft us. Whither he no fooner conducted me, but I faw Men fcourging of Perjurers in great Numbers, who had fworn to Things they knew nothing of, upon the bare Word and Credit of their Mafters; and as many more un-

went the ſame Puniſhment, for their
nton Abuſe of the *Greek* Language.
: were admitted into a large Hall by
) *Grammarians*, where I beheld exal-
. above the reſt the three venerable
lges of Antiquity, *Minos*, *Rhadaman-*
r, and *Eacus*. The Court was but
t began, when there came in to de-
d a Cauſe an elderly Man leaning
on a Stick, ſhaking all over with a
lſey, and with ſo aged a Look, that,
gueſs by his Countenance, he was at
ſt ninety Years old: It ſurprized
: to ſee that one of that Age had
t withdrawn himſelf from the Hur-
of the World, to ſpend his laſt
ble Breath in Retirement and Eaſe.
1o, as *Varro*, at my Deſire, told me, was
it learned Advocate and Contempora-
of *Seneca*, *Thuranius*, who was ſo uſed

to the Noiſe of the Bar, that when by the Order of *Caius Cæſar*, he was oblig'd to retire from Buſineſs, he laid himſelf down in a Kind of Agony upon his Bed, and order'd his Servants to mourn for him as if dead: The idle Time of their old Maſter was grievouſly lamented by them; inſomuch that had he not been reſtored again to his Office, they would have had Occaſion to bemoan his Funeral. Such ſottiſh Ambition are Men poſſeſſed with, that they covet to live more for other Men's ſakes than their own, never enjoying the Happineſs of an eaſy and ſedate Mind. I had a great Deſire to hear him, but was prevented by a Company of Officers dragging along *Julius Cæſar Scaliger*, with a Gag in his Mouth, and his Hands manacled

nacled; and after him follow'd *Ovid*, *Plautus*, *Terence*, *Propertius*, *Tibullus*, *Claudian*, *Statius*, *Silius Italicus*, *Lucan*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Persius*, and *Martial*; all of them almoſt being maimed, and with Scars in their Faces; one without a Noſe, another without an Eye, ſome with artificial Teeth and Hair, others with wooden Legs and Arms, ſo monſtrouſly diſfigured that they hardly knew their own Faces. A profound Silence aroſe in the Hall; when *Ovid*, in the Name of the reſt, as being the moſt eloquent and verſed in Rhetorick and the Law, which in his younger Years he had ſtudy'd, addreſs'd his Complaint againſt *Scaliger*.

"In this Caſe, you moſt impartial "Judges, it would be needleſs to make

" use of Rhetorick to captivate your
" Favour, to raise your Attention by
" an artful Exordium, to inform you
" by a long Detail of the Matter, or
" to convince you by a tedious Narra-
" tion; or lastly, to inflame your
" Minds by a Confirmation and Con-
" clusion upon the whole: All this, I
" say, would be needless; for here
" stands the Delinquent before your
" Eyes, with his Hands now teeming
" with Blood, and the Wounds still
" bleeding. The evident Truth of
" the Fact will not admit of any Rhe-
" torical Artifice, no more than your
" known Readiness to punish Offen-
" ces would permit me to tire you
" out with a tedious Narration: But
" let our mangled Countenances and
" maimed Bodies speak for us: These
" are

" are the Offences, and he there the " Offender. And as for our Inno- " cency and Conduct, we appeal to " the whole Republick; wherein we " have lived upwards of a thousand " Years, not only easy and peaceable, " but with Honour and Esteem. " What have *Plautus* and *Terence* done, " to deserve such Treatment? who " have always been the Entertain- " ment and Delight of the People; " the one an agreeable and well- " spoken Man; the other grave and " circumspect? In what have *Proper-* " *tius* and *Tibullus* offended? both " pleasant, sweet, and amorous Men? " And then, as for *Silius Italicus*, he is " of that great Humility, that he is " never lifted up; but carries his Eyes " downwards, and looks for those

" Beauties

" Beauties in others, he ſees are want-
" ing in himſelf. *Ennius*, indeed, is
" ſomething impolite in Converſation,
" but then his great Abilities make
" up for that. *Claudian* is remarkable
" for his Livelineſs ? and altho' his
" Stock be not large, yet he finely
" ſets it off to Advantage. And what
" if *Statius* be preſumptuous ? *Lucan*
" proud and haughty ? theſe Faults
" proceed from their Vain-Glory,
" and the Impetuoſity of their Geni-
" us, and injure none but themſelves.
" *Horace* is ſevere and exact ; who,
" though he ſhews a Value for his
" own Talent, does not depreciate
" thoſe of others ; and if ſometimes
" he cuts a Joke, 'tis ſure to be
" a civil one, and only for Mirth's
" ſake. *Juvenal*, I muſt allow, is
ſatiri-

" ſatirical; but then he is an ho-
" neſt Man, and only does it out
" of pure Zeal to reform this Re-
" publick, taking Notice of Vices
" in general, without ſo much as
" once mentioning the *Delinquent*:
" Whom *Perſius* muſt ſtill have of-
" fended leſs; becauſe, indeed, if
" he had offended him at all, his
" Talk is ſo obſcure, confuſed, and
" intricate, that no one could tell
" whether the Affront was level-
" led at him or ſome Body elſe.
" *Martial* is the only one that, by
" his ugly Temper, keen Jokes, and
" humourſome Turns, could poſſi-
" bly have given any Occaſion
" to the *Delinquent* for this Abuſe;
" but he proteſts and vows he ne-
" ver ſaw, nor ever heard any Thing

" of

" of him. And, laftly, with your
" Leave, to mention myfelf.

" I MAY without Prefumption
" fay, that I have always been
" looked upon as one of a meek
" and eafy Temper; and, though
" I never wanted for Wit, yet it
" can't be faid, that I ever em-
" ploy'd it to others Prejudice; and
" if in my Youth I committed fome
" Extravagancies in Love Affairs, I
" have fuffered for them in my Ba-
" nifhment, and no one ought to be
" punifhed twice for the fame Crime.
" But, fuppofe we had all been guilty of
" Faults, the *Offender* was no competent
" Judge; your Cognizance alone it was
" that they had ought to have fallen un-
" der. But no wonder, indeed, he has
" ufed

"used us so insolently, since that he has
"not kept off his prophane Hands from
"pious and religious Authors, as *Sana-*
"*zarius*, *Bede*, *Eusebius*, and others.
"Defend, therefore, most grave Judges,
"our Honour, and secure the Tran-
"quility of the Republick, which is
"greatly threatned by this daring and
"presumptious Citizen; whose File
"is like a two-edged Sword, and from
"which no one of us is safe."

OVID had scarcely made an End, before *Scaliger*, taking the Gag out of his Mouth, entered upon his Defence with an haughty Air and Shew of Contempt for the venerable Assembly, without the least Respect or Deference to the Judges, being incensed to see himself affronted in so publick a Place

Place: But the People prevented his going on; for they dragged him thro the Hall, and were both the Judges and Executioners of that Sentence, he might have expected to hear from the Tribunal. The People, however, had suffered for this Piece of Presumption in the Face of the Court, had not some more weighty Matter happened to take off the Minds of the Judges; which was a Multitude of People that rushed into the Hall, crying and roaring that their Ladiships, the *Sciences*, were gone from their Palace; and that there was now only a few Marks or Ruins to be seen of what they had been. The Citizens lifted up both their Eyes and Voices to Heaven, filling the Place with dismal Moans and Cries, one or other shewing the little of

of the Sciences that they had saved.*

THE Judges being in the utmoſt Conſternation at the News, they went almoſt ſenſeleſs out of the Hall to inform themſelves better of the Miſhap, and to ſeek for Redreſs. But the Poets continued ſtill pummelling *Scaliger* with ſuch Rage, that out of Compaſſion to that great Scholar, and bright Ornament of polite Literature, I endeavour'd all I could to appeaſe them: But *Claudian* continued

* *The Author trifles here for three or four Lines together: He mentions the ſeveral Fragments of the Sciences ſome had ſecur'd to themſelves; as, that One had got a Cloak of the Spring or Bloom of* Rhetorick; *another a Head-Dreſs of the Brightneſs of* Poetry; *and ſuch like Stuff, not deſerving to be tranſlated.*

nued ſo teſty, and my Dream ſo lively, that I lifted up my Fiſt in a Paſſion, juſt as if I had been awake, to ſtrike him, but hit my Arm againſt the Bedſtead; whereupon I awoke out of the Multitude of Errors which I had been in while aſleep; perceiving the Vanity of our Fatigue, Watchings, and laborious Studies; and that 'tis not he that is fartheſt gone in the Arts and Sciences, who is wiſe, but he, that has true and *juſt* Notions of Things; and that, regardleſs of the Vulgar's light and vain Opinions, lets ſuch only paſs for true, which really are ſo.

FINIS.